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CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING IN AMERICA.

RIDING TO HOUNDS ON LONG ISLAND.

THE title of this article is chosen especially to emphasize the fact that what is often spoken of as fox-hunting around New York is not fox-hunting at all, in the English sense of the term, but an entirely different, although allied, form of sport; namely, riding to drag-hounds. In the North-eastern States riding to hounds is a sport of recent growth, but during the past decade it has taken a constantly increasing hold among young men fond of the more adventurous kinds of athletic pursuits, and there are now at least seven firmly established hunts,—the Elkridge in Maryland, the Rosetree near Philadelphia, the Genesee Valley in Central New York, the Essex County in New Jersey, the Meadowbrook and Rockaway on Long Island, and finally the one in the neighborhood of Boston, in many ways among the very best, the members of which are thorough sportsmen and both good and bold riders, but who have seen fit to curse themselves with the grotesque title of the "Myopia" hunt. There are also two clubs in Canada, the Montreal and the Toronto. The Elkridge pack, the oldest of all, hunts wild foxes, both the gray and the red; the Genesee Valley and the Myopia hounds are also used mainly after Reynard himself; but at least nine out of ten runs with the other packs are after a drag. Most of the hunts are in the neighborhood of great cities, and are mainly kept up by young men who come from them. A few of these are men of leisure, who can afford to devote their whole time to pleasure; but much the larger number are men in business, who work hard and are obliged to make their sports accommodate themselves to their more serious occupations. Once or twice a week they can get off for an afternoon's ride across country, and they then

wish to be absolutely certain of having their run, and of having it at the appointed time; and the only way to insure this is to have a drag-hunt. It is not the lack of foxes that has made the sport on this side of the water take the form of drag-hunting so much as the fact that the majority of those who keep it up are hard-working business men who wish to make the most out of every moment of the little time they can spare from their regular occupations. A single ride across country will yield more exercise, fun, and excitement than can be got out of a week's decorous and dull riding in the park, and a good many young fellows have waked up to this fact. One such finds that a good horse will stand hunting two afternoons a week; and so he will get perhaps twenty-five runs in a year, without very much expense, without neglecting his business, and with the knowledge that he is not only laying in a stock of health, but is also enjoying what is certainly the most exciting and perhaps also the manliest kind of amusement to be found east of the Mississippi River.

Unfortunately, so far the farmers themselves have taken little part or interest in the sport; but this remark does not hold true of the Genesee Valley, where the hunt of which Mr. Wadsworth is master is established more firmly and on a more healthy and natural basis than is the case with any of the others except the Elkridge. At Genesee the bulk of almost every field is composed of the hard-riding farmers from the country round about, who, be it said in passing, are beginning to find the breeding and selling of good hunters a very valuable part of their stock-raising, for their horses have already won for themselves the reputation of being uncommonly good fencers. Many of our

crack Long Island hunters have come from the Genesee Valley, and, indeed, only high-jumping horses can live with Mr. Wadsworth's hounds, as the country is very stiff, though the pace is not fast.

My own hunting has been done with the Meadowbrook hounds, in the northern part of Long Island. There are plenty of foxes around us, both red and gray, but partly for the reasons given above, and partly because the covers are so large and so nearly continuous, they are not often hunted, although an effort is always made to have one run every week or so after a wild fox, in order to give a chance for the hounds to be properly worked and to prevent the runs from becoming a mere succession of steeple-chases. The sport is mainly drag-hunting, and is most exciting, as the fences are high and the pace fast. It has very little in common with English fox-hunting, however, beyond the fact that both call for jumping and galloping. We lack the variety which gives such a charm to English hunting, where water-jumps, hedges, ditches, and fences alternate with each other, and where a man can never tell what is coming next; nor is there with us the chance for a rider to show so much head-work in getting along, and of course there is no opportunity at all to avail one's self of knowledge of the habits of a hunted animal. But skillful and daring horsemanship is called for quite as much, if not more, while drag-hunting, especially over such an exceedingly stiff country as that along the north shore of Long Island. The land is pretty well wooded, and generally rolling or hilly, except when we come out on the great stretches of level plain towards the middle of the island. The fields are small and bounded almost exclusively by high posts and rails, so that, although we occasionally meet a stone wall or hedge, our jumping is almost exclusively over timber. Some of these fences are of the kind called "snake" or "Virginia" zigzags, with a pair of upright poles at every angle crossing each other to bind in the rails. Such a fence may be very high, and, of course, the horse has to be brought up to it diagonally, so as to face fairly the panel he is to take; but if struck, the rails generally give way. The common kind of fence, however, is a much stiffer affair, consisting of mortised posts and rails; the posts are heavy, upright logs, and the rails, three, four, or five in number, so stout as not to break unless a horse strikes them uncommonly fair and hard. Three-fourths of our fences are of this sort, which average somewhat better than four feet in height, with an occasional rasper that will come well up to five. The country being open, and the fences

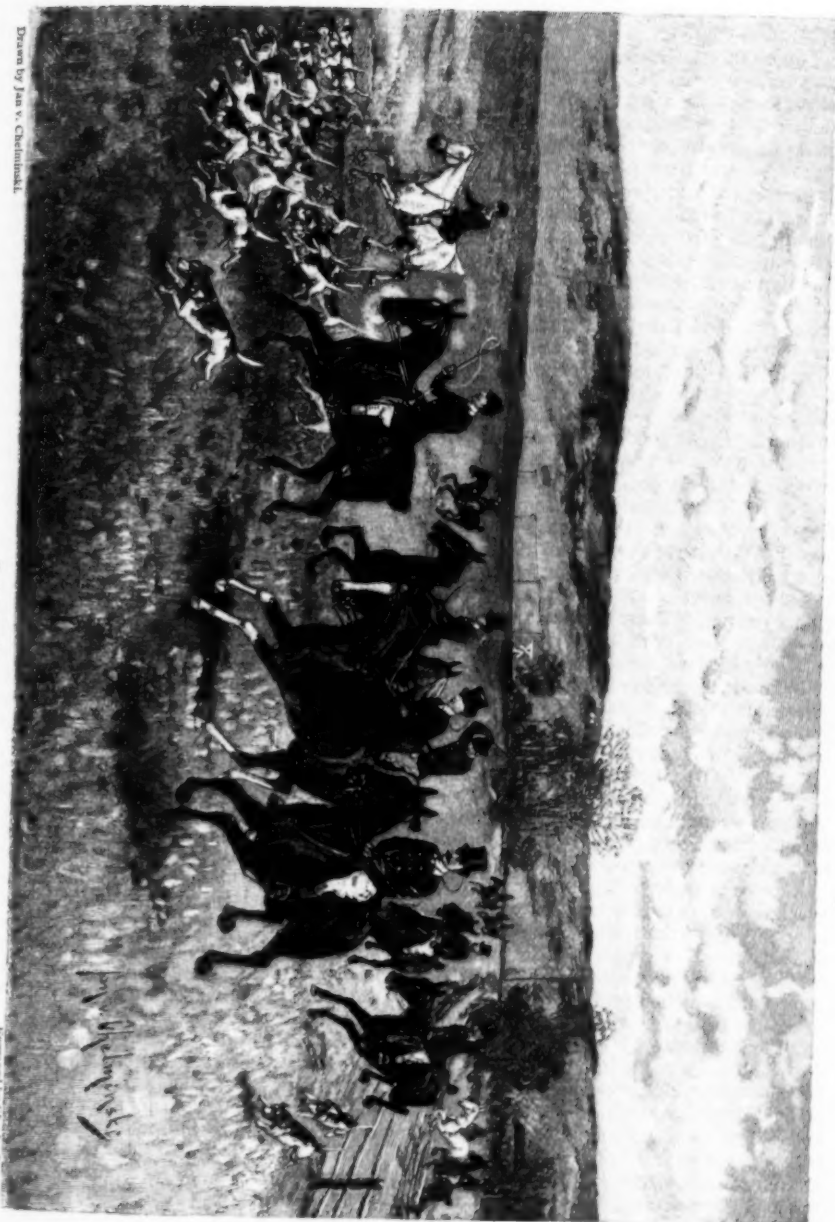
as described, there is nothing to check the speed of the hounds, that run like smoke; and towards the end of the season the pace becomes terrific. By the way, it may be as well to mention, for the benefit of those foggy-brained individuals who appear to have got it into their heads that drag-hunting is a rather tame amusement as compared with hunting a wild animal, that no other kind of riding, with the sole exception of steeple-chasing, calls for such hard galloping and high jumping as does riding to drag-hounds. Indeed, the trouble with drag-hunting, as we now carry it on, is its tendency to become more and more like a steeple-chase, in which none but the very best horses can take part; and the men who are sincerely desirous of seeing the sport become popular should do all they can to guard against this tendency, and to make the runs such that moderately fair riders on decent horses will be able to have their share of the fun. Drag-hunting will not be fairly established until we see at the meets large fields of horsemen who like the exercise of riding, like to see the hounds work, and enjoy the hours they are spending in the open air, but who cannot afford to purchase the animals to carry them across country at a racing pace, or who cannot run the risk of being laid up and kept away from their business by an accident. At present the field usually consists of a score or so of young men, all of them very well mounted, many of them good, and most of them hard riders, and almost every one bound to be just as well up in the first flight as his horse can carry him. This is just as it should be, as far as it goes; but in addition to this group of neck-or-nothing men there ought to be, but there is not, a large representation of the men—and women—who are more modest in their ambition. The men who ride hard and straight should of course form the nucleus of every hunt; but they should only be a fractional part of those who come out to the meets, for the chief charm of the sport is that almost every man who rides at all can, if he chooses, enjoy it after his own fashion.

The sport being so new with us in the North, and the country hunted over being generally so very stiff, there has been a good deal of trouble about getting proper horses. Now, however, the demand has created a supply, and first-class hunters are to be had by those who can pay fair prices. The Long Island country needs a peculiar style of horse, the first requisite being that he shall be a very good and high timber-jumper. Quite a number of crack English and Irish hunters have at different times been imported, and some of them have turned out pretty well;

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Drawn by Jan V. Czelibinski.

Engraved by Charles Stone.



but when they first come over they are utterly unable to cross our country, blundering badly at the high timber. Few of them have done as well as the American horses. Very probably English thoroughbreds in a grass country, and over the peculiar kind of obstacles they have on the other side of the water, would gallop away from a field of our Long Island horses; for they have speed and bottom, and are great weight-carriers. But on our own ground, where the cross-country riding is more like leaping a succession of five- and six-bar gates than anything else, they do not as a rule, in spite of the enormous prices paid for them, show themselves equal to the native stock. The highest recorded jump, as is well known, was made by the American horse "Leo." Since I have been with the Meadowbrook hounds they have been hunted in succession by Messrs. Morgan, Belmont, and Hitchcock. If the pace is fast and the fences high, any man who will keep in the same field with either of the above-mentioned gentlemen must have moderately good nerve and a first-rate horse; and this is especially true if the animal to be followed is Mr. Morgan's "King Cole," of Kentucky blood, Mr. Belmont's "Carmelite," a West Virginian horse, or one of Mr. Hitchcock's Genesee hunters. The trotting stock, rather curiously, is apt to turn out excellent timber-jumpers. There is much of this blood in Central New York, and very many of our best horses come from there, and were originally intended for use in light wagons. It is impossible to come up at full speed and "fly" a high post-and-rails, in the way a hedge, brook, or low fence can be gone at; the horse generally has to be brought to a canter or even a trot, and then bucks over the obstacle by sheer strength of loins and haunches. An animal with trotting-blood in him seems to take naturally to such work.

A horse thought to be of no account whatever may unexpectedly turn out to be a good jumper; more than once I have known a solemn animal, taken out of a buggy, fairly to astonish everybody by the indifference and quiet with which he went over anything he came to. But, to keep up with the Meadowbrook pack, pace and bottom are needed as well as jumping power; and a common, coarse horse, even if a clever fencer, is very apt to be left behind when there is any galloping, and is also apt to shut up before getting to the end of a severe run. Most of the crack hunters have a great deal of thoroughbred blood in them. The main difficulty with our horses so far has been to find weight-carriers, and mere size is not by any means always a safe test in this respect. Occasionally a small horse will prove able to stand a much heavier

weight than one would think; I have in mind now a little fifteen-two sorrel thoroughbred, that carries one of the heaviest, as well as one of the hardest, riders in the whole hunt well up in the front rank, once or twice a week throughout the entire season.

Most of the meets are held within a dozen miles or so of the kennels: at Farmingdale, Woodbury, Wheatly, Locust Valley, Syosset, or near any one of twenty other queer, quaint, old Long Island hamlets. They are almost always held in the afternoon, the business men who have come down from the city jogging over behind the hounds to the appointed place, where they are met by the men who have ridden over direct from their country-houses. If the meet is an important one, there may be a crowd of onlookers in every kind of trap, from a four-in-hand drag to a spider-wheeled buggy drawn by a pair of long-tailed trotters, the money value of which probably surpasses many times that of the two best hunters in the whole field. Now and then a breakfast will be given the hunt at some country-house, when the whole day will be devoted to the sport, and perhaps after wild foxes in the morning there will be a drag in the afternoon.

After one meet, at Sagamore Hill, I had the curiosity to go on foot over the course we had taken, measuring the jumps; for it is very difficult to form a good estimate of a fence's height when in the field, and five feet of timber seems a much easier thing to take when sitting around the fire after dinner than it does when actually faced while the hounds are running. On this particular hunt in question we ran about ten miles, at a rattling pace, with only two checks, crossing somewhat more than sixty fences, most of them post-and-rails, stiff as steel, the others being of the kind called "Virginia" or "snake," and not more than ten or a dozen in the whole lot under four feet in height. The highest measured five feet and half an inch, two others were four feet eleven, and nearly a third of the number averaged about four and a half. There were also several rather awkward doubles. When the hounds were cast off some forty riders were present, but the first fence was a savage one, and stopped all who did not mean genuine hard going. Twenty-six horses crossed it, one of them ridden by a lady. A mile or so farther on, before there had been a chance for much tailing, we came to a five-bar gate, out of a road—a jump of just four feet five inches from the take-off. Up to this, of course, we went one at a time, at a trot or hand-gallop, and twenty-five horses cleared it in succession without a single refusal and with but one mistake; which speaks pretty well for the mounts we were riding. Owing to the severity of the pace, combined with the

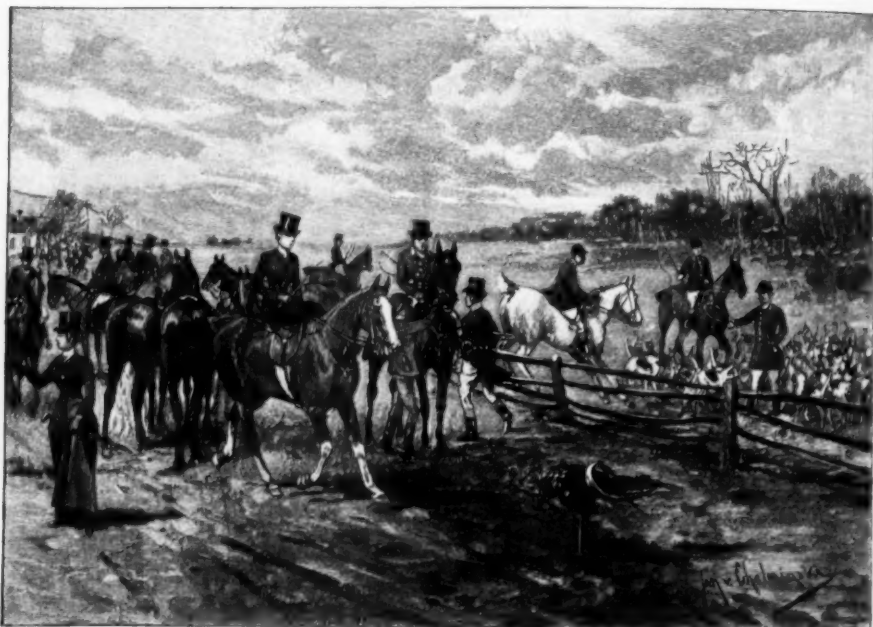
average height of the timber (although no one fence was of especially noteworthy proportions), a good many falls took place, resulting in an unusually large percentage of accidents. The master partly dislocated one knee, another man broke two ribs, and another—the present writer—broke his arm. However, almost all of us managed to struggle through to the end in time to see the death; and as the score of battered riders turned their horses' heads homeward, I could not help thinking that we looked a good deal as if we had been taking part in some feat of arms as gentle and joyous as that of Ashby-de-la-Zouche. But it would be very unfair to think the sport especially dangerous on account of the occasional accidents that happen. A man who is fond of riding, but who sets a good deal of value, either for the sake of himself, his family, or his business, upon his neck and limbs, can hunt with almost perfect safety if he gets a quiet horse, a safe fencer, and does not try to stay in the front rank. Most accidents occur to men on green or wild horses, or else to those who keep up in front only at the expense of pumping their mounts; and a fall with a done-out beast is always peculiarly disagreeable. Most falls, however, do no harm whatever to either horse or rider, and after they have picked themselves up and shaken themselves, the couple ought to be able to go on just as well as ever. Of course a man who wishes to keep in the first flight must expect to face a certain number of tumbles; but even he probably will not be hurt at all, and he can avoid many a mishap by easing up on his horse whenever he can, that is, by always taking a gap when possible, going at the lowest panel of every fence, and not calling on the old fellow for all there is in him unless it cannot possibly be avoided. It must be remembered that hard riding is a very different thing from good riding. A good rider to hounds must also at times ride hard; but the furious galloper who goes headlong at everything is quite likely to be exceptionally brainless rather than exceptionally brave, and may in addition know nothing whatever of horsemanship.

Cross-country riding in the rough is not a difficult thing to learn; always provided the would-be learner is gifted with or has acquired a fairly stout heart, for a constitutionally timid person is peculiarly out of place in the hunting field. A really finished cross-country rider, a man who combines hand and seat, heart and head, is of course rare; and though there are a number of such among the men who follow the Meadowbrook hounds, yet their standard is too high for most of us to hope to reach. But it is comparatively easy to acquire a light hand and a capacity

to sit fairly well down in the saddle; and when a man has once got these, he will find no especial difficulty in following the hounds on a trained hunter; and after he has once taken to the sport, he will hardly give it up again of his own free will, for there is no other that is so manly and health-giving, while at the same time yielding so much fun and excitement. While he is learning horsemanship, by the way, the tyro had best also learn to show a wise tolerance for styles of riding other than that he adopts. At some of the meets, although unfortunately not by any means at all of them, he will see a few outsiders, who are not regular members of the hunt; and because one of these, perhaps, rides an army saddle, wears a slouch hat, and has a long-tailed horse, the man whose rig is of the swellest very probably looks down on him, while the slouch-hatted horseman, in return, and quite as illogically, affects to despise, as a mark of effeminacy, the faultless get-up of the regular hunt member. The feeling is quite as absurd on one side as on the other, and is in violation of the cardinal American doctrine of "live and let live." It is perfectly right and proper that the man who wishes to and can afford it should have both himself and his horse turned out in the very latest style; only he should then make up his mind to live well in the front, for it is hardly the thing for a man with a very elaborate get-up to be always pottering about in the rear or riding along roads. On the other hand, there are plenty of men who cannot or will not come except in the dress which happens to suit their own ideas; and certainly their appearance does not concern anybody else but themselves. It is the true policy to welcome warmly any man who cares for the sport, provided he is plucky, good-tempered, and rides his own line; and whether he wears a stiff silk hat, or a broad-brimmed felt one, has nothing whatever to do with the question.

Again, the cross-country rider is apt to look with contempt upon what is commonly called school-riding; a contempt which can only arise from ignorance, as any one must acknowledge who has seen the really wonderful feats of horsemanship performed by a first-class school-rider. In return, the latter, with equal injustice, often speaks of riding to hounds as if it merely called for a kind of half-barbarous capacity to urge a horse along in any kind of way over obstacles.

But aside from all questions of comparative skill, the attraction of cross-country riding arises from its surroundings, and from the excitement attendant upon it. A sharp gallop in the crisp fall weather, under the stress of an eager though friendly rivalry with a dozen



THE MEET.

other well-mounted men, crashing along among the half-leafless trees or over the brown fields, facing stiff timber without flinching, when the sky overhead is of the brilliant, metallic blue scarcely seen save in America, and the foliage that is still left on the trees shows crimson and yellow, dull red and russet brown—such a gallop, I say, will make a man's heart leap and his nerves thrill and tingle with an almost fierce pleasure that could not be given by the performance of the most difficult feat known to the admirers of the *haute école*.

Last spring I had to leave the East in the midst of the hunting season to join a round-up in the cattle country of western Dakota, and it was curious to compare the totally different styles of riding of the cowboys and the cross-country men. A stock-saddle weighs thirty or forty pounds instead of ten or fifteen, and needs an utterly different seat from that adopted in the East. A cowboy rides with very long stirrups, sitting forked well down between his high pommel and cantle, and depends greatly upon mere balance. In cutting out a steer from a herd, in sitting a bucking broncho, in stopping a night stampede of many hundred maddened animals, or in the performance of a hundred other feats of reckless and daring horsemanship, the cowboy is absolutely unequaled; and when he has his

own horse gear he sits his animal with the ease of a centaur, and yet he is curiously helpless the first time he gets astride of one of the small Eastern saddles. Last summer, while purchasing cattle in Iowa, one of my ranch foremen had to get on an ordinary saddle to ride out of town and see a bunch of steers. He is perhaps the best rider on the ranch, and will without hesitation mount and master beasts that I doubt if the boldest rider in one of our Eastern hunts would care to tackle; yet his uneasiness on the new saddle was fairly comical. At first he did not dare to trot, and the least plunge of the horse bid fair to unseat him, nor did he begin to get accustomed to the situation until the very end of the journey. In fact, the two kinds of riding are so very different that a man only accustomed to one feels almost as ill at ease when he first tries the other as if he had never sat on a horse's back before. It is rather funny to see a man who only knows one kind, and is conceited enough to think that that is really the only kind worth knowing, when first he is brought into contact with the other. Two or three times I have known men try to follow hounds on stock-saddles, which are about as ill-suited for the purpose as they well can be; while it is even more laughable to see some young fellow from the East or from England,

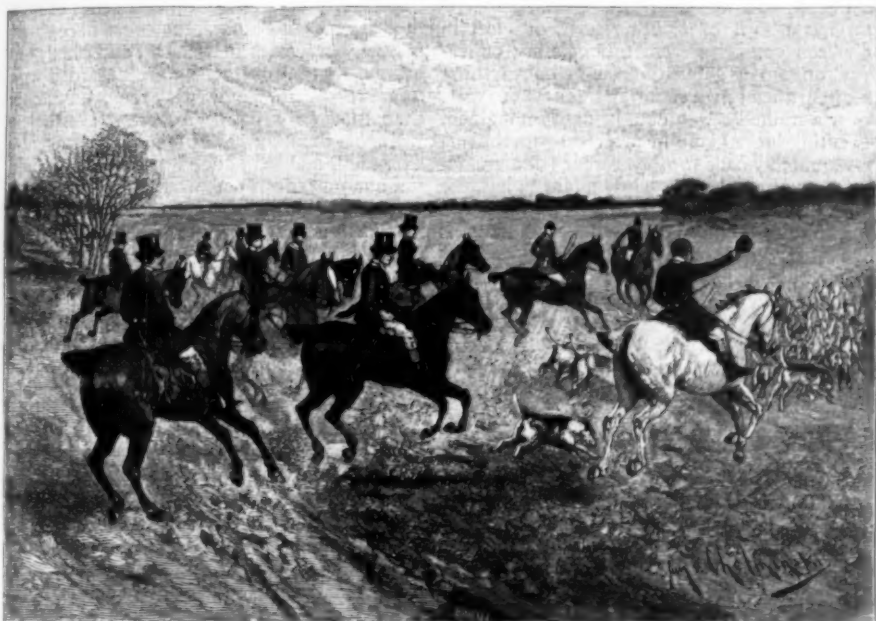
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who thinks he knows entirely too much about horses to be taught by barbarians, attempt in his turn to do cow-work with his ordinary riding or hunting rig. Each kind is best in its own place; and the man only accustomed to one will at first find himself at a disadvantage when he tries the other. It must be said, however, that in all probability cowboys would learn to ride well across country much sooner than the average cross-country rider would

needed which neither rowing nor any other form of athletics, except, perhaps, foot-ball, calls for. Moreover, hunting can be enjoyed in different ways and degrees by almost everybody who has a horse, while but a limited number can take part in a boat-race or even a base-ball contest. It is really an essentially democratic amusement, where every one stands on the same plane. If this is once realized, and if men get to appreciate that every one who can



THE START.

master the dashing and peculiar style of horsemanship shown by those whose life business it is to guard the wandering herds of the great Western plains. A cavalry officer trained at West Point is, perhaps, for all-round work, not unlikely to surpass as a horseman both cowboy and fox-hunter.

Riding to hounds has the immense advantage over most other athletic sports, that it implies in those who follow it the possession of moral even more than of physical good qualities. Of course in hunting a man has to have a good deal of skill and a certain amount of wiry toughness and endurance, and his physique and health, which should be already good, will rapidly become much better; but there is no need for anything like the bodily development necessary to one who wishes to become a crack oarsman, for instance; while on the other hand there is an amount of pluck and nerve

get on a horse can take such part as his powers and tastes incline him to, in one of the most manly and healthy of outdoor sports, hunting can hardly fail to become popular. Moreover, the bolder, wilder spirits, certain to be found in any community, who in time of war develop into men like Ulric Dahlgren or young Cushing, but who in time of peace are apt to go to the bad merely from the revolt against the decorous tameness of their life, find in hunting an outlet for their superabundant energies. If in 1860 riding to hounds had been at the North, as it was at the South, a national pastime, it would not have taken us until well on towards the middle of the war before we were able to develop a cavalry capable of withstanding the shock of the Southern horsemen.

As is always the case when an attempt is made to introduce anything new or out of the common, the effort to make riding to hounds

a recognized amusement in the Northern States has given rise to a great deal of criticism, mostly of a singularly senseless sort, characterized by the sheerest and densest ignorance of the whole subject. Much of this criticism comes from men themselves too weak or too timid to do anything needing daring or involving the slightest personal risk, and who are actuated simply by jealousy of those who possess the attributes that they themselves lack. A favorite cry is that hunting is with us artificial and un-American. Of course it is artificial; so is every other form of sport in civilized countries, from tobogganing or ice-yachting to a game of base-ball. Anything more artificial than shooting quail on the wing over a trained setter could not be imagined. Hunting large game in the West with the rifle undoubtedly calls for the presence of a greater number of manly and hardly qualities in those who take part in it than is the case with riding to drag-hounds; but, unless the quarry is the grizzly bear, it does not need nearly as much personal daring. To object to hunting because they hunt in England is about as sensible as to object to lacrosse because the Indians play it. We do not have to concern ourselves in the least as to whether a pastime originated with Indians, or Englishmen, or Hottentots, for that matter, so long as it is attractive and health-giving. It goes without saying that the man who takes to hunting, not because it is a manly sport, but because it is done abroad, is a foolish snob; but, after all, he stands about on the same intellectual level with the man who *refuses* to take it up because it happens to be liked on the other side of the water.

To say the sport is un-American seems particularly absurd to such of us as happen to be in part of Southern blood, and whose forefathers, in Virginia, Georgia, or the Carolinas, have for six generations followed the fox with horse and hound.

Theodore Roosevelt.

GENESEO AND HAMILTON.

IN Livingston county, New York, in the valley of the Genesee, from which it takes its name, there is a hunt-club older than either of those on Long Island which have been described in the preceding pages. Some ten years ago fox-hunting was started there by the efforts of Mr. W. A. Wadsworth, Mr. James Wadsworth, and Mr. Carroll Fitzhugh. At the outset everything was very simple. There were foxes in some of the coverts, and, of course, the practice of pursuing them on foot with dog and gun was familiar; and when it was proposed to make common cause, and follow

on horses, there were plenty of people to join in and take part. Each man brought his own hound to the meet, and the scratch pack thus formed was then put into covert. If they drew successfully, the highly independent, although for the nonce confederated, pack would set out in full cry, each hound working out his own line, and satisfying himself individually as to the scent. The hounds were stanch, keen, and sagacious enough, but, of course, undisciplined and utterly ignorant of "scoring to cry" and of other niceties of their profession. The horses, too, were necessarily perfectly green at the business, and wholly untrained, so that obstacles were regarded with much respect, and rails were removed oftener than they were jumped over. Nevertheless the sport was liked. The taste for it grew and extended, and very soon every one who could get a mount of any sort would turn out. After a season or two it became obvious that there was too much states-rights feeling among the hounds to make them effective, and it became necessary to follow the example of certain distinguished gentlemen of 1789 and form a better Union. Mr. Austin Wadsworth accordingly took charge of, or rather established, a pack of his own, instead of relying on one made up for the occasion, where the hounds did not know each other and recognized no common master. Under Mr. Wadsworth's management the pack has grown to thirteen couple of good hounds, of which some are imported and some home-bred. Mr. Wadsworth hunts his pack himself, supplies a hard-riding and competent whip, has the kennels on his own estate, and cares for and maintains the whole establishment. In process of time a club was formed, with a membership drawn from Buffalo, Batavia, and other neighboring towns, and even from New York itself, as well as from the farmers of the valley.* The head-quarters of the hunt are, of course, at Genesee, where the Wadsworth homestead is situated, and the sport is now so thoroughly rooted that there seems no reason why it should not last.

The best feature of the Genesee hunt is its thoroughly popular character. The region is given to horse-raising, and anything involving horses appeals to almost every one. The interest in the hunt is, therefore, very widespread, and the younger men among the farmers usually belong to the club, in which they hold many of the offices, and are out with the hounds whenever they can get an opportunity and the meet is in their neighborhood. They all take an intense interest in

* The statistics of the club are as follows: Number of regular members, 54; honorary members, 8; lady riders and members, 16; hounds, 26; coverts, 37; litters of foxes, 1885, 21.

the sport, and ride hard and straight. Their horses are sometimes a little rough-looking, the tails have not always the most approved bang, the manes are not pulled, the saddles perhaps are a little shabby, and the stirrup-irons a trifle rusty; but in all essentials there is nothing to be desired, and the men and horses go straight and well, which is far more important than any amount of style. They do not turn from anything, and a man who will follow some of them through a run may rest satisfied with his exploits. I chanced to be out one day when the field was almost exclusively made up of the farmers of the valley. At the end of a run of over ten miles we came to a stiff rail fence more than four feet six inches in height by measurement, which makes a good strong jump at the end of a rather long run. Two or three highly bred and well-trained horses which had the speed went first, but every one followed; not a man flinched, and not a horse fell, although one or two were a good deal over-weighted and had to be ridden with much judgment. This general interest, which is natural enough in reality, is worth mentioning, because the idea has prevailed that fox-hunting here was something purely exotic, and a mere fashionable fancy of the rich and idle in the community. Such a notion is false. If fox-hunting is carried on under proper conditions and in the right spirit, it is in its very nature genuinely popular. It is, of course, essentially a country sport, and not one in which the great mass of people in a city can engage. Let it start, however, in the country, and no one will take to it more kindly or succeed at it better than the American farmer, who is a lover of horses, and is bold, intelligent, and as eager for wholesome amusement as any one in the world. The hunting at Geneseo proves this, and, moreover, the men there ride over their own land, and over that of neighbors, who welcome them heartily.

The Geneseo country is wonderfully well adapted for hunting. The river, which has cut for itself a deep channel, winds in graceful curves through the broad valley, while from the edge of the steep banks level pastures usually stretch away on either hand, occupying hundreds of acres and giving food to large herds of cattle. From these meadows gentle hills slope upwards on each side covered with rich farms, broken here and there by fine groves of oaks and chestnuts. The view from the high ground on which the village of Geneseo stands is very beautiful. It has the gracious charm of a rich farming country, free from the monotony of a mere extent of flat meadow-lands, and stretches away as far as the eye can see over the gentle and changing slopes of the low hills.

All this beauty of nature adds, of course, immensely to the pleasure of riding across country; but there are other more material advantages. The farms and pastures are of great extent and as a rule very smooth, so that the galloping is excellent, and one is generally sure to have a clean take-off and a good landing at the jumps. In certain parts of the country hunted over, the hills are more abrupt and broken, and deep gullies which are made usually by the small streams tributary to the Genesee, and which are very steep and rough and by no means attractive to riders in haste after the hounds, are frequently encountered. Ditches or dry water-courses are not uncommon, and these with an occasional stone wall give that variety of jumps which is so essential to the making of a really good hunter. The characteristic barrier, however, and that which is met with nine times out of ten, is the rail or board fence, the former being the more common of the two. The old form, which still prevails quite largely, is that of the snake or zigzag fence. The rails are laid one on the other until the desired height is obtained, and then they are held in place by stakes driven in and crossed at the angles. Fences of this description absorb, of course, a great deal of lumber, and as they gradually wear out and timber grows scarcer, the good rails are selected and used to build the successor of the zigzag, which is straight and is called by way of distinction a line fence. In this form two stout posts are driven into the ground close together and with regular intervals between each pair. These pairs are then bound together by heavy wire, and the rails laid from pair to pair between the posts and held in place by the wire lashings. As a rule, although there was not enough timber for a zigzag, there is more than enough for a line or straight fence, and the rails are accordingly piled on until all are thus disposed of simply to get them out of the way. The result is that the line fences generally make big jumps. They are apt to be very well over four feet, and not infrequently are five and more in height. The redeeming features are that the rails are close together, thus making a solid-looking obstacle which always causes a horse to jump well, and that the rails are frequently somewhat rotten and break with comparative ease. One will meet as big fences in the Genesee Valley as in any hunting country in the world; but they announce their size plainly to horse and rider, and will often give way on compulsion. They are not like the mortised oak rails of Long Island, with their wide spaces and absolute solidity, a form of fence so high and stiff as to make hunting well-nigh impossible, and cer-

tainly too difficult and dangerous for the best interests of the sport. The other form of barrier at Geneseo is the board fence. The boards, like the rails, are apt to be rotten, and are a good deal thinner. These fences do not run much over four feet in height, if at all, but they usually make the doubles or in-and-outs, and are sufficiently high, especially when they close in a narrow cattle-path. There is also one form of board fence which tops off

tempted to rush them, but is obliged to take one's horse at them coolly and collectedly. It is a good school for any rider, and the proof of this is obvious in the quality of the riding and the nerve and skill shown by the field, which has few stragglers, many really brilliant performers, and means going always.

In October the runs are generally after drags. The members from Buffalo and elsewhere come from a distance, their time is



EMBARKING FOR A DISTANT MEET.

with an oak scantling nailed heavily to the posts, and which is as uninviting a jump as the most reckless rider can desire. I have dwelt somewhat on the fact that rails and boards break at Geneseo, but it is merely to emphasize the distinction between them and those of Long Island. The average height is about the same in both places, but the latter are far stiffer and more open. I would not have any one suppose from what I have said that you can ride with indifference at a Geneseo fence, secure in your ability to break it and have your horse stand up. It is best not to trifle with the rail and board fences of Geneseo; they are heavy obstacles, and must be jumped clean. Unless you have a horse ready with a fair chance to do his five feet cheerfully, you had better not attempt to ride in the first flight after the Genesee Valley hounds.

Such is the surface of the country, and such the obstacles. The galloping is generally perfect, and the fences are so big that one is not

limited, they want to be sure of a quick, good run, and cannot spend the larger part of a day, perhaps, in wandering about to find a fox. The drags are very skillfully laid, and are arranged by Mr. Wadsworth in the only true way, so as to resemble a run after a live fox as much and a steeple-chase as little as possible.

In November and December, and later still if the winter is open, the pack is used for wild foxes, which affords, of course, the very highest and best of the sport. The coverts are large, but as the trees are chiefly oaks, they are open enough to gallop through, and the turf is firm and good, instead of being destroyed by needles as in pine forests. Most important of all, there is rarely any undergrowth. The size of the coverts tends to make finding slow, but if time is no object this is far from objectionable. When they do find, moreover, it is not difficult to follow, get the fox into the open, and have a splendid run, than which nothing can be

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more exciting or more delightful. It is also pretty certain that a find will be made. There are plenty of foxes, some native, some planted, and all wild. Their earths are well known to the master, and as so many of the farmers ride and are all interested and friendly, they do everything they can to preserve the fox, mark down his earth, and inform the proper authorities of his abode. The night before a meet an earth is stopped. The fox, as is the habit of his kind, returns from his nightly prowling, hangs round the closed earth until daylight, and then trots off, leaving a good scent for his enemies. The hounds are out early, and are thrown in near the earth. They soon get the scent; away they go, and if fortune is favorable there is a brilliant run and a kill in the open. As to the cruelty of it, any form of sport involving the death of an animal may be said to be cruel. But it is the nature of man to hunt and slay wild creatures, from the reed-bird up to the elephant. If there was no riding to hounds, the fox would be run down with one or two sharp dogs by the local hide-hunter. He then would be either dug out of his earth and knocked on the head with a club, or he would be killed or badly wounded by a charge of buckshot. When the pack is after him he has a chance for his life, and often gets away, and when the hounds succeed in reaching him his sufferings are over almost as quickly as if a bullet put a period to his life.

I cannot give a more succinct statement of the merits of the Genesee hunt than by borrowing the words of its master. Mr. Wadsworth says:

"I think hunting a good thing because it is the only field sport which must be absolutely open to all. The shooting in this part of the country will soon be confined to those who can afford game-preserves and game-keepers. It comes at a time when men living in the country have little to do. It encourages the raising of a very valuable class of horses. It is free from the betting and 'professional' blackguardism which spoil most other sports. It is healthy and encourages good qualities in a man, for no man can preserve his nerve and seat who is not habitually temperate and self-denying. The damage done by riders (which should always be promptly and generously settled) is much less than one would imagine. The worst thing



CLUB-HOUSE, GIBNEY FARM, HAMILTON, MASS.

they do is leaving gates open or rails down so that stock get out or mixed, which may occasion serious loss and should be guarded against. Of course no rider should ever cross winter wheat or new seeding when the ground is wet. There is no reason for it, and it should never be allowed. A few broken fences, easily repaired, are all the other harm done. The advantage of a *drag* hunt is that many men are limited in time and cannot potter round in the woods for hours looking for foxes. Also, when there is a large field they can be taken where they will best enjoy themselves and amuse others, and arrangements can be made to prevent any damage. It should be made as much like a fox-hunt and as little like a steeple-chase as possible. It is far more sportsmanlike than the performances of her Majesty's Royal Buckhounds with their 'carted deer.'"

The club which hunts in the neighborhood of Boston, by an unlucky accident, bears the meaningless and inappropriate name of "The Myopia." The club-house and kennels are on the Gibney farm, which lies just within the borders of the town of Hamilton adjoining the town of Wenham in Essex county, and are about thirty miles from Boston. The Myopia has two packs, one of beagles and one of foxhounds, each numbering some thirteen or fourteen couple. The beagles are used for

drags, the hounds exclusively for foxes. Now and again the beagles are taken to Dedham for a meet, or the hounds to Southboro', where the country is more open and where a good run is probable.

Most of the hunting of the Myopia Club, however, is at Hamilton. Drags are run there with the beagles in early autumn, and by the middle of October the hounds get out for foxes, the two packs giving four or five runs every week. Until November the fields are large, often numbering forty or fifty riders at the start; and these large and increasing fields are one of the best features of the Myopia hunt. Only a small proportion of them, of course, go straight from start to finish; but every one enjoys it, the interest in the sport is constantly spreading, and more people every year take to riding, with all the advantages which that best of manly exercises implies.

The Essex country is very different from that of Geneseo. It is a region of rolling hills with almost endless stretches of rough pasture, broken by wide swamps and large masses of pine forest. The galloping over these pastures is exceedingly fine and very attractive. The fences, if the bull will be pardoned, are for the most part loose stone walls. The ditches are few, the rails more numerous and of all heights, and the walls are everywhere. These stone walls tumble pretty easily, but they also throw a horse and cut him severely far too often to be pleasant. In height they range from three to four feet, averaging about three feet six inches, which is a good jump in stone. Now and then you will meet with a wall of more than four feet, and in at least one instance a member of the club jumped a heavy wall four feet *eight inches high, which is better than five feet of rails. Such jumps as this, however, are luckily not common; most of the walls are very moderate in size and much lower than the fences of either Geneseo or Long Island, and therefore all the better for hunting. The difficulties in the Hamilton country arise from the roughness of the ground, which at times is rocky and broken, and from the bad take-offs and uncertain landings. One is obliged to jump constantly from a stand, out of all sorts of awkward corners, and very often with the chance of landing in a bog or on a heap of loose stones on the other side. A rider at Hamilton ought to have a horse with a good turn of speed, and not afraid of four feet and a half or five feet at a pinch; but above all, he needs a strong, handy, clever horse, with good sense and a cool head. If you are mounted on an excitable animal, however brilliant, the chances are that you will cut his knees, and perhaps get a bad fall in

the bargain. With a mount of the right kind, however, no safer and pleasanter country can be found to ride over, and this is a great advantage in every way. The land is not fertile, but the upland pastures, thickly sprinkled with goldenrod and heather, are full of color and beauty. The gray ledges and bowlders rise here and there, covered with lichens, and stand out boldly against the dark background of the pines; while every now and then, from the top of some hill, you catch a glimpse of the sea glittering in the sunlight or darkening beneath the cloud shadows.

There are few more delightful experiences in every way than to go out with the hounds early in the morning. The meet is at day-break; the field is, of course, small, and wholly made up of those who really love the sport. You ride away from the kennels in the gray dawn. Everything is still, there is a light hoar-frost on the earth, perhaps a thin mist hanging over the pastures. When the covert is reached, the hounds are thrown in, and there can be no prettier sight than to see them working over the damp ground, where the scent is sure to lie well. The air bites a little, the horses are at their best, and nothing can be more exhilarating or more full of healthy and honest pleasure.

The coverts at Hamilton and Wenham contain plenty of foxes, despite the local sportsmen, but they are also very extensive. The pack ought to be double its present size, and even then it would be extremely difficult to get a fox into the open for a run. Reynard knows very well what is best for him. He slips along the edges of the woods, plunges into a dense thicket, comes out on the other side, skirts the covert again, finally crosses a swamp, and very probably escapes. Now and then he will break from one covert to another; sometimes he takes boldly to the open, and then comes the best of all things—a sharp run on a burning scent. Although the Myopia hounds do not kill very often, there is almost always plenty of scent in the neighborhood of the coverts, and the field is sure to have one or two quick bursts at an early meet. When the hour is later, especially if the sun shines, the chances for any kind of a run are diminished. Yet, with all the drawbacks of waiting and blank days, the Essex hunts are as enjoyable as any man could wish. The fresh, keen air, and the brisk, quick gallop with plenty of jumping, start the blood and make one feel the "wild joy of living" more than anything in the world. The fox-hunt takes the edge off the drag, it must be confessed, but it is the genuine fox-hunt which gives a charm to the sport in Geneseo and Hamilton, and promises a long life to it in both places.

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The farmers of Hamilton and Wenham have not yet begun to follow the hounds or to breed hunters, but this will come before very long. They have received the club with the greatest good-nature and with much kindly interest. The welcome has been so hospitable that the club has adopted the custom of annual field sports. Small prizes are offered for running and jumping and for farmers' horses; there is a lunch spread under the trees in front of the club-house, and in the evening there is a dance at the town hall. Nothing could show the need of such simple and wholesome amusements more than their popularity and success at Hamilton. These annual sports bring together two or three thousand people from all the country round, and there is always a great deal of fun and enjoyment. The club management in this, as in other respects, has been wise and simple, and there is every reason to believe that the sport which it fosters is now a permanent thing.

The object of this, as well as of the preceding article, I suppose, is something more than merely to give a description of certain hunt-clubs. They have been written, indeed, to little purpose if they do not serve in some slight manner, at least, to dissipate certain prejudices which have been felt against riding to hounds in this country, and which have been disseminated if not bred by the press merely through lack of information, and not at all from any real ill-will. These prejudices or misapprehensions usually find expression in slurs on the sport and on those who engage in it, and in much fun and laughing at the expense of the members of the clubs.

The first objection made is that fox-hunting here is merely for the sake of imitating something English. No one can have a more hearty and thoroughgoing contempt for the Anglo-mania so prevalent in certain portions of the society of some of our great cities than the writer of these lines. Such a vicious habit of feeble imitation is sure to die, and it cannot be too strongly condemned by all decent and honest Americans.

It is well, however, not to fall into the opposite mistake of avoiding and abusing a thing good in itself, simply because the English engage in it. Yachting was a peculiarly English amusement until we beat them at it. The bicycles now in such universal use, and which give pleasure to so many people, are of English invention. Yet no one would think of calling yachtsmen and bicyclists Anglo-maniacs, simply on account of the yacht and the bicycle. There is, in reality, even less cause to stigmatize fox-hunting in this way. In the first place, following the hounds on horseback and riding across country have been practiced

in the Southern and to a certain extent in the Middle States ever since white men lived here. In the colonial days, in fact, the sport was more or less common everywhere on the Atlantic seaboard. It died out in the North and East, and has now been revived. That in a few words is the whole case historically. But the injustice of decrying and abusing it rests on far broader and better grounds than any history can furnish. Riding across country requires nerve, courage, and skill, and no sport demanding those qualities can be foreign to an American or an exotic in the United States. The American is by nature a lover and trainer of horses. His whole attention thus far has been devoted to breeding, developing, and driving the trotting horse, and the result is an animal driven with a skill and at a rate of speed perfectly unequalled. Cross-country riding opens a new field, but we have already produced two American horses which have beaten the record of the world at the high jump; and although we have still something to do in the way of weight-carriers, our hunters in their class cannot be surpassed in courage, in jumping power, or in staying qualities. Fox-hunting, in reality, is a sport peculiarly adapted to this country, because it is in its nature thoroughly popular. No decently behaved person who has a horse and can ride can be excluded. It must of necessity be open to all, and, moreover, it is comparatively inexpensive. The cost of the finest hunter is a trifle compared to that of a really good trotter, and a shrewd man with good judgment can often pick up for a moderate price a horse which under training will become an admirable jumper. Good shooting and fishing of all kinds have become so very expensive and so distant that only the rich practically can enjoy them; whereas any man who can manage to keep a horse can come to any meet and follow the hounds, and his subscription may be proportionate to his means without affecting his welcome or his pleasure. In one word, nothing can be more false than the idea that cross-country riding is the amusement of the very rich and the very exclusive. It is the most democratic, as it is the best field sport in the world. The question of riding over the land of other people is wholly with the owners. If they do not wish it, they can stop it in an instant; but I have yet to hear of anything but a very slight and exceptional objection, the rule being a hearty and generous welcome to the riders.

Another slur constantly thrown out is that the whole thing is a bit of luxurious effeminacy. To this there can be but one reply. Let any one who believes cross-country riding to be a weak and effeminate amusement, get him a



MYOFIA PACK.

horse, go out with any pack in the country, and ride well up through one hard run. If after that he still thinks fox-hunting weak and effeminate, he has a perfect right to say so, but not before. Much sarcasm is also expended on pink coats and the anise-seed bag. The former is a mere fashion, a harmless frill, which has no more real connection with the sport than a man's shirt-collar has with his politics or his religion. The pink coats look bright and picturesque on a gray morning, or against the dark background of wood or hillside, but they are a mere detail, and the sensible thing, of course, is for every one to dress as he pleases. The anise-seed bag, which has given rise to so much fun, is treated as if it were a native invention intended to supply in a wholly ridiculous way the lack of foxes. As a matter of fact drags are well known and are sufficiently common in England. It is an easy way of assuring a quick and certain run after hounds, and involves just as much jumping as any other form of cross-country riding. It is perfectly legitimate sport, and in this country, where the riders are largely men of business, whose time is very limited, it is really essential.

The faults of our hunting, in fact, are not at

all those commonly alleged in the newspapers. The great error here is in the disposition to make hunting a mere competition in jumping, which is all wrong. Those who merely want to get dangerous jumping at high speed can put up obstacles of any size and race round a steeple-chase course to their hearts' content. The true doctrine is that men jump in order to hunt, or in other words to ride across country, and they should not hunt in order to jump. The latter theory, to which the prevalence of drags gives some countenance, can have but one result in practice. It will steadily diminish the field until only a few reckless youngsters are left, who, spurred by jealousy of each other, will take any foolish risk that comes along. The upshot would be the extinction of fox-hunting and cross-country riding, on account of the unpopularity which would thus be excited. Hunting in this country under the best conditions has all the danger that is necessary, or that any one can want. Falls are not so numerous here as in England, because the ground as a rule is hard and the take-offs and landings fair and clean. But on the other hand falling in England is usually in tolerably soft earth, while here the reverse is apt to be the case, so that the

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tumbles, though less frequent, are much more severe. The lovers of cross-country riding ought to make it their first maxim that the sport should be as popular as possible. Wisdom and skill in management will, however, come everywhere in time, and there is no sport which needs more of both qualities.

Cross-country riding, in a word, is one of the best and most manly of sports. It requires courage, good temper, and discretion, as well as the exercise of some of the best qualities of man, both physical and mental. At the same time it tends to breed up good horses. The strict utilitarian may urge that after all is said it is nothing but a pastime; but pastimes are just as important as work to the well-being and sound health of any people. The proverb tells us the result of all work and no play, and no one can question that in this great country of ours one of our dangers comes from the excessive application to business which makes life here fevered, restless, and too often

brief. There is no danger of Americans as a race becoming indolent. There is real danger of their becoming sadly overworked and making existence joyless. Vigorous physical exercise and wholesome sports are as needful to nations as to individuals, and render them all the more effective and efficient in the end. Cross-country riding is among the best of sports. The dash and skill which it demands render it peculiarly fit for Americans, and sensibly managed it is sure to outlive the prejudices which have been excited against it, and which will die away if those who are truly fond of it will carry it on in the right spirit and make it as widely popular as they can. Under no other conditions can it thrive, and under proper conditions it will be open to more people and will give more health and more enjoyment, and develop more manly qualities when rightly practiced, than any other field sport which is known to the present generation.

Henry Cabot Lodge.



COLLECT FOR DOMINION DAY.

FATHER of nations! Help of the feeble hand!
 Strength of the strong! to whom the nations kneel!
 Stay and destroyer, at whose just command
 Earth's kingdoms tremble and her empires reel!
 Who dost the low uplift, the small make great,
 And dost abase the ignorantly proud,
 Of our scant people mold a mighty state,
 To the strong, stern,—to Thee in meekness bowed!
 Father of unity, make this people one!
 Weld, interfuse them in the patriot's flame,—
 Whose forging on Thine anvil was begun
 In blood late shed to purge the common shame;
 That so our hearts, the fever of faction done,
 Banish old feud in our young nation's name.

Charles G. D. Roberts.

THE MINISTER'S CHARGE;

OR, THE APPRENTICESHIP OF LEMUEL BARKER.*

BY W. D. HOWELLS,

Author of "Venetian Life," "A Modern Instance," "The Rise of Silas Lapham," etc.

XVII.

AT Sewell's house the maid told Evans to walk up into the study, without seating him first in the reception-room, as if that were needless with so intimate a friend of the family. He found Sewell at his desk, and he began at once, without the forms of greeting:

"If you don't like that other subject, I've got a new one for you, and you could write a sermon on it that would make talk."

"You look at it from the newspaper point of view," returned Sewell, in the same humor. "I'm not an 'enterprise,' and I don't want to make talk in your sense. I don't know that I want to make talk at all; I should prefer to make thought, to make feeling."

"Well," said the editor, "this would do all three."

"Would you come to hear me, if I wrote the sermon?"

"Ah, that's asking a good deal."

"Why don't you develop your idea in an article? You're always bragging that you preach to a larger congregation than I."

"I propose to let you preach to my congregation too, if you'll write this sermon. I've talked to you before about reporting your sermons in 'Saturday Afternoon.' They would be a feature; and if we could open with this one, and have a good 'incisive' editorial on it, disputing some of your positions, and treating certain others with a little satire, at the same time maintaining a very respectful attitude towards you on the whole, and calling attention to the fact that there was a strong and increasing interest in your 'utterances,' which we were the first to recognize,—it would be a card. We might agree beforehand on the points the editorial was to touch, and so make one hand wash another. See?"

"I see that journalism has eaten into your soul. What is your subject?"

"Well, in general terms, and in a single word, *Complicity*. Don't you think that would be rather taking? 'Mr. Sewell, in his striking sermon on *Complicity*,' and so forth. It would be a great hit, and it would stand a chance of sticking, like Emerson's 'Compensation.'"

"Delightful! The most amusing part is that you've really a grain of business in your bushel of chaff." Sewell wheeled about in his swivel-chair, and sat facing his guest, deeply sunken in the low easy seat he always took. "When did this famous idea occur to you?" he pursued, swinging his glasses by their cord.

"About three weeks ago, at the theater. There was one of those pieces on that make you despair of the stage, and ashamed of writing a play even to be rejected by it—a farrago of indecently amusing innuendoes and laughably vile situations, such as, if they were put into a book, would prevent its being sent through the mail. The theater apparently can still be as filthy in suggestion as it was at the Restoration, and not shock its audiences. There were all sorts of people there that night: young girls who had come with young men for an evening's polite amusement; families; middle-aged husbands and wives; respectable-looking single women; and average bachelors. I don't think the ordinary theatrical audience is of a high grade intellectually; it's third or fourth rate; but morally it seems quite as good as other public assemblages. All the people were nicely dressed, and they sat there before that nasty mess—it was an English comedy where all the jokes turn upon the belief of the characters that their wives and husbands are the parents of illegitimate offspring—and listened with as smooth self-satisfaction as if they were not responsible for it. But all at once it occurred to me that they *were* responsible, every one of them—as responsible as the players, as the author himself."

"Did you come out of the theater at that point?" asked Sewell.

"Oh, I was responsible too; but I seemed to be the only one ashamed of my share in the business."

"If you were the only one conscious of it, your merit wasn't very great," suggested the minister.

"Well, I should like the others to be conscious of it too. That's why I want you to preach my sermon. I want you to tell your people and my people that the one who buys

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sin or shame, or corruption of any sort, is as guilty as the one who sells it."

"It isn't a new theory," said Sewell, still refusing to give up his ironical tone. "It was discovered some time ago that this was so before God."

"Well, I've just discovered that it ought to be so before man," said Evans.

"Still, you're not the first," said Sewell.

"Yes," said the editor, "I think I am, from my peculiar stand-point. The other day a friend of mine—an upright, just, worthy man, no one more so—was telling me of a shocking instance of our national corruption. He had just got home from Europe, and he had brought a lot of dutiable things, that a customs inspector passed for a trifling sum. That was all very well, but the inspector afterwards came round with a confidential claim for a hundred dollars, and the figures to show that the legal duties would have been eight or ten times as much. My friend was glad to pay the hundred dollars; but he defied me to name any country in Europe where such a piece of official rascality was possible. He said it made him ashamed of America!" Evans leaned his head back against his chair and laughed.

"Yes," said Sewell with a sigh, and no longer feigning lightness. "That's awful."

"Well, now," said Evans, "don't you think it your duty to help people realize that they can't regard such transactions *de haut en bas*, if they happen to have taken part in them? I have heard of the shameful condition of things down in Maine, where I'm told the French Canadians who've come in regularly expect to sell their votes to the highest bidder at every election. Since my new system of ethics occurred to me, I've fancied that there must have always been a shameful state of things there, if Americans could grow up in the willingness to buy votes. I want to have people recognize that there is no superiority for them in such an affair; that there's nothing but inferiority; that the man who has the money and the wit to corrupt is a far baser rascal than the man who has the ignorance and the poverty to be corrupted. I would make this principle seek out every weak spot, every sore spot in the whole social constitution. I'm sick to death of the frauds that we practice upon ourselves in order to be able to injure others. Just consider the infernal ease of mind in which men remain concerning men's share in the social evil——"

"Ah, my dear friend, you can't expect me to consider *that* in my pulpit!" cried the minister.

"No; I couldn't consider it in my paper. I suppose we must leave that where it is,

unless we can affect it by analogy, and show that there is infamy for both parties to any sin committed in common. You must select your instances in other directions, but you can find plenty of them—enough and to spare. It would give the series a tremendous send-off," said Evans, relapsing into his habitual tone, "if you would tackle this subject in your first sermon for publication. There would be money in it. The thing would make a success in the paper, and you could get somebody to reprint it in pamphlet form. Come, what do you say?"

"I should say that you had just been doing something you were ashamed of," answered Sewell. "People don't have these tremendous moral awakenings for nothing."

"And you don't think my present state of mind is a gradual outgrowth of my first consciousness of the common responsibility of actors and audience in the representation of a shameless comedy?"

"No, I shouldn't think it was," said the minister securely.

"Well, you're right." Evans twisted himself about in his chair, and hung his legs over one of the arms. "The real reason why I wish you to preach this sermon is because I have just been offering a fee to the head-waiter at our hotel."

"And you feel degraded with him by his acceptance? For it *is* a degradation."

"No, that's the strangest thing about it. I have a monopoly of the degradation, for he didn't take my dollar."

"Ah, then a sermon won't help *you*! Why wouldn't he take it?"

"He said he didn't know as he wanted any money he hadn't earned," said Evans with a touch of mimicry.

The minister started up from his lounging attitude. "Is his name—Barker?" he asked with unerring prescience.

"Yes," said Evans with a little surprise. "Do you know him?"

"Yes," returned the minister, falling back in his chair helplessly, not luxuriously. "So well that I knew it was he almost as soon as you came into the room to-night."

"What harm have you been doing him?" demanded the editor, in parody of the minister's acuteness in guessing the guilty operation of his own mind.

"The greatest. I'm the cause of his being in Boston."

"This is very interesting," said Evans. "We are companions in crime—pals. It's a great honor. But what strikes me as being so interesting is that we appear to feel remorse for our misdeeds; and I was almost persuaded the other day by an observer of our species,

that remorse had gone out, or rather had never existed, except in the fancy of innocent people; that real criminals like ourselves were afraid of being found out, but weren't in the least sorry. Perhaps, if we are sorry, it proves that we needn't be. Let's judge each other. I've told you what my sin against Barker is, and I know yours in general terms. It's a fearful thing to be the cause of a human soul's presence in Boston; but what did you do to bring it about? Who is Barker? Where did he come from? What was his previous condition of servitude? He puzzles me a good deal."

"Oh, I'll tell you," said Sewell; and he gave his personal chapter in Lemuel's history.

Evans interrupted him at one point. "And what became of the poem he brought down with him?"

"It was stolen out of his pocket, one night when he slept in the Common."

"Ah, then he can't offer it to me! And he seems very far from writing any more. I can still keep his acquaintance. Go on."

Sewell told, in amusing detail, of the Wayfarer's Lodge, where he had found Barker after supposing he had gone home. Evans seemed more interested in the place than in the minister's meeting with Lemuel there, which Sewell fancied he had painted rather well, describing Lemuel's severity and his own anxiety.

"There!" said the editor. "There you have it—a practical illustration! Our civilization has had to come to it!"

"Come to what?"

"Complicity."

Sewell made an impatient gesture.

"Don't sacrifice the consideration of a great principle," cried Evans, "to the petty effect of a good story on an appreciative listener. I realize your predicament. But don't you see that in establishing and regulating a place like that the city of Boston has instinctively sanctioned my idea? You may say that it is aiding and abetting the tramp-nuisance by giving vagrants food and shelter, but other philosophers will contend that it is—blindly perhaps—fulfilling the destiny of the future State, which will at once employ and support all its citizens; that it is prophetically recognizing my new principle of Complicity?"

"Your new principle!" cried Sewell. "You have merely given a new name to one of the oldest principles in the moral world."

"And that is a good deal to do, I can tell you," said Evans. "All the principles are pretty old now. But don't give way to an ignoble resentment of my interruption. Go on about Barker."

After some feints that there was nothing more important to tell, Sewell went on to the end; and when he had come to it, Evans shook his head. "It looks pretty black for you, but it's a beautifully perfect case of Complicity. What do you propose to do, now you've rediscovered him?"

"Oh, I don't know! I hope no more mischief. If I could only get him back on his farm!"

"Yes, I suppose that would be the best thing. But I dare say he wouldn't go back!"

"That's been my experience with him."

They talked this aspect of the case over more fully, and Evans said: "Well, I wouldn't go back to such a place myself after I'd once had a glimpse of Boston, but I suppose it's right to wish that Barker would. I hope his mother will come to visit him while he's in the hotel. I would give a good deal to see her. Fancy her coming down in her bloomers, and the poor fellow being ashamed of her! It would be a very good subject for a play. Does she wear a hat or a bonnet? What sort of head-gear goes with that 'sleek odalisque' style of dress? A turban, I suppose."

"Mrs. Barker," said the minister, unable to deny himself the fleeting comfort of the editor's humorous view of the situation, "is as far from a 'sleek odalisque' as any lady I've ever seen, in spite of her oriental costume. If I remember, her *yashmak* was not gathered at the ankles, but hung loose like occidental trousers; and the day we met, she wore simply her own hair. There was not much of it on top, and she had it cut short in the neck. She was rather a terrible figure. Her having ever been married would have been inconceivable, except for her son."

"I should like to have seen her," said Evans, laughing back in his chair.

"She was worth seeing as a survival of the superficial fermentation of the period of our social history when it was believed that women could be like men if they chose, and ought to be if they ever meant to show their natural superiority. But she was not picturesque."

"The son's very handsome. I can see that the lady boarders think him so."

"Do you find him at all remarkable otherwise? What dismayed me more than his poetry even was that when he gave that up he seemed to have no particular direction."

"Oh, he reads a good deal, and pretty serious books; and he goes to hear all the sermons and lectures in town."

"I thought he came to mine only," sighed the minister, with a retrospective suffering. "Well, what can be done for him now? I feel my complicity with Barker as poignantly as you could wish."

"Ah, you see how the principle applies everywhere!" cried the editor joyously. He added: "But I really think that for the present you can't do better than let Barker alone. He's getting on very well at Mrs. Harmon's, and although the conditions at the St. Albans are more transitory than most subinary things, Barker appears to be a fixture. Our little system has begun to revolve round him unconsciously; he keeps us going."

"Well," said Sewell, consenting to be a little comforted. He was about to go more particularly into the facts; but Mrs. Sewell came in just then, and he obviously left the subject.

Evans did not sit down again after rising to greet her; and presently he said good-night.

She turned to her husband: "What were you talking about when I came in?"

"When you came in?"

"Yes. You both had that look—I can always tell it—of having suddenly stopped."

"Oh!" said Sewell, pretending to arrange the things on his desk. "Evans had been suggesting the subject for a sermon." He paused a moment, and then he continued hardily, "And he'd been telling me about—Barker. He's turned up again."

"Of course!" said Mrs. Sewell. "What's happened to him now?"

"Nothing, apparently, but some repeated strokes of prosperity. He has become clerk, elevator-boy, and head-waiter at the St. Albans."

"And what are you going to do about him?"

"Evans advises me to do nothing."

"Well, that's sensible, at any rate," said Mrs. Sewell. "I really think you've done quite enough, David, and now he can be left to manage for himself, especially as he seems to be doing well."

"Oh, he's doing as well as I could hope, and better. But I'm not sure that I shouldn't have personally preferred a continued course of calamity for him. I shall never be quite at peace about him till I get him back on his farm at Willoughby Pastures."

"Well, that you will never do; and you may as well rest easy about it."

"I don't know as to never doing it," said Sewell. "All prosperity, especially the prosperity connected with Mrs. Harmon's hotel, is transitory; and I may succeed yet."

"Does everything go on there in the old way, does Mr. Evans say?" Mrs. Sewell did not refer to any former knowledge of the St. Albans, but to a remote acquaintance with the character and methods of Mrs. Harmon, with whom the Sewells had once boarded. She was then freshly widowed by the loss of her first husband, and had launched her earliest boarding-house

on that sea of disaster, where she had buoyantly outridden every storm and had floated triumphantly on the top of every ingulfing wave. They recalled the difficult navigation of that primitive craft, in which each of the boarders had taken a hand at the helm, and their reminiscences of her financial embarrassments were mixed with those of the unfailing serenity that seemed not to know defeat, and with fond memories of her goodness of heart, and her ideal devotion in any case of sickness or trouble.

"I should think the prosperity of Mrs. Harmon would convince the most negative of agnostics that there was an overruling Providence, if nothing else did," said Sewell. "It's so defiant of all law, so delightfully independent of causation."

"Well, let Barker alone with her, then," said his wife, rising to leave him to the hours of late reading which she had never been able to break up.

XVIII.

AFTER agreeing with his wife that he had better leave Barker alone, Sewell did not feel easy in doing so. He had that ten-dollar note which Miss Vane had given him, and though he did not believe, since Evans had reported Barker's refusal of his fee, that the boy would take it, he was still constrained to do something with it. Before giving it back to her, he decided at least to see Barker and learn about his prospects and expectations. He might find some way of making himself useful to him.

In a state of independence he found Lemuel much more accessible than formerly, and their interview was more nearly amicable. Sewell said that he had been delighted to hear of Lemuel's whereabouts from his old friend Evans, and to know that they were housed together. He said that he used to know Mrs. Harmon long ago, and that she was a good-hearted, well-meaning woman, though without much forecast. He even assented to Lemuel's hasty generalization of her as a perfect lady, though they both felt a certain inaccuracy in this, and Sewell repeated that she was a woman of excellent heart, and turned to a more intimate inquest of Lemuel's life. He tried to find out how he employed his leisure time, saying that he always sympathized with young men away from home, and suggesting the reading-room and the frequent lectures at the Young Men's Christian Union for his odd moments. He learned that Lemuel had not many of these during the week, and that on Sundays he spent all the time he could get in hearing the different noted ministers. For the rest, he learned that Lemuel was very

much interested in the city, and appeared to be rapidly absorbing both its present civilization and its past history. He was unsmilingly amused at the comments of mixed shrewdness and crudity which Lemuel was betrayed into at times beyond certain limits of diffidence that he had apparently set himself; at his blunders and misconceptions, at the truth divined by the very innocence of his youth and inexperience. He found out that Lemuel had not been at home since he came to Boston; he had expected to go at Thanksgiving, but it came so soon after he had got his place that he hated to ask; the folks were all well, and he would send the kind remembrances which the minister asked him to give his mother. Sewell tried to find out, in saying that Mrs. Sewell and himself would always be glad to see him, whether Lemuel had any social life outside of the St. Albans, but here he was sensible that a door was shut against him; and finally he had not the courage to do more about that money from Miss Vane than to say that from time to time he had sums intrusted him, and that if Lemuel had any pressing need of money he must borrow of him. He fancied he had managed that rather delicately, for Lemuel thanked him without severity and said he should get along now, he guessed, but he was much obliged. Neither of them mentioned Miss Vane, and upon the whole the minister was not sure that he had got much nearer the boy, after all.

Certainly he formed no adequate idea of the avidity and thoroughness with which Lemuel was learning his Boston. It was wholly a public Boston which unfolded itself during the winter to his eager curiosity, and he knew nothing of the social intricacies of which it seems solely to consist for so many of us. To him Boston society was represented by the coteries of homeless sojourners in the St. Albans; Boston life was transacted by the ministers, the lecturers, the public meetings, the concerts, the horse-cars, the policemen, the shop-windows, the newspapers, the theaters, the ships at the docks, the historical landmarks, the charity apparatus.

The effect was a ferment in his mind in which there was nothing clear. It seemed to him that he had to change his opinions every day. He was whirled round and round; he never saw the same object twice the same. He did not know whether he learned or unlearned most. With the pride that comes to youth from the mere novelty of its experiences was mixed a shame for his former ignorance, an exasperation at his inability to grasp their whole meaning.

His activities in acquainting himself with Boston interested Evans, who tried to learn

just what his impression was; but this was the last thing that Lemuel could have distinctly imparted.

"Well, upon the whole," he asked, one day, "what do you think? From what you've seen of it, which is the better place, Boston or Willoughby Pastures? If you were friendless and homeless, would you rather be cast away in the city or in the country?"

Lemuel did not hesitate about this. "In the city! They haven't got any idea in the country what's done to help folks along in the city!"

"Is that so?" asked Evans. "It's against tradition," he suggested.

"Yes, I know that," Lemuel assented. "And in the country they think the city is a place where nobody cares for you, and everybody is against you, and wants to impose upon you. Well, when I first came to Boston," he continued, with a consciousness of things that Evans did not betray his own knowledge of, "I thought so too, and I had a pretty hard time for a while. It don't seem as if people *did* care for you, except to make something out of you; but if any one happens to find out that you're in trouble, there's ten times as much done for you in the city as there is in the country."

"Perhaps that's because there are ten times as many to do it," said Evans, in the hope of provoking this impartial spirit further.

"No, it isn't that altogether. It's because they've seen ten times as much trouble, and know how to take hold of it better. I think our folks in the country have been flattered up too much. If some of them could come down here and see how things are carried on, they would be surprised. They wouldn't believe it if you told them."

"I didn't know we were so exemplary," said Evans.

"Oh, city folks have their faults too," said Lemuel, smiling in recognition of the irony.

"No! What?"

Lemuel seemed uncertain whether to say it. "Well, they're too aristocratic."

Evans enjoyed this frank simplicity. He professed not to understand, and begged Lemuel to explain.

"Well, at home, in the country, they mightn't want to do so much for you, or be so polite about it, but they wouldn't feel themselves so much above you. They're more on an equality. If I needed help, I'd rather be in town; but if I could help myself, I'd just as soon be in the country. Only," he added, "there are more chances here."

"Yes, there *are* more chances. And do you think it's better not to be quite so kind, and to be more on an equality?"

"Why, don't you?" demanded Lemuel.

"Well, I don't know," said Evans, with a whimsical affectation of seriousness. "Shouldn't you like an aristocracy if you could be one of the aristocrats? Don't you think you're opposed to aristocracy because you don't want to be under? I have spoken to be a duke when we get an order of nobility, and I find that it's a great relief. I don't feel obliged to go in for equality nearly as much as I used."

Lemuel shyly dropped the subject, not feeling himself able to cope with his elder in these railleries. He always felt his heaviness and clumsiness in talking with the editor, who fascinated him. He did not know but he had said too much about city people being aristocratic. It was not quite what he meant; he had really been thinking of Miss Carver, and how proud she was, when he said it.

Lately he had seemed to see a difference between himself and other people, and he had begun to look for it everywhere, though when he spoke to Evans he was not aware how strongly the poison was working in him. It was as if the girl had made that difference; she made it again, whatever it was, between herself and the black man who once brought her a note and a bunch of flowers from one of her young lady pupils. She was very polite to him, trying to put him at ease, just as she had been with Lemuel that night. If he came into the dining-room to seat a transient when Miss Carver was there, he knew that she was mentally making a difference between him and the boarders. The ladies all had the custom of bidding him good-morning when they came in to breakfast, and they all smiled upon him except Miss Carver; she seemed every morning as if more surprised to see him standing there at the door and showing people to their places; she looked puzzled, and sometimes she blushed, as if she were ashamed for him.

He had discovered, in fine, that there were sorts of honest work in the world which one must not do if he would keep his self-respect through the consideration of others. Once all work had been work, but now he had found that there was work which was service, and that service was dishonor. He had learned that the people who did this work were as a class apart, and were spoken of as servants, with slight that was unconscious or conscious, but never absent.

Some of the ladies at the St. Albans had tried to argue with Lemuel about his not taking the fees he refused, and he knew that they talked him over. One day, when he was showing a room to a transient, he heard one of them say to another in the next apartment, "Well, I did hate to offer it to him, just as if

he was a common servant"; and the other said, "Well, I don't see what he can expect if he puts himself in the place of a servant." And then they debated together whether his quality of clerk was sufficient to redeem him from the reproach of servitude; they did not call his running the elevator anything, because a clerk might do that in a casual way without loss of dignity; they alleged other cases of the kind.

His inner life became a turmoil of suspicions, that attached themselves to every word spoken to him by those who must think themselves above him. He could see now how far behind in everything Willoughby Pastures was, and how the summer folks could not help despising the people that took them to board, and waited on them like servants in cities. He esteemed the boarders at the St. Albans in the degree that he thought them enlightened enough to condemn him for his station; and he had his own ideas of how such a person as Mr. Evans really felt toward him. He felt toward him and was interested in his reading as a person might feel toward and be interested in the attainments of some anomalous animal, a learned pig, or something of that kind.

He could look back, now, on his life at Miss Vane's, and see that he was treated as a servant, there,—a petted servant, but still a servant,—and that was what made that girl behave so to him; he always thought of Sibyl as that girl.

He would have thrown up his place at once, though he knew of nothing else he could do; he would have risked starving rather than keep it; but he felt that it was of no use; that the stain of servitude was indelible; that if he were lifted to the highest station, it would not redeem him in Miss Carver's eyes. All this time he had scarcely more than spoken with her, to return her good-mornings at the dining-room door, or to exchange greetings with her on the stairs, or to receive some charge from her in going out, or to answer some question of hers in coming in, as to whether any of the pupils who had lessons of her had been there in her absence. He made these interviews as brief as possible; he was as stiff and cold as she.

The law-student, whose full name was Alonzo W. Berry, had one joking manner for all manner of men and women, and Lemuel's suspicion could not find any offensive distinction in it toward himself; but he disabled Berry's own gentility for that reason, and easily learning much of the law-student's wild past in the West from so eager an autobiographer, he could not comfort himself with his friendship. While the student poured out his autobiography without stint upon Lemuel, his shyness only deepened upon the boy. There

were things in his life for which he was in equal fear of discovery: his arrest and trial in the police court, his mother's queerness, and his servile condition at Miss Vane's. The thought that Mr. Sewell knew about them all made him sometimes hate the minister, till he reflected that he had evidently told no one of them. But he was always trembling lest they should somehow become known at the St. Albans; and when Berry was going on about himself, his exploits, his escapes, his loves,—chiefly his loves,—Lemuel's soul was sealed within him; a vision of his disgraces filled him with horror.

But in the delight of talking about himself, Berry was apparently unaware that Lemuel had not reciprocated his confidences. He celebrated his familiarity with Miss Swan and her friend, though no doubt he had the greater share of the acquaintance,—that was apt to be the case with him,—and from time to time he urged Lemuel to come up and call on them with him.

"I guess they don't want *me* to call," said Lemuel with feeble bitterness at last, one evening after an elaborate argument from Berry to prove that Lemuel had the time, and that he just knew they would be glad to see him.

"Why?" demanded Berry, and he tried to get Lemuel's reason; but when Lemuel had stated that belief, he could not have given the reason for it on his death-bed. Berry gave the conundrum up for the time, but he did not give Lemuel up; he had an increasing need of him as he advanced in a passion for Miss Swan, which, as he frankly prophesied, was bound to bring him to the popping-point sooner or later; he debated with himself in Lemuel's presence all the best forms of popping, and he said that it was simply worth a ranch to be able to sing to him,

"She's a darling,
She's a daisy,
She's a dumpling,
She's a lamb,"

and to feel that he knew who *she* was. He usually sang this refrain to Lemuel when he came in late at night after a little supper with some of the fellows, that had left traces of its cheer on his bated breath. Once he came downstairs alone in the elevator, in his shirt-sleeves and stocking-feet, for the purpose of singing it after Lemuel had thought him in bed.

Every Sunday afternoon during the winter Lemuel went to see Statira, and sometimes in the evening he took her to church. But she could not understand why he always wanted to go to a different church; she did not see why he should not pick out one church and stick to it: the ministers seemed to be all alike,

and she guessed one was pretty near as good as another. 'Manda Grier said she guessed they were all Lemuel to her; and Statira said well, she guessed that was pretty much so. She no longer pretended that he was not the whole world to her, either with him or with 'Manda Grier; she was so happy from morning till night, day in and day out, that 'Manda Grier said if she were in her place she should be afraid something would happen.

Statira worked in the box-factory now; she liked it a great deal better than the store, and declared that she was ever so much stronger. The cough lingered still, but none of them noticed it much; she called it a cold, and said she kept catching more. 'Manda Grier told her that she could throw it off soon enough if she would buy a few clothes for warmth and not so many for looks; but they did not talk this over before Lemuel. Before he came Statira took a soothing mixture that she got of the apothecary, and then they were all as bright and gay as could be, and she looked so pretty that he said he could not get used to it. The housekeeping experiment was a great success; she and 'Manda Grier had two rooms now, and they lived better than ever they had, for less money. Of course, Statira said, it was not up to the St. Albans, which Lemuel had told them of at first a little braggingly. In fact she liked to have him brag of it, and of the splendors of his position and surroundings. She was very curious, but not envious of anything, and it became a joke with her and 'Manda Grier, who pretended to despise the whole affair.

At first it flattered Lemuel to have her admire his rise in life so simply and ardently; but after a while it became embarrassing, in proportion as it no longer seemed so superb to him. She was always wanting him to talk of it; after a few Sundays, with the long hours they had passed in telling each other all they could think of about themselves, they had not much else to talk of. Now that she had him to employ her fancy, Statira no longer fed it on the novels she used to devour. He brought her books, but she did not read them; she said that she had been so busy with her sewing she had no time to read; and every week she showed him some pretty new thing she had been making, and tried it on for him to see how she looked in it. Often she seemed to care more to rest with her head on his shoulder, and not talk at all; and for a while this was enough for him too, though sometimes he was disappointed that she did not even let him read to her out of the books she neglected. She would not talk over the sermons they heard together; but once when Mr. Evans offered him tickets for the theater, and Lemuel had got the night

off and taken Statira, it seemed as if she would be willing to sit up till morning and talk the play over.

Nothing else ever interested her so much, except what one of the girls in the box-factory had told her about going down to the beach, summers, and waiting on table. This girl had been at Old Orchard, where they had splendid times, with one veranda all to themselves and the gentlemen-help; and in the afternoon the girls got together on the beach — or the grass right in front of the hotel — and sewed. They got nearly as much as they did in the box-factory; and then the boarders all gave you something extra; some of them gave as much as a dollar a week apiece. The head-waiter was a college student, and a perfect gentleman; he was always dressed up in a dress-suit and a white silk neck-tie. Statira said that next summer she wanted they should go off somewhere, she and 'Manda Grier, and wait on table together; and she knew Lemuel could easily get the head-waiter's place, after the St. Albans. She should not want he should be clerk, because then they could not have such good times, for they would be more separated.

Lemuel heard her restively through, and then broke out fiercely and told her that he had seen enough of waiting on table at the St. Albans for him never to want her to do it; and that the boarders who gave money to the waiters despised them for taking it. He said that he did not consider just helping Mrs. Harmon out the same as being head-waiter, and that he would not be a regular waiter for any money; he would rather starve.

Statira did not understand; she asked him meekly if he were mad at her, he seemed so; and he had to do what he could to cheer her up.

'Manda Grier took Statira's part pretty sharply. She said it was one thing to live out in a private family — that *was* a disgrace, if you could keep the breath of life in you any other way — and it was quite another to wait in a hotel; and she did not want to have any one hint round that she would let Statira demean herself. Lemuel was offended by her manner, and her assumption of owning Statira. She defended him, but he could not tell her how he had changed; the influences were perhaps too obscure for him to have traced them all himself; after the first time he had hardly mentioned the art-student girls to her. There were a great many things that Statira could not understand. She had been much longer in the city than Lemuel, but she did not seem to appreciate the difference between that and the country. She dressed very stylishly; no one went beyond her in that; but in many things he could see that she remained

countrified. Once on a very mild April evening, when they were passing through the Public Garden, she wished him to sit on a vacant seat they came to. All the others were occupied by young couples who sat with their arms around each other.

"No, no!" shuddered Lemuel, "I don't want people should take you for one of these servant-girls."

"Why, Lem, how proud you're getting!" she cried with easy acquiescence. "You're awfully stuck up! Well, then, you've got to take a horse-car; I can't walk any further."

XIX.

LEMUEL had found out about the art-students from Berry. He said they were no relation to each other, and had not even been acquainted before they met at the art-school; he had first met them at the St. Albans. Miss Swan was from the western part of the State, and Miss Carver from down Plymouth way. The latter took pupils, and sometimes gave lessons at their houses; she was, to Berry's thinking, not half the genius and not half the duck that Miss Swan was, though she was a duck in her way too. Miss Swan, as nearly as he could explain, was studying art for the fun of it, or the excitement, for she was well enough off; her father was a lawyer out there, and Berry believed that a rising son-in-law in his own profession would be just the thing for the old man's declining years. He said he should not be very particular about settling down to practice at once; if his wife wanted to go to Europe awhile, and kind of tenderfoot it round for a year or two in the art-centers over there, he would let the old man run the business a little longer; sometimes it did an old man good. There was no hurry; Berry's own father was not excited about his going to work right away; he had the money to run Berry and a wife too, if it came to that; Miss Swan understood that. He had not told her so in just so many words, but he had let her know that Alonzo W. Berry, Senior, was not borrowing money at two per cent. a month any more. He said he did not care to make much of a blow about that part of it till he was ready to act, and he was not going to act till he had a dead-sure thing of it; he was having a very good time as it went along, and he guessed Miss Swan was too; no use to hurry a girl, when she was on the right track.

Berry invented these axioms apparently to put himself in heart; in the abstract he was already courageous enough. He said that these Eastern girls were not used to having any sort of attention; that there was only about a tenth or fifteenth of a fellow to every

girl, and that it tickled one of them to death to have a whole man around. He was not meanly exultant at their destitution. He said he just wished one of these pretty Boston girls—nice, well dressed, cultured, and brought up to be snubbed and neglected by the tenths and fifteenths of men they had at home—could be let loose in the West, and have a regular round-up of fellows. Or no, he would like to have about five thousand fellows from out there, that never expected a woman to look at them, unloaded in Boston, and see them open their eyes. "Wouldn't one of 'em get home alive, if kindness could kill 'em. I never saw such a place! I can't get used to it! It makes me tired. Any sort of fellow could get married in Boston!"

Berry made no attempt to reconcile his uncertainty as to his own chances with this general theory, but he urged it to prove that Miss Swan and Miss Carver would like to have Lemuel call; he said they had both said they wished they could paint him. He had himself sustained various characters in costume for them, and one night he pretended that they had sent him down for Lemuel to help out with a certain group. But they received him with a sort of blankness which convinced him that Berry had exceeded his authority; there was a helplessness at first, and then an indignant determination to save him from a false position even at their own cost, which Lemuel felt rather than saw. Miss Carver was foremost in his rescue; she devoted herself to this, and left Miss Swan to punish Berry, who conveyed from time to time his sense that he was "getting it," by a wink to Lemuel.

An observer with more social light might have been more puzzled to account for Berry's toleration by these girls, who apparently associated with him on equal terms. Since he was not a servant, he *was* their equal in Lemuel's eyes; perhaps his acceptance might otherwise be explained by the fact that he was very amusing, chivalrously harmless, and extremely kind-hearted and useful to them. One must not leave out of the reckoning his open devotion for Miss Swan, which in itself would do much to approve him to her, and commend him to Miss Carver, if she were a generous girl, and very fond of her friend. It is certain that they did tolerate Berry, who made them laugh even that night in spite of themselves, till Miss Swan said, "Well, what's the use?" and stopped trying to discipline him. After that they had a very sociable evening, though Lemuel kept his distance, and would not let them include him, knowing what the two girls really thought of him. He would not take part in Berry's buffooneries, but talked soberly and rather aus-

terely with Miss Carver; and to show that he did not feel himself an inferior, whatever she might think, he was very sarcastic about some of the city ways and customs they spoke of. There were a good many books about—novels mostly, but not the kind Statira used to read, and poems; Miss Carver said she liked to take them up when she was nervous from her work; and if the weather was bad, and she could not get out for a walk, a book seemed to do her almost as much good. Nearly all the pictures about in the room seemed to be Miss Swan's; in fact, when Lemuel asked about them, and tried to praise them in such a way as not to show his ignorance, Miss Carver said she did very little in color; her lessons were all in black and white. He would not let her see that he did not know what this was, but he was ashamed, and he determined to find out; he determined to get a drawing-book, and learn something about it himself. To his thinking, the room was pretty *harum-scarum*. There were shawls hung upon the walls, and rugs, and pieces of cloth, which sometimes had half-finished paintings fastened to them; there were paintings standing round the room on the floor, sometimes right side out, and sometimes faced to the walls; there were two or three fleeces and fox-pelts scattered about instead of a carpet; and there were two easels, and stands with paints all twisted up in lead tubes on them. He compared the room with Statira's, and did not think much of it at first.

Afterwards it did not seem so bad; he began to feel its picturesqueness, for he went there again, and let the girls sketch him. When Miss Swan asked him that night if he would let them he wished to refuse; but she seemed so modest about it, and made it such a great favor on his part, that he consented; she said she merely wished to make a little sketch in color, and Miss Carver a little study of his head in black and white; and he imagined it a trifling affair that could be dispatched in a single night. They decided to treat his head as a Young Roman head; and at the end of a long sitting, beguiled with talk and with thoughtful voluntaries from Berry on his banjo, he found that Miss Carver had rubbed her study nearly all out with a piece of bread, and Miss Swan said she should want to try a perfectly new sketch with the shoulders draped; the coat had confused her; she would not let any one see what she had done, though Berry tried to make her let him.

Lemuel looked a little blank when she asked him for another sitting; but Berry said, "Oh, you'll have to come, Barker. Penalty of greatness, you know. Have you in Williams & Everett's window; notices in all the

papers. "The exquisite studies, by Miss Swan and Miss Carver, of the head of the gentlemanly and accommodating clerk of the St. Albans, as a Roman Youth." Chromoed as a Christmas card by Prang, and photograph copies everywhere. You're all right, Barker."

One night Miss Swan said, in rapture with some momentary success, "Oh, I'm perfectly in love with this head!"

Berry looked up from his banjo, which he ceased to strum. "Hello, hello, hel-lo!"

Then the two broke into a laugh, in which Lemuel helplessly joined.

"What — what is it?" asked Miss Carver, looking up absently from her work.

"Nothing; just a little outburst of passion from our young friend here," said Berry, nodding his head toward Miss Swan.

"What does it mean, Mad?" asked Miss Carver in the same dreamy way, continuing her work.

"Yes, Madeline," said Berry, "explain yourself."

"Mr. Berry!" cried Miss Swan, warningly.

"That's me; Alonzo W., Jr. Go on!"

"You forget yourself," said the girl with imperfect severity.

"Well, you forgot me first," said Berry with affected injury. "Ain't it hard enough to sit here night after night, strumming on the old banjo, while another fellow is going down to posterity as a Roman Youth with a red shawl round his neck, without having to hear people say they're in love with that head of his?"

Miss Carver now stopped her work, and looked from her friend, with her head bowed in laughter on the back of her hand, to that of Berry bent in burlesque reproach upon her, and then at Lemuel, who was trying to control himself.

"But I can tell you what, Miss Swan; you spoke too late, as the man said when he swallowed the chicken in the fresh egg. Mr. Barker has a previous engagement. That so, Barker?"

Lemuel turned fire-red, and looked round at Miss Carver, who met his glance with her clear gaze. She turned presently to make some comment on Miss Swan's sketch, and then, after working a little while longer, she said she was tired, and was going to make some tea.

The girls both pressed Lemuel to stay for a cup, but he would not; and Berry followed him downstairs to explain and apologize.

"It's all right," said Lemuel. "What difference would it make to them whether I was engaged or not?"

"Well, I suppose as a general rule a girl would rather a fellow wasn't," philosophized Berry. He whistled ruefully, and Lemuel drawing a book toward him in continued silence, he rose from the seat he had taken on the desk

in the little office, and said, "Well, I guess it'll all come out right. Come to think of it, I don't know anything about your affairs, and I can tell 'em so."

"Oh, it don't matter."

He had pulled the book toward him as if he were going to read, but he could not read; his head was in a whirl. After a first frenzy of resentment against Berry, he was now angry at himself for having been so embarrassed. He thought of a retort that would have passed it all off lightly; then he reflected again that it was of no consequence to these young ladies whether he was engaged or not, and at any rate it was nobody's business but his own. Of course he was engaged to Statira, but he had hardly thought of it in that way. 'Manda Grier had joked about the time when she supposed she should have to keep old maid's hall alone; when she first did this Lemuel thought it delightful, but afterwards he did not like it so much; it began to annoy him that 'Manda Grier should mix herself up so much with Statira and himself. He believed that Statira would be different, would be more like other ladies (he generalized it in this way, but he meant Miss Swan and Miss Carver), if she had not 'Manda Grier there all the time to keep her back. He convinced himself that if it were not for 'Manda Grier, he should have had no trouble in telling Statira that the art-students were sketching him; and that he had not done so yet because he hated to have 'Manda ask her so much about them, and call them that Swan girl and that Carver girl, as she would be sure to do, and clip away the whole evening with her questions and her guesses. It was now nearly a fortnight since the sketching began, and he had let one Sunday night pass without mentioning it. He could not let another pass, and he knew 'Manda Grier would say they were a good while about it, and would show her ignorance, and put Statira up to asking all sorts of things. He could not bear to think of it, and he let the next Sunday night pass without saying anything to Statira. The sittings continued; but before the third Sunday came Miss Swan said she did not see how she could do anything more to her sketch, and Miss Carver had already completed her study. They criticised each other's work with freedom and good humor, and agreed that the next thing was to paint it out and rub it out.

"No," said Berry; "what you want is a fresh eye on it. I've worried over it as much as you have,—suffered more, I believe,—and Barker can't tell whether he looks like a Roman Youth or not. Why don't you have up old Evans?"

Miss Swan took no apparent notice of this

suggestion; and Miss Carver, who left Berry's snubbing entirely to her, said nothing. After a minute's study of the pictures, Miss Swan suggested, "If Mr. Barker had any friends he would like to show them to?"

"Oh, no, thank you," returned Lemuel hastily, "there isn't anybody," and again he found himself turning very red.

"Well, I don't know how we can thank you enough for your patience, Mr. Barker," said the girl.

"Oh, don't mention it. I've — I've enjoyed it," said Lemuel.

"Game — every time," said Berry; and their evening broke up with a laugh.

The next morning Lemuel stopped Miss Swan at the door of the breakfast-room, and said, "I've been thinking over what you said last night, and I *should* like to bring some one — a lady friend of mine — to see the pictures."

"Why, certainly, Mr. Barker. Any time. Some evening?" she suggested.

"Should you mind it if I came to-morrow night?" he asked; and he thought it right to remind her, "It's Sunday night."

"Oh, not at all! To-morrow night, by all means! We shall both be at home, and very glad to see you." She hurried after Miss Carver, loitering on her way to their table, and Lemuel saw them put their heads together, as if they were whispering. He knew they were whispering about him, but they did not laugh; probably they kept themselves from laughing. In coming out from breakfast, Miss Swan said, "I hope your friend isn't *very* critical, Mr. Barker?" and he answered confusedly, "Oh, not at all, thank you." But he said to himself that he did not care whether she was trying to make fun of him or not; he knew what he had made up his mind to do.

Statira did not seem to care much about going to see the pictures, when he proposed it to her the next evening. She asked why he had been keeping it such a great secret, and he could not pretend, as he had once thought he could, that he was keeping it as a surprise for her. "Should *you* like to see 'em, 'Manda?" she asked with languid indifference.

"I d' know as I care much about Lem's picture, s' long 's we've got *him* around," 'Manda Grier whipped out, "but I *should* like't see those celebrated girls 't we've heard s' much about."

"Well," said Statira carelessly, and they went into the next room to put on their wraps. Lemuel, vexed to have 'Manda Grier made one of the party, and helpless to prevent her going, walked up and down, wondering what he should say when he arrived with this unexpected guest.

But Miss Swan received both of the girls very politely, and chatted with 'Manda Grier, whose conversation, in defiance of any sense of superiority that the Swan girl or the Carver girl might feel, was a succession of laconic snaps, sometimes witty, but mostly rude and contradictory.

Miss Carver made tea, and served it in some pretty cups which Lemuel hoped Statira might admire, but she took it without noticing, and in talking with Miss Carver she drawled, and said "N-y-e-e-s," and "I don't know as I d-o-o-o," and "Well, I should think as m-u-u-ch," with a prolongation of all the final syllables in her sentences which he had not observed in her before, and which she must have borrowed for the occasion for the gentility of the effect. She tried to refer everything to him, and she and 'Manda Grier talked together as much as they could, and when the others spoke of him as Mr. Barker, they called him Lem. They did not look at anything, or do anything to betray that they found the studio, on which Lemuel had once expiated to them, different from other rooms.

At last Miss Swan abruptly brought out the studies of Lemuel's head, and put them in a good light; 'Manda Grier and Statira got into the wrong place to see them.

'Manda blurted out, "Well, he looks 's if he'd had a fit of sickness in *that* one"; and perhaps, in fact, Miss Carver had refined too much upon a delicate ideal of Lemuel's looks.

"So he d-o-o-es!" drawled Statira. "And how funny he looks with that red thing o-o-o-n!"

Miss Swan explained that she had thrown that in for the color, and that they had been fancying him in the character of a young Roman.

"You think he's got a Roman n-o-o-se?" asked Statira through her own.

"I think Lem's got a kind of a pug, m'self," said 'Manda Grier.

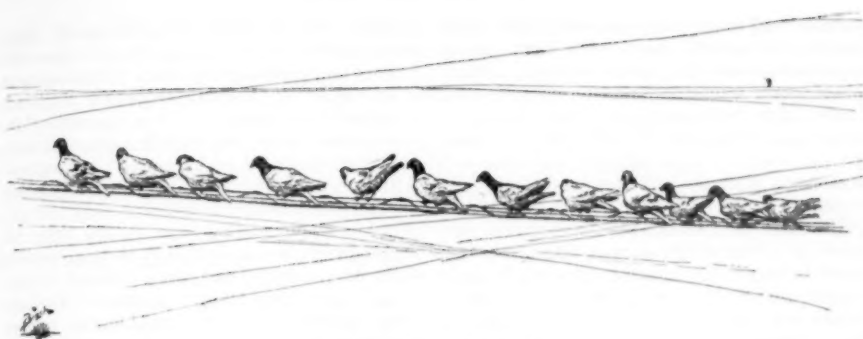
"Well, 'Manda Grier!" said Statira.

Lemuel could not look at Miss Carver, whom he knew to be gazing at the two girls from the little distance to which she had withdrawn; Miss Swan was biting her lip.

"So that's the celebrated St. Alban's, is it?" said 'Manda Grier, when they got in the street. "Don't know's I really ever expected to see the inside 'f it. You notice the kind of oil-cloth they had on that upper entry, S'tira?"

They did not mention Lemuel's pictures, or the artists; and he scarcely spoke on the way home.

When they parted, Statira broke out crying and would not let him kiss her.



HOMING PIGEONS.

THE homing pigeon of England and America is the *voyageur* of France and Belgium, the *briefstauben* of Germany, and the carrier of the misinformed. But, whatever the name, the application has reference to the love of home and the impulse and ability to return to it. This love and impulse is not peculiar to the pigeon, nor is it possessed by all members of its family, but the pigeon alone of the birds of the air has submitted to the control of man and is to be trusted with its liberty, and in it alone have these qualities been fostered and developed.

That these qualities have always existed in certain varieties is beyond question, since it is upon record that man has recognized their value and subjected them to his use almost from the beginning, in making the pigeon his message-bearer in connection with some of the most important events the world has ever known.

The use of these traversers of space as couriers to beleaguered Paris in the Franco-German war was a case of history repeating itself, but coming within our own day it is to us a fact, not story, and has the force of an experience. The relief these couriers brought to the enforced silence and seclusion of the siege cannot be overestimated, but it stands for less in the world's great account than the revelation there was of the opportunities the use of the bird afforded, and which the powers of the continent were not slow to recognize, as evidenced in the immediate addition of pigeons to the military equipment.

When the siege began, there seemed to be no chance to receive a word from beyond the walls while the investment lasted, and hope of it was abandoned. But to get word to the anxious world outside seemed possible, and a balloon service was ventured upon. The anxiety as to the fate of the first *aéronaut* and his precious cargo led to the suggestion that pigeons might be sent along to bring word of

the result to the waiting city. This was acted upon, and when birds carried away in the second balloon sent out at eleven o'clock in the morning returned at five in the afternoon, announcing the safe descent and the forwarding of the letters and dispatches, the way was at once opened to a broader use. The birds of the third balloon were sent to the authorities at Tours, the seat of the Government, with instructions to use them as official messengers. Each flight of the birds was made with increased efficiency, and within a month of their first employment the service of "its courier pigeons" was thrown open to the public by the administration of telegraphs and posts. The extent of the service rendered may be conceived when it is known that one hundred and fifty thousand official dispatches and over a million private messages were carried over the heads of the besieging Germans into Paris. It was as Pliny said of the siege of Modena, "Of what use were all the efforts of the enemy when Brutus had his couriers in the air."

Of the sixty-four balloons sent out, two were lost, five were captured by the Prussians, and one was carried by a storm into Norway. All others descended upon friendly territory. Three hundred and sixty-three birds in all were taken from Paris, but, although the birds seventy-three times escaped the hawks and guns of the Germans and returned with messages, the work was done by fifty-seven, as several made the journey more than once. One bird known as the "Angel of the Siege" made the journey six times. One pigeon caught was sent by the Prince Frederick Charles to his mother, as a prisoner of war. After four years of confinement in the royal lofts, the little French bird took advantage of an opportunity to escape and returned to its old home.

The messages were at first written upon one side of the paper. This was folded and covered with wax, then bound to a feather of the tail. They were next photographed, to reduce

the size, and to insure correctness in the copies sent by the several birds. The next change was first to set the matter in type, and to photograph upon both sides of the paper. Later, when the Government was removed to Bordeaux, a thin film of collodion was taken as the surface, and though only one side was used, a single film contained twenty-five messages, and a bird could carry a dozen films. With the photographed messages a new method of transmission was adopted; they were inserted in a section of a quill, which was bound to the tail-feathers by passing a silken cord through holes pierced in the ends by a red-hot steel point.

The military lofts of Germany are the most complete in every particular ever known. No expense is spared in their maintenance, in the selection of stock, and in experiment and contrivance to render the service of greatest value in time of need. The plant consists of flights at each military center, and the training is in using the birds for every conceivable emergency. The Government further essays to engage outside coöperation by the encouragement of pigeon-flying as a national sport. The method of sending the message said to be best approved by Herr Lenzen, the director, is to place it, reduced by microphotography, in the quill of a loose tail-feather of the color of the bird that is to carry it. This, fastened among the tail-feathers, is practically invisible to the unassisted or inexperienced eye. The pigeon-lofts of France are rapidly approaching German proportions, and expedient follows experiment in forestalling situations which might arise for the actual use of the birds. One curious experiment to insure communication between two invested cities or fortresses is worthy of the age. Young birds are taken from the nursery to the loft of one station and detained until they know the place as home. They are then removed to another to remain until they also feel familiar with it. They are finally taught to look to the one for food and to the other for water, thus causing them to journey from one to the other to satisfy the demands for existence, and giving them a double course over which they can be depended on to travel at such times as food is furnished at one loft and water at the other.

In England the homing pigeon is used to good purpose as message-bearer, but it is in individual service. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, General F. C. Hazzard, and Captain H. T. A. Allatt have been persistent in their efforts to induce the Government to adopt it as an adjunct to the national defense; but, while in all probability the bird will in time be added to the colonial service, it is doubtful if it has

extended use at home. "God help old England in the day she must depend upon the pigeon as a messenger of war," is the comment of Mr. John W. Logan, of Market Harboro, England's best fancier. "My experience," he adds, "has taught me that the pigeon cannot be depended upon as a means of communication in our foggy climate. On a foggy day the very best birds are useless." Still, the pigeon has done good service in the past. Its employment to-day is mainly to bring reports from off the water and from isolated or outlying districts and for sporting news. The saddest message that was probably ever carried was to an English father waiting at home to time the birds his little son, a lad of twelve, had taken away by train to liberate. The birds were late, but when they came they all bore messages saying the little owner had been killed by an accident to the train, and as there were no identifying marks they had hoped to communicate with the relatives in this way. None knew the boy, except that he was a passenger on each half-holiday to fly his pigeons.

In 1882 Major-General Hazen, of the Signal Service, and Major J. C. Breckinridge, of the Department of the Pacific, gave the subject of the use of pigeons in our own country serious consideration,—the one for conveying warnings from the signal stations to isolated or distant centers; the other for communicating between stations in the West, and in Indian warfare. The result was a "Memoir on the Use of the Homing Pigeon," published by the authority of the Secretary of War, and issued at about the same time from Washington and the Presidio, San Francisco.

The comment of Lieutenant Birkhimer, author of the signal service edition, upon the information furnished him by pigeon-fanciers was, "It is extremely doubtful if the use of the birds of even the best breeds would compensate for the trouble of caring for and training them." This was indeed hard lines for those who held to the belief that their birds were capable of anything, and that the world knew them to be so; and one of the faithful, Mr. E. H. Conover, of Keyport, N. J., at once engaged to show that his young birds, at least, had "endurance for more than 150 miles before October of the year in which they were hatched," and needed no such coddling as the paltry five-mile jumps with a rest between; and, for full assurance, took the course from the south-west, and asked the favor of the start from Washington of the Chief Signal Officer.

All of the birds engaged but one were less than five months old at the time of the first journey, and although they had been flown

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around home, none had been over sixty miles away when the trial began. This was August 15th, and from Elkton, Md., one hundred miles. From this every bird returned, and in good time. The next journey was on the 19th, from Havre de Grace, seventeen miles beyond. Liberated at 7:06 A. M. by Mr. R. Seneca, all returned at about the same time, the first entering the loft at 10:21 1/2 A. M. The next Friday the birds were sent to Washington, thus giving them over sixty miles of unknown country to cover before arriving at their last station. The start was at 5:28 A. M., and the first return, four birds together, at 10:49 A. M. Seven of the nine had entered the loft six minutes later. The returns were reported by message-bird to New York, where the report was made up, and the best speed reported to Washington by wire by noon; and to Keyport, twenty miles distant, by bird arriving before 12:45 P. M. Again all returned. The next journey was from Lynchburg, Va., three hundred and thirty-eight miles from Keyport, and with a hundred and fifty-five miles of strange country. The start was at 6:10 A. M. September 1st, by Sergeant John Healy. The first return was the Conover "Baby Mine" at 6:01 P. M., the first to return in any young bird season from over two hundred and fifty miles within the limits of the day of the start. The second return was at about seven o'clock the next morning. None of the Keyport birds were lost in these journeys.

In our country of magnificent distances and tardy messengers, pigeons are more largely employed as couriers than is generally known, inasmuch as the service is mainly for individual convenience. Very many business men in cities communicate with home in the suburbs by pigeon-post, or use the birds between office and factory. Farmers use them as messengers through the neighborhood, and from the post-office and the town. Country physicians often have an apartment prepared for the birds in their conveyance, and carry their birds on their rounds as regularly as they carry their instruments and their bottles, using them to bring word later on from their patients, and to send word home when there is need. And even the New York brokers promise to follow the example of Mr. A. De Cordova, who says, "I use my birds to bring the reports from Wall street to me at Chetolah, my summer residence near North Branch." Mr. R. D. Hume of Fruit Vale, Cal., claims to use pigeons with complete success between his factories, some three hundred miles to the north. Years ago certain of the Wells-Fargo agents in the mountains of Nevada used pigeons to bring them the news from the nearest station the same day, that by

regular means would not have reached them until the third following. There are many prominent business men and capitalists in the vicinity of New York to-day who owe their prosperity to the foundation laid years ago through advices conveyed by pigeons in advance of the mail by stage.

The use of pigeons by Mr. C. T. Arnoux as message-bearers, in the yacht races of last September, proves conclusively the value the birds might have as messengers from off the water. The purpose was the thought of the last moment, and when almost too late to make the necessary preparations. The arrangements were hasty and the material homed at several centers, some of them miles away from the center of use. Still, with all drawbacks, insufficiencies, and mistakes, it was evident to the most prejudiced that with birds trained for the work, and with the atmospheric conditions at all favorable, the birds would six times out of seven prove to be of the greatest value; and failing the seventh, we would be only where we are without them. The messages were each not less than ten pages of manifold note, and were carried upon the middle feathers of the tail, to which they were fastened by fine copper wire, wound about and pressed flat, to hold the message close to the feather. The editor of a newspaper served by these pigeons said, "It gives me a peculiar sensation to receive copy from the hand of one I know to be out of reach upon the water, and to feel that he may talk to me but I cannot answer back. It is a wonder to me after this experience that the officers of any vessel, excursion steamer, yacht, sail or tug boat should be willing to leave the shore without this means of communicating with it."

Very many of the merchant marine, especially in European waters, have pigeons on board for use in communicating with the vessel from the small boats away from it or from shore. These birds, it is said, never mistake another vessel for their own when at dock or in the harbor. It has been remarked of several flights that the birds in exercising, when far out of sight of land, will go away for hours at a time, and upon their return will have dried mud on their feet and legs, showing them to have been upon shore.

Mr. A. P. Baldwin experimented with pigeons for sea service twice in 1885, and to his satisfaction. One bird liberated by Officer Croom of the *Waesland* at one o'clock in the afternoon, when three hundred and fifteen miles from Sandy Hook, was in the loft at evening. Another let go from the *Circassia* at nine in the morning, when two hundred and fifty-five miles out, brought a message before evening.



MAP SHOWING THE SEVERAL AIR-LINE ROUTES FROM THE WEST AND SOUTH-WEST.

Place of Departure.	Place of Arrival.	Distance.	Name of Bird.	Remarks.
From Stratford, Ont.	to Boston, Mass.	510 miles.	Darby	Mentioned.
" Kansas City,	" Cleveland, O.	704	Phil. Sheridan	"
" Indianapolis,	" Jersey City	630	Garfield	"
" Columbus, O.	" Newark	464	Columbus I. H. and The Devil	"
" Steubenville, O.	" "	334	Albright	Portrait.
" Cremon, Pa.	" New York	341	The Nun	Mentioned.
" Lynchburg, Va.	" Keyport	398	Baby Mine	Portrait in May, head in July.
" "	" Northampton	505	Lady Florence	Mentioned.
" Washington, D. C.	" Brooklyn	203	Little Jim	Portrait.
" White Plains, N. Y.	" Utica	123	The Scamp	Portrait.
" "	" Northampton	205	"	Mentioned.
" Utica,	" "	138	"	"
" Morgantown, N. C.	" Newark	535	Arnoux	Portrait.
" Greensboro,	" Philadelphia	375	Lady Greensboro	"
" Pensacola, Fla.	" "	935	Red Whizzer	"
" "	" Newark	1040	Arnoux	"
" Abingdon, Va.	" Brooklyn	508	Red Damon	"
" Liberty,	" Keyport	398	Steve	Mentioned.
" Bristol, Tenn.	" Newark	513	Arnoux	"
" Craigville, Va.	" Fall River, Mass.	595	Hermil	Portrait.
" Jonesboro, Tenn.	" Keyport, N. J.	705	Gladiator	Mentioned.
" Charlotte, N. C.	" "	500	Pegram	"
" Atlanta, Ga.	" Atlanta	705	Alabama	"
" Montgomery, Ala.	" Fall River	1130	"	Portrait.
" New Orleans, La.	" Brooklyn	1154	"	"
" Boutte,	" Keyport	1167	"	"
" "	" Newark	1240	"	"
" Key West, Fla.	" New York	1240	"	"
" Jacksonville, Fla.	" Key West	440	"	"
" Tampa,	" "	345	"	"

The line drawn from station to station along the coast is the course that will be taken for the distance journeys of this year, except for birds that drop to the south from Charlotte, N. C., when the next station will be Savannah, Ga.

The sport of pigeon-flying is at its best in its methods and magnitude in Belgium, where it is the national pastime. There it is said that one-fifth of the entire population are active fanciers, while the majority of the buildings have the dormer window which tells of the pigeon-loft beneath the roof. The extent to which it is carried may be known when the birds of a single province sent into France to be liberated during the six months of the sea-

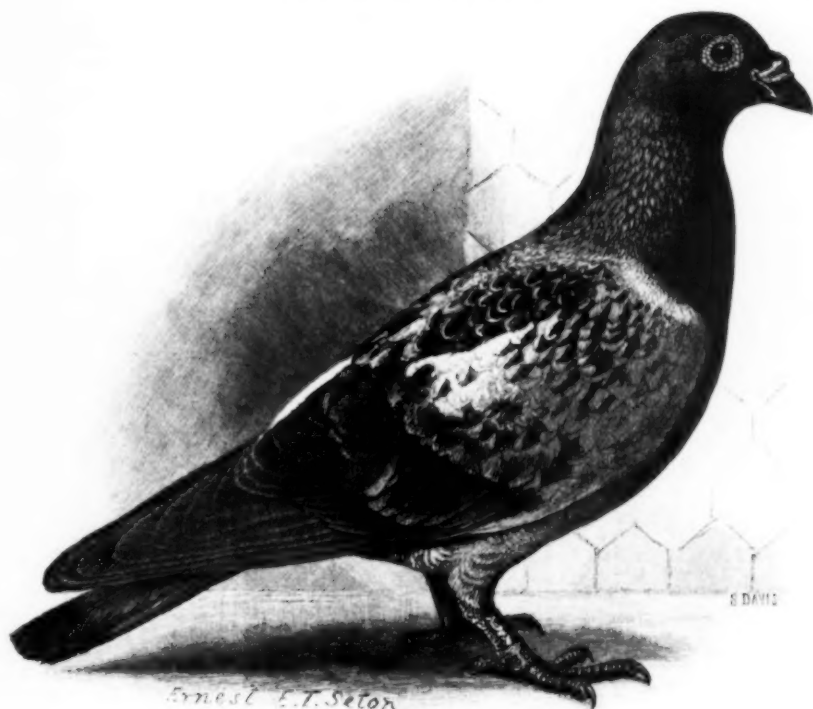
son of 1885 were over a million in number, and were carried out in eleven hundred and six cars. The birds are sent away in such numbers that special trains are made up for them. Sunday is race day, but until the races of the day are decided no other thought or occupation has place with the average Belgian.

The speed attained in short races to Belgian lofts is almost inconceivable, as the first re-

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"ARNOUX." OWNED BY A. F. BALDWIN, ESQ., NEWARK, N. J.

turns in a few of the journeys from different distances in 1885 will serve to show:

in the pursuit, regardless of his accouterments. The morning press in comment hoped "if this

Start from	Home.	Distance.	Time out.	The mile in
St. Quentin.	Boussu	54½ miles	51 minutes	56 seconds
Albert	Schaerbeck	101½ "	99½ "	58.8 "
Noyon	Fleury	70½ "	65 "	55 "
Quievrain	Antwerp	63 "	60 "	57 "
Arras	Antwerp	99½ "	80 "	48 "
Etampes	Louvain	215½ "	181 "	50.4 "

It was at Ixelles, one of the most enthusiastic centers of the sport, that a company of the militia were at drill early in the morning, to be free at the time the birds liberated in the races of the day should arrive. All was well until the cloud of the returning birds appeared on the horizon, when there was an instant of uneasiness; then, all was forgotten but the waiting lofts at home, and as if with one impulse the company broke ranks and rushed at full speed toward the town. The officer, with his back toward the approaching birds, was speechless with amazement until he saw the cause; then, knowing how it was for himself, he too joined

should reach the ear of the authorities, they would recognize the exigency of the occasion and be lenient."

From St. Sebastian, Spain, to Liège, in 1862, was probably the most extraordinary journey ever made by homing pigeons. The distance was six hundred and fifteen miles, air-line; but one bird, at least, covered it the same day, as its marks were verified at the race-room before the doors were closed for the night. Fifteen others were shown early the next morning. It was not supposed to be possible for birds to cover such a distance within the limits of the day, and the lofts were

without watchers. It is often asked, if birds can make such distances in a day, why can they not return from a thousand miles the third day at farthest? The supposition is that the bird travels through the first day without rest, but the next morning finds itself fatigued and, it may be, stiff and sore from its night out-of-doors and away from its accustomed shelter. That it does not at once resume its journey, but waits until it is refreshed and again in condition. A return from an extreme distance is never travel-stained or wearied.

The sport in America is not fifteen years old, and even of this the first seasons were given to the short-distance sweepstake races, popular among a certain class of the English. The first incentive to distance-flying was in 1878, when one hundred dollars in gold was offered to the owner of the first bird to return from a station five hundred miles away. The first attempt to win this was made the same year from Columbus, Ohio, to New York, four hundred and seventy-five miles, but both birds started were lost. It was the next year

in their haste to be first did not comply with the conditions, and the record made was lost. As a preliminary journey for the birds of New York and vicinity, they were sent to Steubenville, Ohio, three hundred and forty miles, and to the surprise of every one there were returns the day of liberating. The first bird home was "Francisco," owned by Mr. L. Waefelaer, Hoboken; time, eight hours eighteen minutes. Nearly a month later, when the entry was called for the Columbus race, six birds were offered, three from New York and three from Brooklyn. All six returned. The first to make the journey was "Boss," owned by Oscar Donner, Brooklyn, arriving before noon of the second day. This year the "Nun," owned by Mr. J. R. Husson, made the journey from Cresson, Pennsylvania, to New York, two hundred and forty-three miles, in two hundred and thirty-seven minutes,—the mile in about fifty-eight and a half seconds.

The effort from this time on was for a one-day journey from the Columbus distance, or "500 miles" as it was termed. The best returns through the several years were:

FROM THE WEST.

Name of bird.	Owner.	Distance.	Time out.	Liberating station.	Date of journey.
Easton	W. Verrinder, Jr. Jersey City	473 miles.	26 h. 50 m.	Columbus, O	July, 1880
Topeto	H. Rover, Brooklyn	475 "	50 h.	Columbus, O	Aug., 1881
C. A. Arthur	W. Bennert, Newark	464 "	28 h. 13 m.	Columbus, O	July, 1882
Columbus I., II.	F. Whiteley, Newark	464 "	13 h. 42 m.	Columbus, O	July, 1883
The Devil	A. P. Baldwin, Newark	464 "	14 h. 10 m.	Columbus, O	July, 1883
Darby	G. Darby, Boston, Mass.	510 "	27 h.	Stratford, Ont.	July, 1883
No. 121	W. Bennert, Newark	464 "	26 h.	Columbus, O	July, 1884

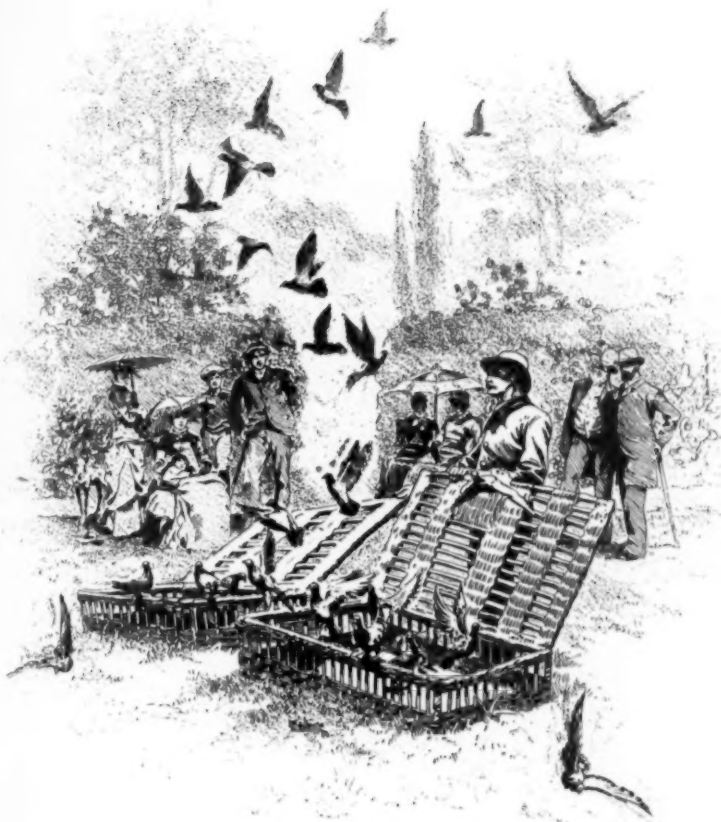
FROM THE SOUTH-WEST.

Name of bird.	Owner.	Distance.	Time out.	Liberating station.	Date of journey.
Lady Florence. } Posenaer }	E. O. Damon, Northampton.	506 miles.	23 h. 46 m.	Lynchburg, Va.	July, 1883
Pegram	S. G. Lambertson, Keyport, N. J.	500 "	25 h. 02 m.	Charlotte, N. C.	June, 1884
Hermit	S. Hunt, Fall River, Mass.	500 "	28 h. 02 m.	Craigsville, Va.	June, 1884
Ned Damon	T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn	508 "	14 h. 25 m.	Abingdon, Va.	June, 1885
Red Whizzer	R. L. Hayes, Philadelphia.	500 "	Third day.	Spartanburg, N.C.	June, 1885

that the real competition began. Philadelphia birds were first to be started, but their owners

The records for distance journeys made by American birds are:

Name of bird.	Owner.	Liberated from	Distance.	Time out.	Date.
Garfield	W. Verrinder, Jersey City	Indianapolis	630 miles.	20 days.	1880
Gen'l Sheridan	J. C. Decumbe, Cleveland, O	Kansas City	704 "	52 "	1882
Gladiator	E. H. Conover, Keyport, N. J.	Atlanta, Ga.	725 "	10 "	1883
Atlanta	Samuel Hunt, Fall River.	Jonesboro, Tenn.	715 "	9 "	1883
Red Whizzer	R. L. Hayes, } Philadelphia.	Pensacola	935 "	12 "	1885
China Bill	C. R. Hensel, } Philadelphia.	Pensacola	1010 "	20 "	1885
Arnoux	A. P. Baldwin, Newark.	Montgomery, Ala.	1040 "	39 "	1885
Alabama	Samuel Hunt, Fall River.				
Montgomery. }					



LIBERATING THE BIRDS.

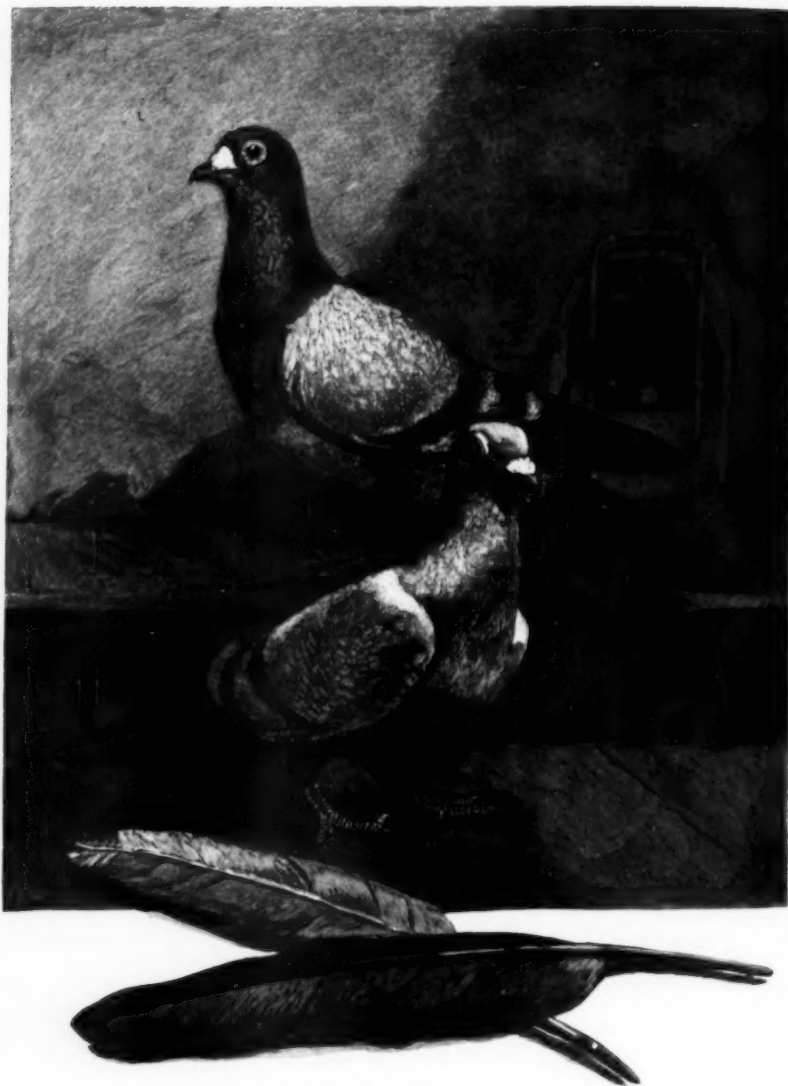
The last-named distances were the greatest ever covered by a homing pigeon. The marvel for the performance is not that the birds should have returned from so many miles, but that they should have supported themselves by the way and yet have escaped the hawks and gunners.

The work of the bird Arnoux, mentioned above, during the season of 1885 was proof of what a good bird could accomplish. Its training journeys up to the first race amounted to

about 150 miles. The races in which it engaged were 130, 196, 272, 372, and 535 miles; in all, 1655 miles. Sent later to 515 miles, and still later to 1010 miles, it made the record for the four months of 3180 miles. It was sent later still to fly from Boutte, La., but had not returned at the opening of the season for this year.

Other records than these which at the close of the season of 1885 remained to be beaten were :

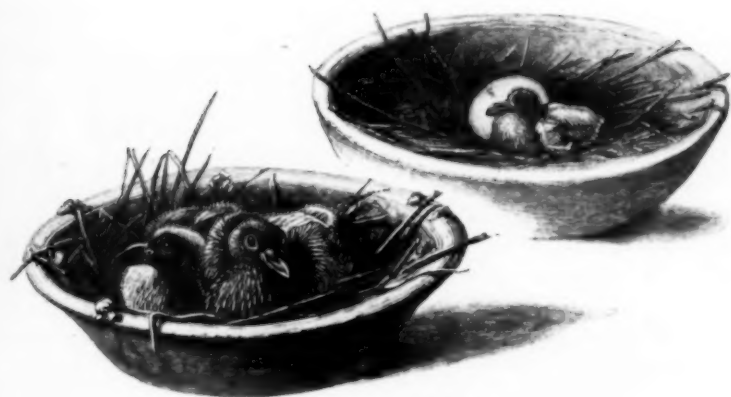
Name of bird.	Owner.	Distance.	Average speed.	Date of journey.
Vanopital Sen	J. D. Abel, Baltimore	100 miles	1384 yards per min.	July, 1883.
No. Six	T. Cooper, Brooklyn	150 "	1451 "	May, 1883.
Little Jim	M. B. Maguire, Brooklyn	205 "	1437 "	May, 1885.
Albright	T. Bowerman, Irvington, N. J.	334 "	1464 "	June, 1883.
Little May (young)	T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn	205 "	1494 "	Aug., 1884.



"ALABAMA," 1040 MILES, SEPTEMBER, 1885. OWNED BY S. HUNT, ESQ., FALL RIVER, MASS.
 "NED DAMON," 508 MILES THE DAY OF LIBERATING. OWNED BY T. F. GOLDMAN, ESQ., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

It was in 1882 that young birds were first sent to fly from over 250 miles. The best results of the many efforts made each year to cover a greater distance within the day of liberating have been :

Name of bird.	Owner.	Distance.	Time out.	Liberated from	Date of journey.
The Tormentor	F. Beard, Brooklyn	343 miles.	10 days.	Steubenville, O.	Oct. 1882.
Baby Mine	E. H. Conover, Keyport	338 "	12h. 1m.	Lynchburg, Va.	Sept. 1883.
Twilight	J. G. Ward, Keyport	338 "	25h. 7m.	Lynchburg, Va.	Aug. 1884.
Lady Greensboro.	J. McGauhey, Philadelphia	356 "	9h. 18m.	Greensboro, N. C.	Oct. 1885.



SQUEAKERS, TEN DAYS OLD.

SQUEALERS, THREE WEEKS OLD.

PEEPER, ONE DAY OLD.

The greatest distances to which young birds have been sent are:

Up to the nineteenth century varieties of the Eastern bird, the dragon, horseman, and

Name of bird.	Owner.	Liberated from	Distance.	Date of journey.
Little Fritz.....	T. F. Goldman, Brooklyn	Charlotte, N. C.	520 miles.	Autumn of 1884.
Jay Gould.....	S. Von Moers, Brooklyn	Salisbury, N. C.	410 miles.	Autumn of 1885.
Lexington.....	J. McGauhey, Philadelphia.			

The journeys enumerated were not by any means the extent of the flying, but were those in which all were interested, and tend to show the progress made by American fanciers. There were, besides, club races to every center, home and home races engaging the birds of different cities, and journeys of venture.

bagadotten, were used as flyers by the English, while the Belgians found their purpose served by the bird breeding naturally in the cornices of the public buildings and the outbuildings of the farms. Facilities for transportation were limited, and distances to be traversed were in consequence equally so. Speed was

sufficient for the ends of competition, and speed was attained. Development of the power of *orientation* was not necessary, as the bird could see its home, or at least known objects, from the height to which it would naturally rise. In these early days the birds were carried to the starting-point in hampers strapped to the shoulders of a man, and whatever the distance, it was a long and weary time for both *convoyeur* and birds. Sometimes, when the entry was large and the distance excessive, a cage of many compartments was built upon a cart, and this, drawn by horse or dog or pushed by a man, traveled to its destination. When the first birds were sent to Paris, one hundred and fifty miles, it was thought a foolhardy enterprise; but when the first bird returned it was carried through the streets of the capital upon a wagon draped with the national colors, and preceded by musicians playing upon violins, while at the street corners salutes were fired. It was an ovation to a hero, but was no greater honor than was accorded to the first return in the seven hundred and fifty miles journey from Rome a few years later.

As facilities for transportation increased the distances were extended, and new elements were brought into the composition of the bird to meet the greater demands upon it.



PIGEON-LOFT ON THE ROOF OF THE RESIDENCE OF
L. W. SPANGHL, ESQ., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

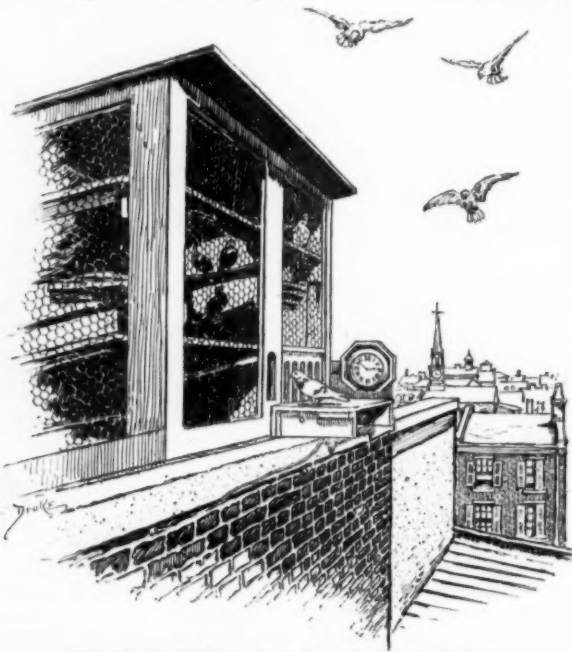
The homing pigeon has no points of color, and for form the one rule is the likeliest for homing purposes. The rule in breeding is to cross colors, and find in one the qualities the other lacks. The head may be long or short, round or flat, narrow or broad, but somewhere in it there must be brain-room.

Mr. J. R. Husson, an inquiring fancier, said:

"I thought this head business worth looking into; so, when a very good bird died, I sent him to a phrenologist, and in due time we had a small addition to a host of skulls, from the human down, and this much

I learned. This little skull was shaped very much like the back of a human skull, and, unlike that of most animals and birds, was connected with the body at its base. I say like the back part of the human skull, for the brain of the homing pigeon is entirely in the back part of the head. Draw a line vertically through the eye, and we get the forward boundary of the brain. In the full forehead there is only bone. I say the brain is connected with the body at the base of the skull, as is man's. Now it is a fact that this is the connection of the most intelligent, whereas of the least so, be they birds or animals, the connection is at the back. Imagine a horizontal line backward through the eye, and we get the point of connection in the lowest species. The alligator, with head-capacity for a half-bushel of brains, has them all in an auger-hole running towards the nose and dwindling to a point. It is as we advance in the scale of intelligence that the spot of connection nears the base of the skull. Again, comparing this homer's skull with that of a common pigeon of the same size, we found at least one-fourth more brain-room in the homer, and the excess located more especially in the lower back portion."

But wherever this brain is located, or whatever its quantity, its power must be evident



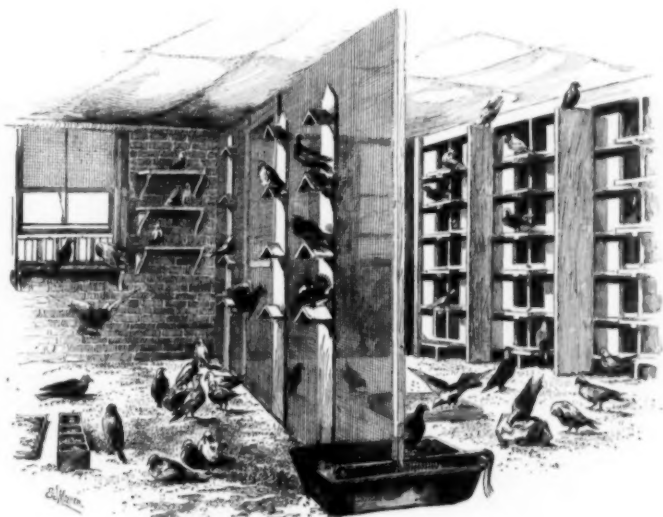
ENTRANCE TO THE LOFT OF H. DIENELT, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

The bird, in dropping upon the alighting-board, makes a connection which exposes it and the face of the clock to a camera, and rings a bell in the office in another part of the building.

in the eye. It is the eye, first of all, that speaks to the experienced fancier. The white eye may mean the cumulet or the barb cross, but the latter will be easily determined by the shape of the skull, the eye-cere, and the build of the bird. If the cumulet, it means that the bird will fly high, have great endurance and wing-power. If the eye is dark, the head round, and the beak short and close-fitting,

and the fully developed power of flight. When a bird returns from a severe journey, these muscles are swollen and rigid, their size being greatly increased beyond the ordinary.

The wing in its shape is largely a matter of choice. The short, small wing calls for more exercise of the muscles, hence is more easily tired. The texture of the web in some is coarse and parts easily, while in others one



INTERIOR OF COOP IN THE ARNOLD LOFT, NEW YORK CITY.

there will be a preponderance of the owl type; and whatever the cross, the result will be a persistent and intelligent home-seeker that will fly later at night than any other type. The red-eyed bird has the native Antwerp strong in its composition. If the eye is restless, and the pupil constantly dilates, it shows the bird to be far from inbred, but to be nervous and wiry, the result of the mingling of many bloods. If the eye is mild and beaming, there has been inbreeding, and not far away. But whatever the character or the color, the ball must extend beyond the line of the head, as shown in the bird "Albright," and be so placed that the bird has as good a view of what is behind as before it. When a bird returns from a journey over much new territory, this protrusion of the eyeball is greatly increased, showing to what great strain the powers of vision have been pushed.

The chest should be full and broad; breadth is especially essential, otherwise the wings will be too close together to have the muscles which give the fullness to the breast

may cover the end of the finger with the feather without its breaking. When the feathers of the wing are in prime condition, the web of one, as it laps over another, almost adheres to it, and the quill and shaft are tough, not brittle. The bath-tub is an absolute necessity in the flying-loft, that plumage being in the best condition which is oftenest washed. A wing is made up of ten flight or primary feathers and ten secondaries. The moult is so gradual as never to interfere with the flight, one feather dropping at a time, and being almost replaced before another falls.

The tail of the pigeon acts as the rudder in a flight, and should be of good length. This length is increased by pulling out the feathers in the first year.

The legs of the homing pigeon are preferred free from feathers. Both legs and feet are red. An Arabic legend tells us that the bird with the olive-twigs returned to the ark with red mud on its feet and legs, and this so enhanced its beauty that the good Noah, in his joy at once more beholding the soil,



HEAD OF "BABY MINE."

prayed that the legs of the courier-pigeon might always be red.

A peculiarity of the pigeon has been revealed by the mishaps of the homing pigeon that would not probably have been otherwise known. This is that the operations of digestion are stayed during flight. This was surmised, inasmuch as a bird even from an all-day journey did not show signs of hunger upon return, and equally true of the high-flying pigeons which remain for hours upon the wing, sometimes even from morning until night. To prove this, when birds were killed *en route*, as it sometimes happened, and were reported, in one instance after an all-day journey, their crops were examined and the contents were but slightly changed. As in each instance the food in the crop was the gray Canada pea, the peculiar small corn, and the hempseed that had been sent with the birds, and fed to them before the start, there could be no mistake. The habit of the wild bird would seem to demand some such provision. The "dove-house" resides in the city



MESSAGE-BIRD "WHITE WINGS," FROM THE JUDGE'S BOAT IN THE INTERNATIONAL YACHT-RACE TO THE FEDERATION LOFT.



RACE-MARKED FEATHERS, FROM "BABY MINE."

buildings, and the blue rock nests upon the cliffs, both far from their feeding-places in the fields. It is the habit of the family to feed the young with food carried in the crop and to be disgorged for them. Unless the operations of digestion were discontinued during the journey from field to young, it would seem difficult to provide the nourishment required for the squeaker or the squealer. Both Audubon and

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"ALBRIGHT." OWNED BY T. W. BOWERMAN, ESQ., IRVINGTON, N. J.

Wilson base the speed of the American bird *Ectopistes migratoria* upon the sort and condition of the food found in the crop of specimens shot many hundred miles from the nearest source of such food. My inference from my experience with the homing pigeon would be that the condition was no test of the time which had elapsed since it had last eaten, but if unchanged or nearly so, that the flying had been continuous. This question is of much importance in pigeon-flying, since, if the food remains unchanged, the system has no need of it, and it is therefore useless to give the added weight of a full crop, to bear as it must upon the muscles of flight.

The color of the young homer is problematical, since the parents may represent many types. But whether it will be dark, light, or white may be guessed at by the quantity of down upon it. If dark, it will be well covered; if light, less so; if white, it will be naked. The youngster flies strong and well when ten weeks old, but four months is quite young

enough to begin its training. The age is required for intellectual development rather than for increased wing-power. To start a loft, one must either purchase breeders and keep them prisoners, with a wired-in area for exercise, or youngsters just from the nest which may be given their liberty almost at once.

The pigeon matures so quickly it soon loses the nest-marks, and may be mistaken for an adult while still a youngster. A young-bird record is one made in the autumn of the year in which it is hatched. To keep out the autumn and December birds of the previous year, with their added months of experience, "young birds" must be marked either by seamless bands of brass upon the legs when in the nest, or by marks placed upon the wing-feathers when squealers. This marking must not begin before March of any year, and "the bird must squeal when stamped." These seamless bands are large enough for the leg of the adult bird, but cannot be slipped over the foot of a



"LADY GREENSBORO." OWNED BY J. MCGAUKEY, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

bird more than a week old. The mark upon these is changed each year, but the mark is not fixed upon for the year until after Christmas of the year previous.

The races of a series are generally six, beginning with seventy-five miles and closing with five hundred, with an interval of a week between all except the last, when there is a fortnight's delay. The journeys previous to the races are known as training stages, and are of five, ten, twenty, and forty miles, with a day or two between them. These are to teach the birds first to leave the basket and go home, next to give them confidence, and finally to insure the exercise necessary for condition. The really-in-earnest fancier, however, flies his birds almost continually about home. There is a basket just fitting under the seat of his conveyance or at the back of his business wagon; or he carries a pet bird to toss in his pocket or as a paper parcel. The training journeys for old birds are mainly for the exercise and to get them into condition for the hard work that lies before them.

In pigeon-flying no one's word is taken, but the rules governing the journeys demand disinterested management in every particular and the most complete proof. This is not because of the Talmud's assertion that "flyers of pigeons are liars," but in order to have the answer in unimpeachable evidence to every question that may arise. Everything pertaining to a race is in writing and attested.

The proof of the journey is in the private mark placed upon a feather of the bird's wing by a disinterested party, and that cannot, by the precautions that are taken, be known to any one interested in the result until seen on the bird's wing after liberating. This mark is shown in the combination following the name of the race station in the wing of a record bird. This wing is as that of the bird "Ned Damon"

of Brooklyn appeared at the close of the season of 1885. It has not the mark of the first race of the series, from Philadelphia, eighty-one miles, the feather bearing this having been shed and replaced.

The countermarking and shipping is generally the second day previous to the race date. Before sending away, all baskets containing the birds are inspected, and after being sealed are delivered to the express. The liberators



BIRD TIED UP FOR REPORTER'S USE.

are always responsible gentlemen who are selected and instructed in their duties by a disinterested party. No identifying mark except the race secretary's name is permitted upon the feathers of a race bird; thus if caught *en route* the owner cannot be communicated with.

The "time" of return is not when the bird alights upon home property, but when it is secure beyond retreat in the loft. The entrance for the bird is by raising a pair of wires hung from staples at the top. These "bobs" swing in free, but falling against a ledge prevent the egress of the bird. The click of this "bob" after a bird as it enters the loft is the signal for "time." This time is taken by a referee at the loft. If the return is reported by telegram, the time given is that at which the message is delivered to the operator and which is included with the countermark in the message. From this time is deducted the allowance for reaching the office from the loft, to find the time of arrival. The competition in all one-day journeys is for average speed. This is obtained by dividing the air-line distance covered by each bird by its time of flying. As the bird does not, except in extreme cases, fly after sundown, this method does not apply to second-day journeys, when actual time out is taken instead.

There was formerly a rule in flying that a bird should not be liberated within a certain distance of a race station before the race; but it was found that birds made the best speed over unknown territory, and the repeated journey from a station was never in as good time as the first.



HEAD OF "LITTLE JIM."

The attachment of the pigeon is not for mate or young, but for its home, its perch, and its nest-box. The homing pigeon is peculiarly possessed with the proprietary instinct and a dislike of change. The first place it selects in a loft it holds to the end. An owner knowing his loft can go in the dark and tell the bird he touches by its location. A bird absent for years takes its old place upon its return. But holding to its own to the death does not deter it from adding to its possessions. A lively young bird will sometimes defend his own peculiar belongings and at the same time attempt to occupy a line of perches and a tier of nest-boxes to the exclusion of others. It is a holiday in the loft when the king bird of it is sent away upon a journey, and his rival in possessing himself of his apartments leaves some other site free for another; but it is war when the owner returns, and however weary he may be he does not rest until the intruder is expelled and his belongings thrown out. A bird will accept a change of mate, will not grieve for loss of young or eggs, but it cannot be made to occupy new quarters so long as the old exist. It will submit to removal to another loft, and if when it "visits" the old home it is ill-treated it will return to the new home of its own accord, seeming to understand what is required of it; but the place that is its own in either it will not willingly yield to another. Birds have been known to be content in a new home, and yet to return to the old to dispute the possession of the old perch and box.

The much-discussed question of the homing of the pigeon, or, as the French term it,



CATCHING-NET, TRAINING-BASKET, AND WATER-PAN.



"RED WHIZZER." OWNED BY R. L. HAYES, ESQ., PHILADELPHIA.

orientation, does not seem difficult to meet to one who has had much to do with the birds. There are, however, as many theories advanced as there are scientists who have studied it. One ascribes it to a sense of which we are not cognizant; as if the senses were six and man had knowledge of but five of them. Another finds a path for the birds in the magnetic currents of the atmosphere, another in its currents of heat and cold. Some rank the impulse with the instinct of the migratory bird, while others ascribe the performance to sight, and others again to luck and chance. The facts do not bear out any of these theories. The atmospheric currents may aid, but it is by their velocity and direction, not their temperature, and they hinder as often. The magnetic currents may affect, but it is in stimulating and intensifying, or, as they are adverse, in depressing. It is not instinct. Instinct is involuntary and unerring. Guided by instinct, the bird would not go astray, and the element of uncertainty upon which the sport depends would be lost. The homing pigeon not only errs, but shows indecision. Thus its action is voluntary and the result of a sort of reflection, and it is as the premises of which it takes cognizance are imperfect or false that its action is in error.

The sight of the homing pigeon is only limited by the dip of the horizon and the altitude at which

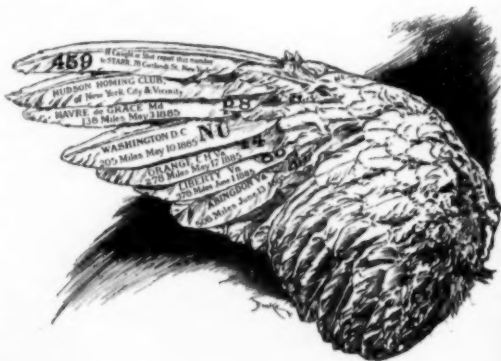
it can sustain itself in the air. Its memory exceeds human understanding. Thus a bird will rise from a basket and be over a strange place only long enough to go away from it, but, if it feels itself to be lost, is injured, or is unable to proceed, it will return to the place of the start.

Eighteen Keyport birds liberated in Charlotte, N. C., in the spring of 1884, were kept in the upper room of a hotel while waiting for the time of the start. All left the roof together at five A. M. and went away out of sight towards the west, but soon returned, and after circling over the hotel took their direction towards the south. Again they returned, and after taking several wide circles over the city took an air-line course towards the north-east, going out of sight at half-past six o'clock, at great speed. A few minutes later six came back and settled upon the Masonic Temple, opposite the hotel. Three of these went away later in

the day, but the other three returned through the open window to the room of the hotel in which they had been kept.

The little travelers were being watched for at Greensboro, nearly a hundred miles to the north; but when at half-past seven o'clock the twelve passed over, flying very high and with almost incredible swiftness, there was doubt expressed as to their identity, as the birds to be started numbered eighteen. The little travelers, to have been over that city at that time, must have traveled at the average speed of a mile and a half to the minute.

Another instance of intelligent although misdirected purpose will show another and not uncommon phase of the bird's character,



WING OF A RECORD BIRD.

if so we may term it. "The Scamp" was purchased by Mr. E. O. Damon, Northampton, Mass., from the loft of Judge Willard, Utica, N. Y., when a squealer. In due time it was put upon the road, and it returned regularly from all of the journeys up to that from White Plains, N. Y., one hundred and five miles south-west. While its owner was watching for it from this start, he received a telegram advising him of its presence in Utica, one hundred and fifty-three miles north-west of White Plains. The bird, sent home by express, was kept a prisoner until it was thought to have forgotten its escapade, and when liberated was seemingly the most contented bird of the flight. One morning, however, he breakfasted in Northampton, then persuaded his mate to fly with him to Utica, one hundred and thirty-eight miles away, where they were found at noon. They had taken posses-

sion of the nest-box in which "The Scamp" was hatched, after dislodging its occupants and wrecking their belongings, and had settled themselves in it for housekeeping.

My long experience with the homing pigeon in its vagaries and its methods leads me to rank its performance as the highest act of which an animal is capable, and to believe that it is not to be ascribed to the blind guidance of instinct or intuition, but that the bird is entirely dependent upon its intelligence; that its superior organization of brain permits some sort of mental direction to its actions of which others of the animal creation are not capable; that it is by its keen sight and wonderful memory, directed by its intelligence and poised by perfect physical condition, that it answers to the demand of the governing impulse of its nature — the love of home.

E. S. Starr.



SONGS AGAINST DEATH.

DEATH lieth still in the way of life
Like as a stone in the way of a brook;
I will sing against thee, Death, as the brook does,
I will make thee into music which does not die.

As the woodpecker taps in a spiral quest
From the root to the top of the tree,
Then flies to another tree,
So have I bored into life to find what lay therein,
And now it is time to die,
And I will fly to another tree.

Look out, Death: I am coming.
Art thou not glad? what talks we'll have.
What memories of old battles.
Come, bring the bowl, Death; I am thirsty.

1886.

He passed behind the disk of death,
But yet no occultation knew.
Nay, all more bright therethrough,
As through a jet-black foil and frame
Outshone his silver fame.

Leap through the Mystery of death as the
circus-rider leaps through the papered hoop . .
will we find Life ambling along beneath us
on the Other Side?

TO J. D. H.

(Killed at Surrey C. H., October, 1866.)

DEAR friend, forgive a wild lament
 Insanely following thy flight.
 I would not cumber thine ascent
 Nor drag thee back into the night;

But the great sea-winds sigh with me,
 The fair-faced stars seem wrinkled, old,
 And I would that I might lie with thee
 There in the grave so cold, so cold!

Grave walls are thick, I cannot see thee,
 And the round skies are far and steep;
 A-wild to quaff some cup of Lethe,
 Pain is proud and scorns to weep.

My heart breaks if it cling about thee,
 And still breaks, if far from thine.
 O drear, drear death, to live without thee,
 O sad life — to keep thee mine.

1866.

Sidney Lanier.

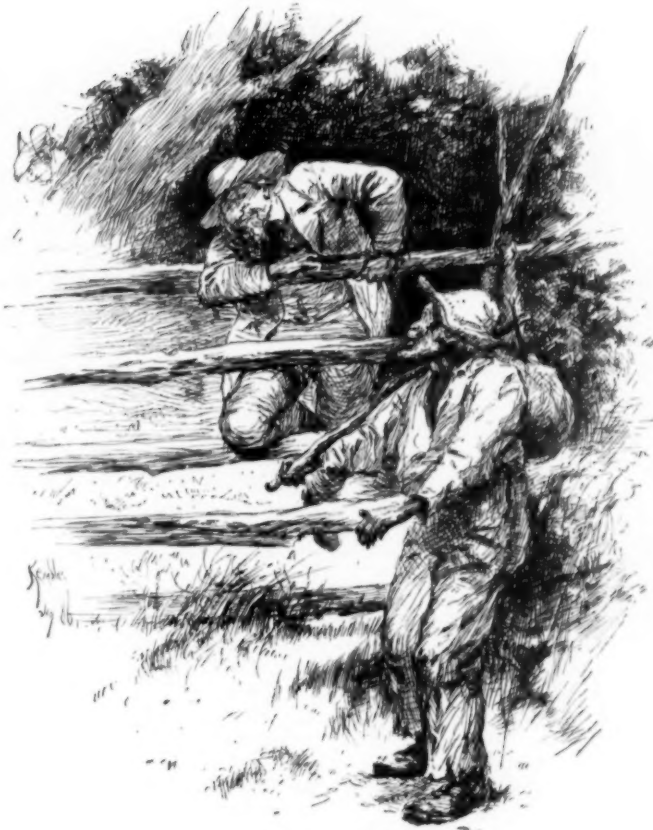
TWO RUNAWAYS.

I.



I HAVE little doubt but many people in Middle Georgia yet remember Crawford Worthington, who, in ante-bellum days, kept open house in Baldwin County. Major Worthington, as he was called, because of some fancied aid he had extended to his country during the difficulty with Mexico, was not a type, unless to be one of many singular characters in a region whose peculiar institutions admitted of the wildest eccentricities can constitute a type. He lived in the midst of peace and plenty upon his plantation not many miles from Milledgeville, surrounded by several hundred slaves with whom he was upon singular but easy terms. His broad, rolling fields, his almost boundless pastures, his solemn-fronted and tall-columned house, his comfortable "quarters," where dwelt the negroes, all bespoke prosperity and independence. Independent he was; no prince ever ruled with sway more potent than this bachelor planter surrounded by his blacks and acknowledging none other than his own will.

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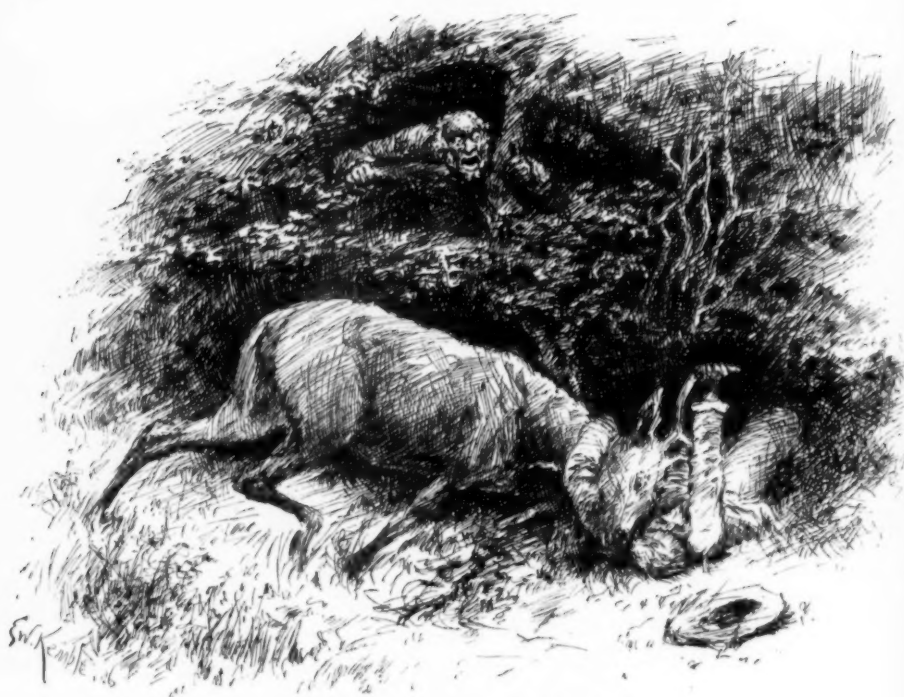
This marked character was a man below medium height. His figure inclined very decidedly to portliness, and beyond a long narrow moustache and thin imperial of black and gray, his face was clean-shaven. Iron-gray hair in abundance crept out from under the white felt hat he generally wore, and his mixed suit of gray was illumined by a ruffled shirt and broad-spreading cuffs of the finest linen.

Self-willed and eccentric are weak words with which to stamp this gentleman's actions. In the long days of his idleness, when the Legislature was not in session, the negro was an unfailing source of amusement and study to him and his sole diversion, for he despised books from the day he left college, and beyond a sporting journal and a paper from a neighboring city, he had no periodical. Of course he was a Whig.

Upon the day which I have selected to

open a page in the experience of Major Crawford Worthington he was sitting upon his broad veranda, which swept back from the front around to the shady eastern exposure and overlooked the spacious back yard. Twoscore pickaninnies in short shirts had scrambled in front of him for small silver coins, as he scattered them upon the ground beneath. The tears wrung from him by their contortions and funny postures had dried upon his cheeks, and, weary of the sport, he had turned away the black athletes by means of a few gourds of cold water skillfully applied to their half-clad forms, had settled back to enjoy the afternoon, and fell a-dreaming.

He remembered, in that easy method common to dreams, how years before he had sat upon that same porch watching a favorite old negro catching chickens in the yard.



"STICK TER 'IM, MASS CRAFTUD, STICK TER 'IM."

"Isam," he had said; and, moving with jerky little motions that seemed always to attune themselves to his master's moods as expressed in his tones, Isam had minced up the steps.

"Isam," he had continued, "you are fixing to run away."

He remembered the startled look that swept over the funny little man's countenance, and his answer:

"Lordy mussy, Mass' Craffud, whoev'r hyah de like er dat!"

"Yes, sir, and you are fixing to start right away."

There had been genuine grief in the negro's voice as he replied:

"Fo' Gawd, Mass' Craffud, you dun got de wrong nigger dis time. Isam is nigh onter fifty year ole, en' he ain' nev'r lef' de place on er run yet. No, sah!" Isam, however, spurred on by the suggestion, had really run off, and the overseer had scoured the country for him in vain. The black was enjoying freedom beyond recall, but one morning while the Major was breakfasting alone, and his two servants who attended the table were busy with fly-brush and waffles, Isam suddenly stood in the doorway. His clothes were torn

and soiled, and his face wore a hang-dog look that was in truth comical. Since that day old Isam had run away annually about the same time of the year, and this without any apparent cause.

Evidently this was what the Major was thinking of, for smiles came and went upon his face like shadows under the swaying mimosa. And when at last his eyes fell again upon the old negro:

"Isam," he said, just as he had spoken years ago.

"Yes, sir," and the jerky little tones were the same.

"You are fixing to run away, Isam!"

"Me!" and again that reproachful, protesting voice.

"Yes, you; just as you have for years. You are getting ready to start. I have had my eye on you for a week. But," said the Major, fixing his lips after the Worthington fashion, "I am going to know this time where you go, and why you go."

There was silence a full minute; then the negro spoke:

"Mass' Craffud, deed en' I dunno' zactly how et is. Hit jes' sorter strikes me, en' I'm gone 'fo' I know 't. En' dat's er sollum fac', sho'."

"Well," said the Major. "Then go when it strikes you. It is a relief to get rid of you occasionally. But if you get off this time without letting me know when you start, I'll cut your ears off when you come back,—if I don't —"

And Isam believed him.

II.

Isam's annual runaway freak had worried Major Worthington more than anything of like importance he had ever confronted. He cared not an iota for his lost time, nor for his bad example; but it galled him to think that there was anything in connection with a negro that he could not fathom. In this old negro he had at last found a cunning and a mystery that evaded his penetration. Study as he might, no satisfactory explanation could ever be secured. Year after year, about the first of July, his factotum failed to appear, and the place that had known him so long knew him no more for a fortnight.

It was seldom that the Major ever threatened a servant. Never before in his life had a threat been leveled at Isam, who was a privileged character about the house. It was not surprising, therefore, that just before day-break next morning a knock was heard at the Major's window. That individual understood it, and quietly donning his clothes went outside, assured that he would find Isam on hand. He was not mistaken.

"Hit's dun struck me, Mass' Craffud, en' I'se 'bliged ter go," said Isam.

"Ah!" said the Major; "then we'll talk it over first."

Isam sat upon the steps, the Major in his old rocker, and talk it over they did, until a pale glimmer trembled in the east. What passed between them no one ever learned; but finally the Major rose, and preceded by Isam, who bore a pack that gave him the appearance of a sable Chris Kringle, struck out straight across the fence and the fields, disappearing in the woods beyond. Only the hounds knew when they left, and these tugged at their chains with noisy pleadings, but in vain. When day finally rolled in with streaming banners, Woodhaven was without its master, and the overseer, too much accustomed to the eccentricities of that absent power to worry over his sudden departure, reigned in his stead.

The path of the runaways led first directly past a growth of plum-bushes, an acre in extent, that stood out in the open field, a small forest in itself. This was the burial ground, where without regard to order or system the graves

of departed negroes, covered with bits of glass, broken cups, abandoned cans, and other treasures of the trash heap, dotted the shadowy depths. These glimmered faintly in the gray half-light, and Isam shivered slightly as he passed. The movement did not escape the notice of the Major, who smiled grimly as he said:

"You don't come this way, Isam, when you run off by yourself."

The sound of a human voice was reassuring, and the negro answered cheerily:

"Yessir. Ain' nuthin' go'n' ter tech ole Isam. All dem in dere is dun boun'en sot."

"And what the deuce is 'bound and sot'?"

The Major's inquiry betrayed impatience rather than curiosity; he knew well how secretive is the negro of any class when interrogated in connection with his superstitions. Isam shook his head.

"Lor sakes, Mass' Craffud, don' you know all 'bout dat?"

"No," said the Major testily; "if I did, I wouldn't be wasting breath asking a fool nigger."

"Well," said Isam, willing to compromise in the interest of peace, "w'en er sperrit gits out'n de flesh, de only way hit can be boun'en sot es ter plug er tree." He stepped in front of a broken pine near the path, and examined it critically. "Dere's er plug roun' hyah fur mi'ty nigh ev'y wun dem graves, ef yer knows where ter look."

"What do you mean by this nonsense, Isam? Do you expect me to swallow such stuff?"

"Hit's er fac', Mass' Craffud. Dere, now, dere's er plug, sho' nuff."

Years before — Major Worthington remembered it then — he had come across a split pine from which a half dozen of these plugs had fallen, and was surprised by the scare it had caused on the plantation. They were made up of old nails, bits of glass, red pepper, and tar, and sprinkled with the blood of a chicken. Each plug contained a few hairs from the head of the deceased and a piece of a garment that had been worn next the skin. Each ingredient had an important significance, but exactly what it was no one knew or knows to this day, unless some aged Voodoo lingers in the land and holds the secret.

The Major examined the signs pointed out. Only a practiced eye in broad daylight would have been apt to discover them. He deliberately took out his knife and began to pick at a plug. The change that came over Isam was ludicrous. He clutched the Major's arm and chattered out:

"Don', Mass' Craffud! don' do it, honey; you mout let de meanes' nigg'r on de place git loose, en' dere ain' no tellin' w'at ud happ'n. You git de chill 'n' fev'r 'n' cat'piller 'n' bad craps, sho's yer born. Oh, Lordy! Lordy! Lordy! Dere, now, t'ank de Lord!"

The Major had calmly persisted in his efforts to extract a plug until his knife-blade snapped. With a great pretense of rage he persisted with the broken blade until finally, sure enough, out fell the plug. In an instant the negro had seized it and thrust it in place again, and with his back to the tree was begging so piteously, the Major could not resist.

"All right, idiot," he said laughingly. "Lead the way; I won't trouble it."

Isam moved off without much ado, and the Major, who was not built for running races and climbing fences, had as much as he could do to keep up. The negro wagged his head ominously as he hurried along.

"Dere ain' no tellin' but w'at dat nigg'r dun got loos'en' 'gun his curvortin' roun' 'fo' now. One time, lightnin' busted er tree ov'r dere, en' seben er dem plugs drap out; en' dat summer de typhoid fev'r struck seben nigg'rs, en' de las' one uv 'm died spang dead. Ain' nev'r had dat fev'r 'fo' er sence on de place. But dey do say," continued Isam, now anxious to communicate his extensive knowledge of the subject, "ef dem folks hadn' burn de light'ud fum dat tree, nuthin' 'd happ'n. Bet you can't git er nigg'r 'n Baldwin County ter burn eny mo' uv de lightnin's light'ud en' mi'ty few go'n' ter rake pine straw 'bout dere."

III.

THE human race has certainly been evolved from a barbaric into a partly civilized state. At odd seasons the old instinct crops out and regains control of us. Major Worthington had entered upon his brief lapse into savagery, though he did not realize it. Ill-adapted as he was for foot-journeys of considerable length, the flush of new freedom sustained him.

But the unwonted exercise told at last. A halt must, perforce, soon have been ordered, when Isam plunged over a sharp decline, and indicating a long line of paler green and a denser growth in front, exclaimed:

"Mos' dere now!"

The Major knew the place. It was the line of the Oconee River mapped in verdure. Reaching the welcome shade, he dropped down where Isam had already pitched his bundle.

Mumbling after the fashion of old darkies,

a meaning smile upon his lips, which, after all, is but merely thinking aloud, Isam brought from the well-filled depths of his kit a small stone jug. Soon, after certain rites and ceremonies appropriate to the occasion, he approached the Major, and with a triumphant flourish extended a large tumbler of red liquid from which gracefully arose a small forest of mint.

"Dun foun' er noo spring," he said; but the man propped against the cypress was motionless, and his hands were folded peacefully in his lap. Stooping down, Isam peered cautiously under the broad hat-brim, with the whispered ejaculation: "Lor' bless my soul, ef he ain' dun gone ter sleep. I reckon dat las' ten-railer war pow'ful wurrin' ter 'r man 'r his fat. Mass' Craffud! Mass' Craffud!" No answer came.

Getting down on his knees, he carefully inserted with a spoon a few drops of the beverage between the lips of the sleeper and allowed them to percolate downward. As the "apple" of the tightened throat darted up and glided down again into place, he whispered:

"Mass' Craffud, es yer dun fainted?"

The eyes opened, and the Major sat bolt upright. The next minute he drained off the drink, and sat contemplating the honest face, in whose eyes was a peculiar look.

"T'ank de goodness!" exclaimed Isam. "I bin er hold'n' dis hyah julup hyah fur half er hour. Ain' nev'r know you ter balk at er julup 'fo' en forty yeours!"

"That came in the right time, Isam, and it's good whisky," said the Major heartily. "Where did you get it?"

"Yessir," chuckled the negro, "hit's good; but hit ain' good ter ask er stray hen w'at's layen' en your orchud whar she belong, er how many teef she got."

The Major realized that he had become a guest. He laughed, sank back against the tree, and soon again was lost in slumber. When he awoke there had been a decided change in his surroundings. A low fire burned a few yards away, and sundry flips of bacon were browning in a frying-pan set jauntily thereon, while from the ashes beneath the brown ends of hoe-cakes protruded.

"Tain' but er bite," said Isam apologetically, "but jes' wait tell de fish git mixed up wid dem sum er dese days, en' den you see w'at hit es ter be loos' en' free."

To be loose and free! The Major fixed his eyes upon the old negro as he produced tin platters from his kit, and transferred the smoking viands, humble but savory, from the frying-pan. The words haunted him,

and as the smoke arose there floated upon his vision pictures of boyhood's escapades. Isam had belonged to him from his own infancy, though for the first fifteen years the question of ownership seemed altogether unsettled, for the negro was five or six years the senior. How they had hunted and strayed off, and set gums for rabbits and snares for birds, and robbed nests! Loose and free! Old Isam surveyed with proud satisfaction the Major's fierce attack upon the morning meal.

"Dere ain' no spring chick'n en der pan," he said sententiously, "but er fuss-rate app'tite kin git jes' es good er grip on er flip er bacon es hit kin on er yaller-leg' chick'n."

"There is something in that," said the Major. "Get your flip, you black rascal, and go to eating." But Isam shook his head.

"No, sah. W'en er nigg'r feeds he don' wan' no w'ite folks roun'. He wan' ter git off en' mop de pan 'thout tract'n' 'tention ter hisse'f."

"It seems to me," said the Major, as he transferred another flip of bacon to his platter, "that it must be mighty hard for an honest nigger to live comfortably out here."

Isam's face took on a look of personal injury.

"Er hones' nigg'r," he said, stirring up the ashes and inserting fresh cakes, "don' eat no mo' out hyah den he do at home; not er bit. Rashuns es rashuns ennywhar you fine 'em. En' I hear say," he continued significantly, "w'en folks goes er vis'tin' dey don' 'quire es ter de year-marks uv de pig, w'en back-bone en' spar'-ribs en' chine es sot out."

"Your idea of etiquette is perfectly sound, Isam."

"En der only time w'en folks w'at's vis'tin' got er right ter git der backs up es w'en de gem'man feed 'esse'f high en' feed t'others low."

With an air of dignity the old negro gathered up the remnants of the spread, the Major having finished, and retired to allay the pangs of an increased appetite; but he was doomed to further delay. A most profane ejaculation fell from the Major's lips and came to his ears.

"Jes' es I said, dere 'tis ergin,—terbacker, now." He put aside the repast, and grumbly investigated the kit once more. "En' I reck'n w'en he see dis yer bag er terbacker he go'n' ter want hit's ped'gree all way back."

Nevertheless he produced it with a handful of corn-cob pipes, and cutting a reed stem handed to the Major the finest smoking outfit in the world. As Isam skillfully balanced

a glowing coal upon the little heap of tobacco, he concluded:

"Somehow nuther sump'n said 'bout time de runaway noshun struck in, 'Isam, you go'n' ter see com'ny ter day, en' hit's go'n' ter be Mass' Craffud,' so I jes' laid in er extrer bag spesh'ly fur 'm."

The Major merely drew in and expelled a cloud of smoke. He contented himself with saying, "You are very thoughtful"; and laughing softly to himself, Isam retired to his meal. As he finished, and stuffed his own cob-pipe full of "natural leaf" and perique — brought along especially for his master — Isam cast his eye skyward.

"'Mos' ten er 'clock. Mus' be movin' outer hyah. Bimeby overseer en' houn' be 'long in er hurry. Got ter git whar meat es thicker too. Dat bacon en' hoe-cake hard ter beat, but dey don' half fill de bill wid er run'way nigg'r. Jes' wait twell we git er mess er red-belly en' brim, en' I reck'n sho' nuff de fun go'n' ter b'gin ter start. Time we uz go'n', Mass' Craffud."

The Major rose and followed cheerily. Skirting the swamp, Isam soon found a hog-path, and presently the runaways came in sight of the river. A bateau was tied up in a little branch near by, and in it lay an axe and a paddle.

"Isam," said the Major as he clambered in, "how does it happen that you find a boat and axe all ready here, and the runaway notion only struck you just before day this morning?"

Isam shook his head as he chuckled:

"Hit ain' de rite time er day ter 'splain t'ings, Mass' Craffud. Dere ain' no tellin' w'at time dem houn's go'n' ter strike er hot trail, en' de tree dat you kin clime ain' go'n' ter lif' you out'n de reach uv a dog."

The little boat, propelled by vigorous strokes, shot out into the river, and gliding under the willows bore its passengers swiftly down stream.

IV.

SHUT out from sight of the stream stretched a Bermuda sward hemmed in by gigantic trees, in whose boughs the cicadas were singing. The old boyish enthusiasm rose strong within the Major.

"This is the camp," he said, "and there," pointing to the log-jammed creek behind him, slowly mingling its clear waters with the river's mud, "is the place for bream and red-bellies." Isam fairly shouted.

"Dere, now, dey ain' nev'r no use tellin' er man wot knows how ter fish whar ter drap er line. De two go 'long tergether. Jes' you tek dese hyar lines, Mass' Craffud, en' git reddy fur supper, w'ile I ten' ter de res'."

Throwing open his pack, Isam displayed his simple tackle, hurried around and cut a pole from a neighboring brake, and, peeling the bark from a falling tree, picked out a handful of flatheads. Adjusting himself to a log, the Major cast his line and began to draw in the bream.

"Dere, now," chuckled Isam, "I ain' seen you do dat sence you was er court'n' Miss 'Mandy Bullard en' we all wuz down ter Sykes' fish-pond."

But the Major was landing fish, and did not have time to listen to Isam; observing which, that individual, casting an inquiring glance at the sun, seized his axe and went to work in the canebrake. In an incredibly short space of time he had cut down and dragged up enough poles to construct a rude hut, and soon after completed the shanty. Then, with one happy glance at the fugitive perched upon the log contentedly warring with the bream, he glided off into the woods and disappeared from view.

Despite the popular notion concerning the runaway negro, he never got very far from civilization in his wanderings. The swamp was to him merely a retreat. His smoke-house was elsewhere. When Isam glided away leaving the Major pleasantly engaged, he followed hog-paths with unerring instinct and recalled landmarks with surprising accuracy. But where he was going and for what are matters that can wait. The Major must not be left alone.

Isam had not been long gone before the fisherman began to suffer from the perversity of the piscatorial god. The bream and red-belly ceased to bite. The colony had been exhausted or driven away; and in its place settled a tribe of shining cats. These began to give the Major occupation. His float would go under handsomely; there would be a strong pull, and, resisting steadily, a cat-fish would break into view.

The Major stood this persecution, it may be, for fifteen minutes; then the patience of the fisherman was exhausted. As the hour wore away, I regret to say that the swearing became almost continuous, and the Major reached what is generally termed a "state of mind."

Isam was approaching the camp when the language of the fisher attracted his attention.

"Oomhoo," he said, stopping to listen. "Sum'n' dun gone wron' wid Mass' Craffud."

Creeping to the edge of the brake, he beheld his companion engaged in his unequal conflict with the fate that at times overtakes all fishers. Isam ducked back and held his sides.

"Ef dere's anyt'n' go'n' ter upso't dat kinder man quick, hit's cats. Jes' liss'n now."

The negro peeped out again. The Major was lashing the water with an unfortunate victim; then he saw the irate fisherman drop a huge cat upon the bank, and with the paddle dash him to pieces, and again grind another beneath his heel, and end by kicking the remains far out into the stream.

Isam reveled in this display of passion until wearied out, and then prepared to make his presence known. Going back a hundred yards into the canebrake, he shouldered his well-stuffed sack, and lifted his voice in song:

"Sum folks say nigg'r won't steal;
I caught one in my co'n-fiel'."

He was cheerfully giving expression to this suggestive refrain, when he broke in upon the scene and pretended to stumble over a gasping cat. Down came his bag.

"Dere, now. Ef I cood pick'd de ve'y fish I wanted fur ter mek dat chowd'r, hit 'ud er been dis same cat." Isam's teeth shone, and his eyes glistened. As he looked about and saw the other unwelcome captives he threw up his hands.

"Where you catch 'm, Mass' Craffud?"

"Right here," said the Major, regarding him suspiciously, "and I haven't been catching anything else for an hour."

"Den don' yer stop now; you jes' go rite 'long ketchin' 'em, en' we go'n' ter hav' er chowder fum 'way back. 'Spec' we'll want 'bout six more big ones. How long es hit bin sence you had er cat-fish chowd'r, Mass' Craffud?"

The Major's passion was vanishing.

"About twenty years, I reckon, Isam."

"Well, den, hit ain' go'n' ter be twenty years 'fo' you git ernuther. I'm go'n' ter git ev'n w' dese hyah bigmoufs' en 'bout er minit. Lor'! Lor'! Es I wuz cummin' 'long back I kep' a-say'n', now Mass' Craffud ain' go'n' ter ketch nuthin' but brim er yaller-belly w'at ain' good for chowd'r meat, en' all dis co'n en' yinguns goter be eat jes' dry so; en' bless goodness, hyah's de chowd'r dun ha'f made en' lyin' reddey." And Isam began to shake his own prizes from the bag.

"Where did you get that corn?" The Major fixed his eye sternly upon the nonchalant babbler.

"Dis co'n," said Isam, shucking an ear, "es w'at dey calls 'vol'n'terry co'n.' Hit es co'n w'at cum up fum las' year seed w'at de river en' de hog scatter. En' des yinguns es uv de wil' kine w'at es always up en' er doin'." The Major made no reply, but, fixing a new flathead on his hook, cast it far into the stream.

Above a blazing fire Isam soon had his kettle swinging, and within its depths sputtered great chunks of fish as they rose and sank in

a lake of green corn and onions. With the earnestness of a wizard preparing his strange concoctions, he hung over the boiling mixture, adding here a pinch of pepper and there a dash of salt. As he stirred the savory mess he sang a cheerful plantation ditty. The dusk of evening had fallen, and the red light of the flames brought out his figure in bold relief. He seemed a veritable genius of the swamp, and, lured from his sport by the cheerful picture and the odor of the meal, the Major cast his line down and strode into the lighted circle.

v.

TO OTHER pens must be left the record of the runaways' every-day life. These pages would not hold the true chronicle of this novel expedition. Here only is space enough to deal with the prominent features and string them upon a particolored thread. Day after day the fishermen plied their rods. Day after day the kettle and the skillet and the coals gave forth their dainties. Fish-fries decked the table one day; a split rabbit, snared in the canebrake, broiled to a turn, served for the next; even a tender shote yielded up his innocent young life; and chowders came thick and fast.

But Isam was no longer the chief factor in the daily sins committed. Painful as the truth may seem, it must be told. The portly Major became accessory before the fact as well as after. And worse, he became actively *particeps criminis*. He learned to creep into the spreading field of "voluntary corn"—which, by the way, invaded the swamp lands, and rose in columns of surprising regularity—and to load a bag with the juicy ears. He renewed his early skill, and crawled behind snake fences to abstract dew-christened watermelons. In short, he gave way to savagery; for the time being civilization knew him not.

No especial time for breaking camp had been set, but the time was approaching, and the signs were evident. The whisky had long since vanished, and the tobacco was threatening to follow the whisky, when an event occurred which left a tradition that old folks in Middle Georgia yet tell with tear-dimmed eyes and straining sides.

The worthy pair had been foraging for dinner, and were returning heavily laden. The Major bore a sack of corn, and Isam led the way with three watermelons. Unless the reader has attempted to carry three watermelons, he will never know the labor that Isam had imposed upon himself. The two had just reached the edge of the canebrake, beyond which lay the camp, and were enter-

ing the narrow path, when a magnificent buck came sweeping through, and collided with Isam with such force and suddenness as to crush and spatter his watermelons into a pitiful ruin, and throw the negro violently to the ground. Instantly the frightened man seized the threatening antlers, and held on, yelling lustily for help. The deer made several ineffectual efforts to free himself, during which he dragged the negro right and left without difficulty, but, finding escape impossible, turned fiercely upon his unwilling captor, and tried to drive the terrible horns through his writhing body.

"O Lord, O Lord!" screamed Isam; "O Lord, Mass' Craffud, cum help me tu'n dis buck loos'."

The laugh died away from Major Worthington's lips. None knew better than he the danger into which Isam had plunged. Not a stick, brush, stone, or weapon of any description was at hand, except his small pocket-knife. Hastily opening that, he rushed upon the deer. Isam's eyes were bursting from their sockets, and appealed piteously for the help his stentorian voice was frantically imploring, until the woods rang with his agony. Major Worthington caught the nearest antler with his left hand, and made a fierce lunge at the animal's throat. But the knife's point was missing, and only a trifling wound was inflicted. The next instant the deer met the new attack with a rush that carried Isam with it, and thrust the Major to the ground, the knife falling out of reach. Seeing this, the negro let go his hold, rolled out of the way, and with a mighty effort literally ran upon the top of a branching haw-bush, where he lay spread out like a bat, and moaning piteously.

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud."

And the Major stuck. Retaining his presence of mind, he threw his left arm over the deer's neck, and, still holding with his right the antler, looked about for Isam, who had so mysteriously disappeared. Something like the hold he had had more than once in boyhood served him well in school combats. But he had never tried to hold a full-grown buck, and so he somewhat anxiously searched the scene for the valiant negro. The first words he heard distinctly were:

"Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Hit's better fur one ter die den bofe! Hole 'im, Mass' Craffud, hole 'im! Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stedly! Look out fur es ho'n! Wo' deer! Stedly, Mass' Craffud!"

By this time the struggles of the beast had again ceased, and, wearied from his double en-

counter, he stood with his head pulled down to the ground half astride the desperate man, who was holding on for life. Whether Major Worthington was frightened or not it is hard to say; probably he was; but there was no doubt about his being angry when he saw Isam spread out in the haw-bush, and heard his address. His face was livid with rage, and foam and sweat mingled upon it. As soon as he caught his breath, he burst forth with:

"You infernal black rascal! why don't you come—down out of that—bush and help—me?" Isam's face was pitiful in its expression. His teeth chattered, and he fairly shook the bush with his trembling.

"Don't, Mass' Craffud, don't; you ain't got no time ter cuss now. Lif' up yo' voice en' pray! Lord, Lord, ef ev'r er man had er call ter pray, you dun got it now."

For one instant it looked as if the Major would abandon his attempt to hold the deer and turn his attention to the bush; but he did not have an opportunity to carry out such a resolution. Revived by his moment's rest, the buck made another effort for freedom and revenge. He dragged his corpulent captor in a circle, he rolled him on the sod, he fell over him, pounded him, and stamped, but without relief. The desperate man clung to his hold with a grip that could not be broken. It was the grip of death; indeed, it was now a question of life or death.

Wearied down at last, the deer gave himself and victim another breathing-spell, and the Major continued:

"If ever—I get loose from this—brute,—you infernal scoundrel,—I'll not leave a—whole bone in your body!"

"Don't say dat, Mass' Craffud, don't! you mustn't let de sun go down on yo' wraf! O Lord!" he continued, getting on his all-fours and as near a reverent posture as the circumstances would admit of, "don't you mine nuth'n he es er sayin' now, cos he ain't spon-s'b'l'. Lord, ef de bes' aingil you got wuz down dere in his fix, en' er fool deer wuz er straddl'n' 'im, dey ain't no tell'n' w'at ud happ'n, er w'at sorter langwidge he'd let loos'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Steddy, deer! steady, Mass' Craffud!"

The Major got another resting-spell. By this time his breath was almost gone, and his anger had given way to unmistakable apprehension. He realized that he was in a most desperate plight, and that the only hope of rescue lay in the frightened negro up in the haw-bush. He changed his tactics when the deer rested again.

"Isam," he said, gently.

"Yes, honey."

"Isam, come and help me, old fellow."

"Good Gawd, Mass' Craffud," said the negro earnestly, "dere ain't nuthin' I woodn' do fur you, but hit's better fur one ter die 'n two. Hit's a long sight better."

"But there is no danger, Isam; none whatever. Just you come down and with your knife hamstring the brute. I'll hold him."

"No, sah! no, sah! no, sah!" said Isam, loudly and with growing earnestness. "No, sah! it won't wuk, no, sah! You er in fur hit now, Mass' Craffud, en' et can't be helpod. Dere ain't nuthin' kin save yer but de good Lord, en' he ain't go'n'ter, less'n you ax 'im 'umble like, en' er b'liev'n' en es mussy. I prayed w'en I wuz down dere, Mass' Craffud, dat I did, en' look w'at happ'n. Didn' he sen' you like er aingil, en' didn' he git me up hyah safe en' wholesom? Dat he did, en he' nev'r spec' dis nigg'r war go'n'ter fling esse'f und'r dat deer arter he trubbl' hisse'f to show 'im up hyah. Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud, stick ter 'im. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Look ou' fur es ho'n! Stick ter 'im, Mass' Craffud. Dere, now,—t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major got a breathing-spell. The deer in his struggles had gotten under the haw-bush, and the Major renewed his earnest negotiations.

"Isam," he said, as soon as his condition would allow of conversation, "if you will get down—and cut this brute's legs—I will give you your freedom."

Isam's only answer was a groan.

"And fifty acres—of land." Again that pitiful moan.

"And—a mule and a—year's rations." The Major paused from force of circumstances. After a while the answer came:

"Mass' Craffud?"

"Well?"

"You know dis nigg'r b'en hard-work'n en' hones' en' look atter you en' yo'n all es life."

"Yes, Isam," said the Major, "you have been—a faithful, honest—nigger." There was another pause. Perhaps this was too much for Isam. But he continued after a little while:

"Well, lemme tell you, honey, dere ain't nuthin' you got er kin git w'at'll tem' dis nigg'r ter git down dere. W'y," and his voice assumed a most earnest and argumentative tone, "deed'n hit 'ud be 'sultin' de Lord. Ain' he dun got me up hyar out'n de way, en' don't he 'spec' me fur ter stay? You reck'n he got nuth'n 'tall ter do but keep puttin' Isam back up er tree? No, sah! he dun 'ten ter me, en' ef you got enny dif'culty, you en' de deer kin fight it out. Hit's my bizness jes' ter keep er prayin'. Wo' deer! wo' deer! Steddy, Mass' Craffud. Dere now,—t'ank de Lord!"

Again the Major defeated the beast's struggles, and there came a truce. But the man

was well-nigh exhausted, and saw that unless something was done in his behalf he must soon yield up the fight. Something like a spasm of fear flashed over his face, and in the glance he cast about him there was the one panic-stricken appeal that all men yield to at some time. It was hard to die there by the terrible horns of the beast astride him, whose eyes glared into his, and whose hot breath was in his face. What a death!

But the next instant he was calm and cautious. There came to his assistance his fine knowledge of the negro character.

"Isam," he said, slowly and impressively. But Isam was praying. The Major could hardly trust his ears when he heard the words.

"But, Lord, don't let 'm peer'sh 'fo' yo' eyes. He's b'en er bad man. He cuss 'n' sware, 'n' play keerds, 'n' bet on horse-race, 'n' drink whisky —"

"Isam —"

"En' he steal — goodness, he tek ter steal 'n' like er duck ter water. Roast 'n' yers, watermilluns, chick'n — nuthin' too bad fur 'im —"

"Isam —"

"Tain' like er nigg'r stealin', Lord; dey dun know no better en' can't git t'ings enny er way, while he got money; but don't let 'im peer'sh rite 'fo' yo' eyes. Tek him by de slack er es briches en' shek 'im ov'r de flames, but don't let 'im drap —"

"Isam!"

The word came upward in tones of thunder. Even Isam was obliged to regard it. He did so from force of habit.

"Yessir."

Then he sobbed forth: "Oh, Lordy, Lordy, I 'tot we wuz dun home ag'in."

"No, sir," said the Major, sternly, "we are not at home, and I'll never get there. I am going to die."

Isam gave a yell that ought to have been heard a mile away.

"Oh, don't let 'im die! Skeer 'im, skeer 'im, Lord, but don't let 'im die!"

"Yes," continued the Major, "I am going to die; but let me tell you something, Isam. I have been looking into this beast's eyes until I recognize him." A sound came from the haw-bush like the hiss of a snake, as the negro with ashen face and beaded brow gasped out an unintelligible word. The right chord had been touched at last. "You remember Dr. Sam?" Isam's only reply was a moan that betrayed an agony too deep for expression. "Well, this is Dr. Sam; he got loose the other day when the plug fell out, and he and I will never give you another hour of peace as long as you live."

The sentence was never finished. With a

shriek that was blood-curdling in its intensity of fear and horror, the negro came crashing down through the bush with his hands full of leaves, straight upon the deer.

This was the crisis.

The frightened animal made one desperate plunge, taking the startled Major by surprise, and the next instant found himself free. He did not remain upon the scene, or he would have beheld the terrified negro get upon his feet, run round in a frenzy of terror, and close his last circle at the foot of the bush, up which he scurried again like a squirrel, old as he was. The Major lay flat upon his back, after trying in vain to rise. Then the reaction came. He fixed his eye upon the negro above and laughed until the tears washed the dirt from his face; and Isam, holding his head up so that his vision could encompass the narrow horizon, said slowly and impressively:

"Mass' Craffud, ef de Lord hadn't 'sist'd on Isum cum'n down ter run dat deer off, 'spec' by dis time you'd been er flopp'n' yo' wings up yander, er else sput'n' on er grid-ion down yander." And from his elevated perch Isam indicated the two extremes of eternity with an eloquent sweep of his hand.

But the Major had small time for laughter or recrimination. In the distance there rang out faintly the full-mouthed cry of a hound. Isam heard it. For him it was at once a welcome and a stimulating sound. Gliding to the ground, he helped the wearied Major to his feet, and started on the run for the boat, crying:

"Run, Mass' Craffud! wors'n er deer's cummin'. Hit's dem folks w'at know about dat corn en' watermilluns, 'en yer can't 'splain nuthin' ter er houn' dog."

Broken down as he was, the Major realized that there was wisdom in the negro's words, and followed as best he could. The camp traps were thrown into the boat, and the little bark was launched. A minute later the form of a great thirsty-looking hound, the runaways' *bête noire*, appeared on the scene. But the hunters who came after found naught beyond the signs of a camp, if they found anything, and soon followed the hound, which had regained the trail of the buck, and yelping passed into the distance. The boat had long since passed the bend.

How Isam ever settled his difficulty needs no explanation. But it may interest the reader to know that one day he bore a message and a check that settled the corn and melon debt; and they tell it in Middle Georgia that every year thereafter, until the war-cloud broke over the land, whenever the catalpa worm crept upon the leaf, two runaways fled from Woodhaven and dwelt in the swamps, "loos' en free."

H. S. Edwards. ("X. I. E.")

A DAY IN SURREY WITH WILLIAM MORRIS.

EARLY in July the roses fairly run riot in the garden-like county of Surrey; all along the railway the little village stations are walled with thickly flowering vines, or hedged with blooming bushes. From one of these small, bevined stations in a deep cutting of the Croydon road, we started—a party of four—on a soft, gray midsummer morning for a day at Merton Abbey. Merton Abbey! the very name suggests visions of venerable Norman arches and cloisters, the roofless aisles and topless columns of some ruined seat of ecclesiastical power. In point of fact the Abbey whither we were bound is merely a utilitarian factory that supplies the market-ware for Morris & Co.'s decorative art shop in Oxford street. "Tis five miles from Croydon, one mile from Wimbledon," Mr. Morris had said, in directing us where to find him; and we had chosen to take the shortest part of the little journey by rail, and to drive in an open carriage from Croydon to Merton. Here the enamored Nelson used to come to bask at the feet of his Delilah. Merton Place, which he gave to Lady Hamilton after her husband's death, is close by the Abbey, and revives the memory of that passionate intrigue, with its dramatic interplay of glory, shame, and beauty. The drive was not remarkably picturesque, leading at first through dead-and-alive provincial streets lined with the various ugliness of the suburban villa, and then issuing beyond the town to pass through a flat and sufficiently commonplace landscape. But to American eyes no bit of rural England can be devoid of interest and charm; the most ordinary objects seem under a spell to bewitch us back into the dream-world of a previous existence. An ivied wall, a pebbled brook, a thatched and lattice-windowed cottage, a single-arched stone bridge, an English daisy, a field of blood-bright poppies, take on a glamour that is not their own, but is borrowed from a thousand haunting memories of Shakspeare and Wordsworth, of Spenser and Shelley, of Milton and Keats. The American sentimental traveler in England could supply curious notes to the expounders of the doctrine of heredity or the believers in the transmigration of souls. Was it he, or his remote forefather, who stood centuries ago precisely under this knotty-limbed oak, amid these crisply hedged, velvet-swarded meadows, opposite that identical gabled cottage of stone, smothered in its wealth of black-green ivy? How intimately

he knows it all, how inexpressibly dear to him is the soil beneath his feet, the ever-changing mist and cloud-veiled sky above his head, the atmosphere of luxurious repose, the half-tearful, half-smiling, maternal look in the eyes of Nature, welcoming him to his ancestral home! Thus we drove through the tame and level fields of North Surrey with that subdued thrill of perfect physical and emotional content, that "sacred and home-felt delight," which we had come to associate with the very grass and air of England. The English friends who accompanied us had grown used to our easily excited enthusiasm, and appeared themselves to enjoy the familiar landscape through the medium of our fresher transatlantic vision. Feeling that we must be nearing our goal, we began to inquire of the passers-by our way to the Abbey, and before long we approached a plain, low, double house set back and somewhat raised from the level of the road, where we saw, framed against the black background of one of the upper windows, the cordial face and stalwart figure of William Morris, clad in a dark-blue blouse. Before we had alighted he was at the gate to receive us, welcoming us with his great, hearty voice and warm hand-grip. "The idle singer of an empty day" might sit for the portrait of his own Sigurd. He has the robust, powerful form of a Berserker, crowned with a tall, massive head, covered with a profusion of dark, curly hair plentifully mixed with gray. His florid color and a certain roll in his gait and a habit of swaying to and fro while talking suggest the sailor or the yeoman, but still more distinctly is the poet made manifest in the fine modeling and luminous expression of the features. An indescribable open-air atmosphere of freedom and health seems to breathe from his whole personality.

Merton Abbey was originally, as its name implies, a Norman monastery, but since the time of Cromwell it has been adapted to manufacturing purposes, and Mr. Morris, therefore, had no need to run counter to his art-instinct by transforming to business purposes a thing of pure beauty. For that matter, it is scarcely doubtful but that Morris the friend of the workingman would have ruthlessly overridden the compunctions of the author of "The Earthly Paradise," if necessary to give better facilities of air and sunshine to the artisan. The situation of Merton, within ten miles from London, as well as its command

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Drawn by Lisa Romana Stillman.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Engraved by J. H. E. Whitney.

of water-power, eminently fits it for its present purpose, and the only visible relics of its ancient character are the broken fragments of a wall overgrown with the rank vegetation of ruins. This wall, which surrounded the Abbey lands, bounded a space of sixty acres. Some thirty years ago there still remained a piece of the old buildings, not on Mr. Morris's ground, but on the adjoining property of Mr. Littler, whose print-works are on the other side of the railway. Unfortunately, however, this interesting relic was allowed to fall into complete decay, and to be finally swept away.

VOL. XXXII.—48.

The religious establishment dates back to the beginning of the twelfth century, when Gilbert Norman, sheriff of Surrey, built here a convent for canons of the order of St. Austin upon the demesne granted him by Henry I. Merton Abbey, as it was then called, was patronized by Stephen and Matilda, and was amply endowed with rich gifts. It is closely connected with at least two events of historic importance. A parliament was held within its walls in 1236, when the "Statutes of Merton" were enacted, and when was made the memorable reply of the English nobles to the



THE ENTRANCE.

prelates who wished to conform the civil to the ecclesiastical code: "We will not change the laws of England." (*Nolumus leges Angliæ mutare.*) In this house also was concluded the treaty of peace between Henry III. and the Dauphin. Upon the breaking up of the monasteries, after the Reformation, it was leased out to private persons, and is said to have been used as a garrison during the civil war of Charles I. To-day a branch of the "Democratic Federation" is peacefully and busily installed within its precincts, and in this romantic old garden, haunted by ghosts of sovereigns and monks, of legislators and nobles, of soldiers and artisans, the poet-socialist loves to sit and dream, building a thousand beautiful hopes of freedom and happiness for the people,—on this little spot of soil in which English law and English liberty took such deep and early root.

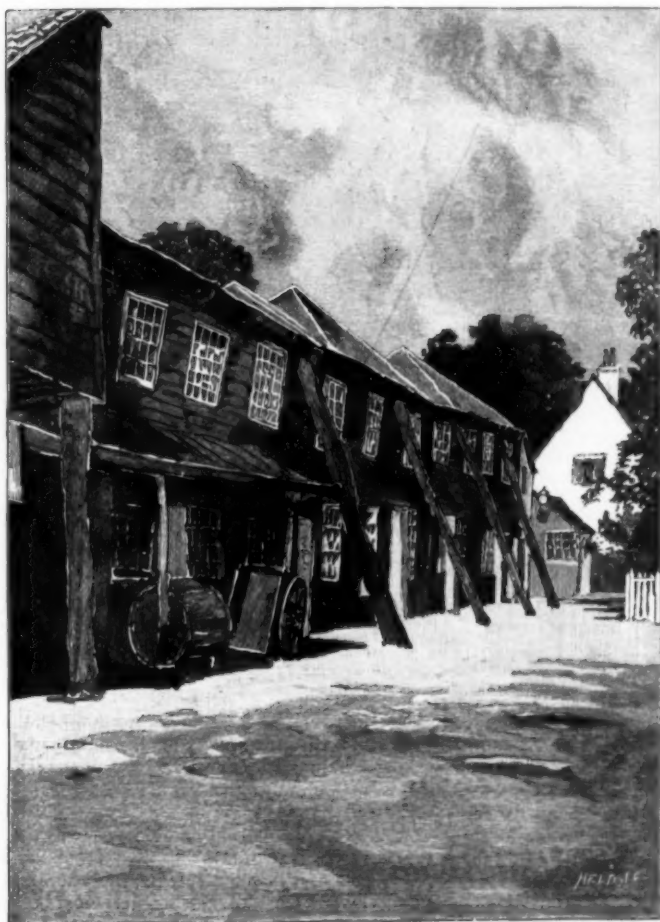
We were interested to hear that the place is the cradle of textile printing in England. Lysons, writing in 1726, says that two thousand men were employed within the boundaries of the Abbey, and he displays his "characteristic Philistinism" (as Mr. Morris termed it) by taking occasion to contrast this useful labor with the laziness of the old monks. "The block-printing industry still lives, or rather languishes," said Morris, "on the Wandle, but is pretty much confined at present to silk-printing (mostly for the Indian market), and

the occupation of the blockers is very precarious." Following the guidance of our host, we found ourselves in an old-fashioned country dwelling-house, almost bare of furniture. In a small room over the stairs was a little circulating library for the benefit of the operatives; the books were as richly bound as though intended for the poet's private shelves, in consonance with his theory that the workman must be helped and uplifted, not only by supplying his grosser wants, but by developing and feeding his sense of beauty.

The manufactory consists of a small group of detached buildings where the various processes of dyeing, stamping, and weaving fabrics of wool, cloth, and silk, and of staining designs upon glass, are carried on by male and female operatives of all ages, from fourteen or fifteen upward, and of different degrees of skill, ranging from the uneducated mechanic or dye-mixer to the intelligent artist. In the first outhouse that we entered stood great vats of liquid dye, into which some skeins of unbleached wool were dipped for our amusement; as they were brought dripping forth, they appeared of a sea-green color, but after a few minutes' exposure to the air, they settled into a fast, dusky blue. Scrupulous neatness and order reigned everywhere in the establishment; pleasant smells as of dried herbs exhaled from clean vegetable dyes, blent with the wholesome odors of grass and flowers and sunny summer warmth that freely circulated through open doors and windows. Nowhere was one conscious of the depressing



THE OLD ABBEY WALL.



THE WORKSHOP.

sense of confinement that usually pervades a factory; there was plenty of air and light even in the busiest room, filled with the ceaseless din of whirring looms where the artisans sat bending over the threads; while the lovely play of color and beauty of texture of the fabrics issuing from under their fingers relieved their work of that character of purely mechanical drudgery which is one of the dreariest features of ordinary factory toil. Yet this was evidently the department that entailed the most arduous and sedentary labor, for as we went out again into the peaceful stillness of the July landscape, Mr. Morris reverted with a sigh to the great problem, and asked why men should be imprisoned thus for a lifetime in the midst of such deafening

clatter, in order to earn a bare subsistence, while the average professional man pockets in comfortable ease a fee out of all proportion to his exertions? The obvious answer, referring to the relative scarcity of intellectual as compared with physical capacity, seemed to lose much of its pertinence when addressed to a man who had tested both kinds of labor and could so accurately measure their relative claims. There is no branch of work performed in Mr. Morris's factory in which he himself is not skilled; he has rediscovered lost methods and carefully studied existing processes. Not only do his artisans share his profits, but at the same time they feel that he understands their difficulties and requirements, and that he can justly estimate and reward



THE TOWN OF MERTON ABBEY.

their performance. Thus an admirable relation is established between employer and employed, a sort of frank comradeship, marked by mutual respect and good-will. In this relation, Mr. Morris seems to have borrowed all that was sound and admirable from the connection between the mediæval master-workman and his artist-apprentices. The excellent custom, restored from the generally despised days that preceded the invention of the steam-engine, Mr. Morris has modified, by adding thereto that spirit of intimate, boundless sympathy which under the name of humanitarianism is the peculiar product, as it is the chief dawning glory, of our own age. The exquisite fabrics to be found in his workshop, which have so largely influenced English taste in household decoration, are intended to perform another service less conspicuous but still more important than the first. That the workman shall take pleasure in his work, that decent conditions of light and breathing-space and cleanliness shall surround him, that he shall be made to feel himself not the brainless "hand," but the intelligent coöperator, the *friend* of the man who directs his labor, that his honest toil shall inevitably win fair and comfortable wages, whatever be the low-water record of the market-price of

men, that illness or trouble befalling him during the term of his employment shall not mean dismissal and starvation,—these are some of the problems of which Mr. Morris's factory is a noble and successful solution. For himself, he eschews wealth and luxury, which are within easy reach of his versatile and brilliant talents, in order that for a few at least of his brother men he may rob toil of its drudgery, servitude of its sting, and poverty of its horrors.

Mr. Morris's work has two distinct moral purposes,—one in its bearing upon the producer, which we have just considered, and the other in its relation to the purchaser. In the latter connection his aim has been to revive a sense of beauty in home life, to restore the dignity of art to ordinary household decoration. So strong and wide has been his influence that he may be said to have revolutionized English taste in decorative art. Graceful designs reproduced from natural outdoor objects, fabrics of substantial worth, be they the simplest cotton stuffs or the most exquisite silks and brocades, colors that shall stay fast through sunshine and shade,—these are the general characteristics of his manufactures. By a singular fatality, his very success has been in certain ways detrimental to him. His

designs have been imitated by manufacturers less scrupulous as to quality and thoroughness, until their peculiar charm of individuality is almost lost sight of. They have been cheapened and *commonplaced*, and so distorted from their original purpose as apparently to encourage indirectly that very taste for useless

posed to have brought into vogue a dingy, bilious-looking yellow-green—a color of which he has a special and personal hatred." All this misunderstanding arises not from any lack of clearness or consistency in his expression, but simply because of the perversion of his ideas through copies, imitation, and misre-



THE MILL-POND.

luxuries, sham art, and stupid bric-à-brac which it has been his chief endeavor to destroy. His name has become for some people (more especially in America) falsely associated with that modern fashion which is his detestation, of encumbering our rooms with silly baubles that, in his own words, "make our stuffy, art-stifling houses more truly savage than a Zulu's kraal or an East Greenlander's snow-hut." He has a special proclivity for "frank colors," pure and solid, and yet, as he himself complains with whimsical despair, "he is sup-

port, and the unwillingness of many people to dispel their hazy notion of him by examining for themselves his actual work, whether in literature or in decorative art. No one insists more strenuously than he upon the necessity of simplifying our lives. "Nothing can be a work of art which is not useful, that is to say, which does not minister to the body when well under command of the mind, or which does not amuse, soothe, or elevate the mind in a healthy state. What tons upon tons of unutterable rubbish, pretending to be works of

art in some degree, would this maxim clear out of our London houses if it were understood and acted upon." For "London" read New York, and the lesson comes home to us with tenfold force. "If you cannot learn to love real art, at least learn to hate sham art and reject it. Learn to do without—there is virtue in those words, a force that rightly used would choke both demand and supply of mechanical toil. . . . And then from simplicity of life would rise up the longing for beauty; and we know that nothing can satisfy that demand but intelligent work, rising gradually into imaginative work which will turn all operators into workmen, into artists, into men."

In accordance with these ideas, one is not surprised to find his factory a scene of cheerful, uncramped industry, where toil looks like pleasure, where flowers are blooming in the windows, and sunshine and fresh air brighten the faces of artist and mechanic. After going through all the workshops, the best part of our visit has yet to come, in a walk through the enchanting old garden.

"A fair, green close,
Hedged round about with woodbine and red rose.
. . . And all about were dotted leafy trees,—
The elm for shade, the linden for the bees;
The noble oak long ready for the steel,
That in that place it had no fear to feel."

Are there just such gardens anywhere out of England, with their careless profusion and variety, their delightful little accidental walks and lanes leading nowhither, their absence of all primness in the arrangement of flower and berry beds, of all formality in their freely expanding, generously blooming trees! Here we stood for some time beside the merry little Wandle, which is no less full of sparkle and music because it has been coaxed into turning the great mill-wheel below the dam. Growing thick along the water, the blue-gray willows etch their delicate tracing of boughs against the soft sky.

"Over the leaves of the garden blooms the many-folded rose."

If the Surrey roses were rich and plentiful along railway and roadside, what shall be said of their abundance and splendor in this protected spot! They clambered along the ruined abbey wall, and started up from bush and vine on every side, making the air spicy with their sweetness. Under the direction of this poet-husbandman, even the orchard and kitchen-garden seemed to wear a certain spontaneous grace with the partly disguised regularity of their well-ordered rows. Here, besides ordinary edible roots and plants, flourish others which were not considered suscep-

tible of cultivation in England until Mr. Morris introduced them in order to extract particular juices for his dyes. One of the clear, brilliant yellows frequently employed in his fabrics is procured from the bushes of his garden. At our feet ripe strawberries nestled under their dark leaves, and overhead tall, gently rustling trees screened us from the tempered heat of the English sun. All was freshness and grace, all spoke of loving sympathy with nature and intelligent command of her virtues and activities; all was impregnated with that free, large, and wholesome beauty which Mr. Morris seems to obtain from everything that surrounds him.

In making the personal acquaintance of one whose artistic work is familiar and admirable to us, the main interest must ever be to trace the subtle, elusive connection between the man and his creation. In the case of Mr. Morris, at first sight, nothing can be more contradictory than the "dreamer of dreams born out of his due time," and the practical business man and eager student of social questions who successfully directs the Surrey factory and the London shop. Little insight is required, however, soon to find beneath this thoroughly healthy exterior the most impersonal and objective English poet of our generation. The conspicuous feature of his conversation and character is the total absence of egoism, and we search in vain through his voluminous writings for that morbid habit of introspection which gives the keynote to nineteenth-century literature. He has the child-like delight in telling a story for the story's sake of Chaucer, Boccaccio, and Scott, the plastic power of setting before us in simple and distinct outlines figures of force and grace entirely removed from his own conditions and temperament, the unmoralizing, hearty pleasure in nature and art which characterized an earlier age. He has succeeded in forgetting and in making us

"Forget six counties overhung with smoke,
Forget the snorting steam and piston-stroke,
Forget the spreading of the hideous town,"

and in setting before us

"A nameless city in a distant sea,
White as the changing walls of faërie."

The passion for beauty, which unless balanced by a sound and earnest intelligence is apt to degenerate into sickly and selfish æstheticism, inflames him with the burning desire to bring all classes of humanity under its benign influence. That art, together with the leisure and capacity to enjoy it, should be monopolized by the few, seems to him as

egregious a wrong as that men should go hungry and naked. With this plain clew to the poet's character, there is no longer any contradiction between the uncompromising socialist and the exquisite artist of "The Earthly Paradise." If Mr. Morris's poetry have (as I think no one will dispute) that virginal quality of springtide freshness and directness which we generally miss in modern literature, and which belonged to Chaucer as to Homer, the cause may be found in his reproduction in methods and principles of life of certain conditions under which classic art was generated.



KELMSCOTT MANOR. MR. MORRIS'S COUNTRY PLACE.

He has chosen to be a man before being a poet; he has rounded and developed all sides of a well-equipped and powerful individuality; he has plunged vehemently into the rushing stream of current action and thought, and has made himself at one with his struggling, panting, less vigorous fellow-swimmers. He has not only trained himself intellectually to embrace with wide culture the spirit of Greek mythology, the genius of Scandinavian as of Latin poetry, but he has cultivated muscle and heart as well as nerve and brain. The result upon his art has been indirect, but none the less positive. He seems intuitively to have obeyed those singular rules for poetic creation formulated by Walt Whitman:

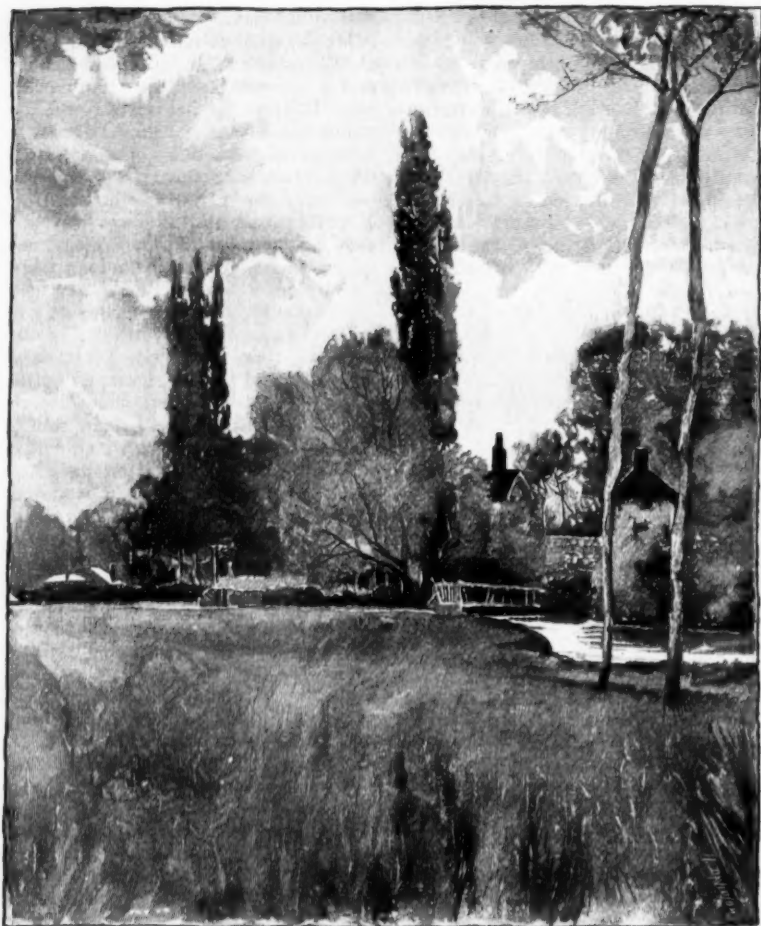
"Who troubles himself about his ornaments or fluency is lost. This is what you shall do: love the earth and sun and the animals, despise riches, give alms to every one that asks, stand up for the stupid and crazy, devote your income and labor to others, hate tyrants, argue not concerning God, have patience and indulgence towards the people, take off your hat to nothing known or unknown, or to any man or number of men, go freely with powerful, uneducated persons, and with the young and with the mothers of families, . . . reëxamine all you have been told at school or at church, dismiss whatever insults your soul,—and your very flesh shall be a great poem and have the richest fluency, not only in its words, but in the

silent lines of your lips and face, and between the lashes of your eyes, and in every motion and joint of your body."

Mr. Morris's extreme socialistic convictions are the subject of so much criticism at home, that a few words concerning them may not be amiss here. Rather would he see the whole framework of society shattered than a continuance of the actual condition of the poor. "I do not want art for a few, any more than education for a few or freedom for a few. No, rather than that art should live this poor, thin life among a few exceptional men, despising those beneath them for an ignorance

for which they themselves are responsible, for a brutality which they will not struggle with; rather than this, I would that the world should indeed *sweep away all art for a while*. . . . Rather than the wheat should rot in the miser's granary, I would that the earth had it, that it might yet have a chance to quicken in the dark."

The above paragraph, from a lecture delivered by Mr. Morris before the Trades' Guild of Learning, gives the key to his socialistic creed, which he now makes it the main business of his life to promulgate. In America the avenues to ease and competency are so broad and numerous, the need for higher culture, finer taste, more solidly constructed social bases is so much more conspicuous than the inequality of conditions, and the necessity to level and destroy, that the intelligent American is apt to shrink with aversion and mistrust from the communistic enthusiast. In England, however, the inequalities are necessarily more glaring, the pressure of that densely crowded population upon the means of subsistence is so strenuous and painful, that the humane on-looker, whatever be his own condition, is liable to be carried away by excess of sympathy. One hears to-day of individual Englishmen of every rank flinging themselves with reckless heroism into the breach, sacrificing all thought of personal interest in the desperate endeavor to stem the huge flood of misery and pauperism. Among such men stands William Morris, and however wild and visionary his hopes and aspirations for the people may appear to outsiders, his magnanimity must command respect. No thwarted ambitions, no stunted capacities, no narrow, sordid aims have ranged him on the side of the disaffected, the agitator, the



THE RIVER.

outcast. As poet, scholar, householder, and capitalist, he has everything to lose by the victory of that cause to which he has subordinated his whole life and genius. The fight is fierce and bitter; so thoroughly has it absorbed his energies, so filled and inspired and

illuminated is he with his aim, that it is only after leaving his presence we realize that it is to this man's strong and delicate genius we owe the enchanting visions of "The Earthly Paradise," and Sigurd the Volsung, the story of Jason, and "The Æneids of Virgil."*

Emma Lazarus.

* The following extract from a letter addressed to me by Mr. Morris, bearing date of April 21, 1884, will help to elucidate his socialistic and artistic views.—E. L.:

"I have no objection to stating the *kind* of profit-sharing that goes on in my business; it would not be worth while to give details of it. The profit-sharing only extends at present to the managers and heads of departments, not to use a grand word, foremen if you please, although properly speaking we have no fore-

men. The greater part of our men are paid by piece-work, according to the custom of their trade; this makes it neither so necessary that they should share profits, nor so easy to arrange a scheme. And now I must state that when I began to turn my attention to this matter of profit-sharing, though I had little faith in its proving a solution of the labor and capital question, I thought it might advance that solution somewhat in the absence of any distinct attempt towards universal coöperation, *i. e.*, socialism, and I hoped to

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be able to put my whole establishment on a profit-sharing basis. I now see clearer *why* I had no faith in the profit-sharing, and at the same time see that things are tending towards socialism, so that there is no temptation to me to try to advance a movement which in its incompleteness would rather injure than help the cause of labor. At the same time, I see no harm in the profit-sharing business within certain limits; if, I mean to say, it only means raising the wages at the expense of the individual capitalist. I have always done this by giving wages above the ordinary market-price, and always shall do so.

"I ought to say why I think mere profit-sharing would be no solution of the labor difficulty. In the first place, it would do nothing towards the extinction of *competition*, which lies at the root of the evils of to-day; because each coöperative society would compete for its corporate advantage with other societies, would in fact so far be nothing but a joint-stock company. In the second place, it would do nothing towards the extinction of exploitation, because the most it could do in that direction would be to create a body of small capitalists, who would exploit the labor of those underneath them quite as implacably as the bigger capitalists do; just as peasant proprietors do in the matter of rent for land. In the third place, the immediate result of the system of profit-sharing would be an increase of overwork amongst the industrious, who would, of course, always tend upward toward that small capitalist class abovesaid. This would practically mean putting the screw on all wage-earners and intensifying the contrast between the well-to-do and the mere unskilled, the hewers of wood and drawers of water; for all these industrious, successful people would take good care to have people to live on lower down. General result, increase of work done, which all reasonable people should try to curtail, increase of luxury, increase of poverty. Thus, you see, so accused is the capitalist system under which we live, that even what should be the virtues of good management and thrift, under its slavery do but add to the misery of our thralldom and

indeed become mere vices, and have at last the faces of cruelty and shabbiness. The bourgeois system is doomed, that is the long and short of it, and this permissible coöperative system, with its apparent fairness of sharing of profits, is but an attempt at insurance for it, by the creation of a fresh set of petty bourgeois.

"So much for sociology; a word or two about the art I have tried to forward. That is a simple matter enough. I have tried to produce goods which should be genuine as far as their mere substances are concerned, and should have on that account the primary beauty in them which belongs to naturally treated natural substances; have tried, for instance, to make woolen substances as woolen as possible, cotton as cottony as possible, and so on; have used only the dyes which are natural and simple, because they produce beauty almost without the intervention of art; all this quite apart from the design in the stuffs or what not. On that head it has been, chiefly because of the social difficulties, almost impossible to do more than to insure the *designer* (mostly myself) some pleasure in his art by getting him to understand the qualities of materials and the happy chances of processes. Except with a small part of the more artistic side of the work, I could not do anything (or at least but little) to give this pleasure to the workmen, because I should have had to change their method of work so utterly that I should have disqualified them from earning their living elsewhere. You see I have got to understand thoroughly the manner of work under which the art of the Middle Ages was done, and that that is the *only* manner of work which can turn out popular art, only to discover that it is impossible to work in that manner in this profit-grinding society. So on all sides I am driven towards revolution as the only hope, and am growing clearer and clearer on the speedy advent of it in a very obvious form, though of course I can't give a date for it. . . . I am, etc.,

"Yours very truly, WILLIAM MORRIS."

* See remarks on above in "Topics of the Time."

THE LABOR QUESTION.

BY A WESTERN MANUFACTURER.

THE earliest historic records of the relations of the employed to the employer are those of compelled service; that is, some form of bondage, either slavery to the state (the state being composed only of those who had power) or personal servitude to individual masters. The power of organization was soon learned, and then came the classification of slaves by their duties. This condition continued until the fall of the Roman Empire established the feudal system, while the advance of Christianity gradually did away with slavery. The classified slaves, when freed, instituted *guilds* as a protest against feudalism. These guilds gradually consolidated the forces of the laboring classes against the control of the governing classes. In these guilds history repeated itself. They first became monopolies in their several trades; then wealth began to centralize and consolidate itself; the guilds divided

among themselves into plodders and those who accumulated the savings of their toil, and so capital was born, as a new factor to utilize the labor of the many and a new enemy for labor to antagonize. The tendency to monopoly on the part of the wealthy led to organization on the part of the laborers, and thus grew up, for the first time in history, an independent *working class*. The question of wages also became prominent. Owing to famines and pestilences, during the fourteenth century the countries of Europe were greatly depopulated, resulting in a scarcity of laborers; but every attempt on the part of the latter to insure higher wages met with strenuous opposition on the part of employers. The application of power to machinery and the growth of the factory system strengthened the employer and weakened the employed, while between the two unceasing warfare continued.

The necessity of the laborers organizing themselves brought about the conception of the trades-union; and this form of organization, first legally possible about the beginning of the present century, has continued until the present time to thrive and combat capital. Introduced in this country by English workmen, it has spread rapidly, until every trade has its union. In several instances the attempt is now being made to unite the workmen of all countries, employed in the same trades, in international unions; while during the present decade the endeavor has been made, with some success, to consolidate all forms of unions into one organization, known as "The Knights of Labor," whose various "assemblies" are composed of the diverse unions and of individual members, all auxiliary to and controlled by one supreme central authority. As will now readily appear, trades-unions originated as the inevitable and necessary outcome of those changes in industrial life which led to the growth of a capitalist class, and were fostered by the introduction of machinery, the consequent division of labor, the aggregation of large numbers of workpeople in certain localities, and the inauguration of factory life. They were the protest of the weak and outraged against the strong and overbearing; as veritable a revolution as was the protest of the French people in 1789. As in all revolutions, the swing of the pendulum has been from the extreme of oppression on one side to the extreme of oppression on the other side. With measures often actuated only by blind fury and hate, the result of an hereditary sense of long centuries of wrong and outrage, their power has been exercised alike against their natural friends and their natural foes, until many workmen have felt that what promised freedom and help brought only tyranny and hindrance; while the capitalist class, knowing the destructive power of this blind giant, shrink from encountering the inevitable risks of business, complicated by the hazards incident to dealing with this unknown and not to be estimated factor.

Lest any may consider that the reasons for the institution of trades-unions have been overdrawn and their tyrannical operations have been overstated, a few facts from the history and legislation of England in the past regarding labor may be cited on the one hand, and instances be given to justify the statements regarding their practical tyranny on the other hand. And first as to history and legislation.

The boasted freedom of our Anglo-Saxon ancestors, be it remembered, was all enjoyed by the upper classes, to whom the inferior persons were slaves. It was not until the

thirteenth century that wages began to be paid, and it is only about six hundred years that there have been laborers receiving a money wage, competing for employment, and arranging terms with employers. The power of legislation was with the employers, its complexion always in their favor, and the statutes of labor still retained a portion of this servitude, laying heavy penalties on workers in the various trades who refused to work at a regular fixed remuneration. By the poor-laws, also, those who would not work might be virtually enslaved by being compelled to work for any householder.

The law subjected all who either verbally or in writing combined to keep up wages or limit the hours of work to punishment by imprisonment as criminals. When after the pestilence of 1349 the reduced number of workmen demanded better pay, it was enacted that all laborers should be content with their former rates of liveries and wages; they were to continue to be paid in kind, where payment in kind had been customary; they were forbidden to hire themselves by the day, but must take service by the year or other fixed period; a rate of wages was fixed for all classes of hands, and their hiring must be public. In 1363 the diet and clothing of artificers and servants were fixed by act of Parliament. Clothiers must make and tradesmen sell cloth of a standard quality at a standard price. In 1548 a statute of Edward VI. enacts penalties on certain artificers, handicraftsmen, and laborers, who had sworn mutual oaths to do only certain kinds of work, to regulate how much work should be done in a day, and what hours and times they should work. These penalties were fines, pillory, and loss of ears. The rates of labor were so fixed for about two centuries, and the practice declined only because of the impossibility of preserving it. Within a hundred and fifty years a tariff of wages was drawn up by the Manchester justices which declared that any workman conspiring to obtain more than the fixed rate should, for the third offense, stand in the pillory and lose an ear. It was not until 1824 that in England combinations became lawful. So much for legislation of the past affecting laborers. The effect of this, in connection with other abuses, on the condition of the laboring class was and has been simply horrible. Time forbids the attempt to picture it. But to those who feel interested in pursuing this phase of the subject further, the reading is suggested of a book published in 1864 by Harper & Brothers, entitled "The Social Condition of the English People," by Joseph Kay, Esq. Pleasant reading is not promised, but it furnishes ample explanation of and reason for the profound

dissatisfaction that in a whole class is hereditary. Mr. Kay was commissioned by the Senate of Cambridge University, England, to travel in western Europe and examine the comparative social condition of the poorer classes in the different countries. Of England he says: "The poor of England are more depraved, more pauperized, more irreligious, and very much worse educated, than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain."

England is the mother of trades-unions. A modern trades-union is a somewhat complex organization, and may be defined as, *in theory*, "a combination of workmen to enable each to obtain the conditions most favorable for labor." As accessories, especially in England, the unions collect funds for benefit societies, insurance of tools, libraries, reading-rooms, etc.; but their trade objects may be stated in general as follows: 1. Collecting facts regarding the state of trade. 2. Registering unemployed men and aiding them to get places. 3. Regulating the number of apprentices employed. 4. Regulating hours of labor and proposing trade rules. 5. Opposing non-union employers and workmen. 6. Maintaining men in resistance to employers. 7. Organizing strikes.

The advocates of unions insist that they are the only means by which workmen can defend themselves against the aggressions of employers; that the individual workman cannot meet the employer on equal terms; that starvation treads too closely on his heels to permit successful opposition to a reduction of wages, however arbitrary and unjust; that associations of employers are practically universal, having the object mainly to secure for themselves an undue share of the profits which are the product of capital and labor united; that when trade is depressed wages are reduced, and when trade improves they are not raised; that any attempt to remedy this by individual action would be abortive; that association puts them on a par with employers when negotiating either as to rates of wages or terms of labor; that in both these matters there is a constant gravitation against the working classes that can be opposed only by combination; that many abuses have been corrected; that because of unions "the workingman's life is more regular, even, and safe"; that strikes will become less frequent as organization is perfected and the just limits of their action comprehended; that experience of past errors will warn against inconsiderate action in the future, and that in the end reason will control without recourse to force, either in the shape of strikes or lockouts,—the latter

being only a strike of employers against the employed.

I have failed entirely if I have not sufficiently manifested my conviction that in the history of the past workingmen have had ample justification in demanding the correction of abuses, and in organizing to effect all the beneficent purposes above set forth. One cannot look into the matter without having his indignation kindled and his sympathy excited in the highest degree. It is only when we study the practical working of these organizations that we appreciate somewhat of their baleful influence, learn how far short they come of effecting the desired end, and see their many and serious evils.

As has been said, they were the product of a veritable revolution, and their power has been used as revolutionary forces usually are, blindly, and often fatally to friend and foe alike. The successful working of such a scheme as has been outlined implies the possession of a degree of intellectual and moral equipoise, education, and judicial conservatism, such as only could be the product of centuries of training. What wonder then that these organizations, composed mainly of those who lack these necessary qualifications, burning under a sense of wrong and outrage, in form a fierce democracy in which numbers alone control, and so subject to the guidance of those least qualified to rule, should, as they feel their power, be fierce, cruel, arbitrary, dictatorial—in a word, tyrannical!

The tendency of all unions is to place men on one dead level, and that not the level of the highest, but the level of mediocrity. They dislike the exertion of special or superior ability by any of their members, deeming it an injustice to the rest that one should gain higher pay or win a loftier position. For this reason they decry piece-work, and where it is imperative set a limit upon each individual's production beyond which he must not go. Some of their restrictions are so strange and arbitrary as to seem ridiculous, yet they are enforced with a severity that is appalling. For instance, in the London building trades, if a hod-carrier carries more than nine bricks at a time he is subject to fines and penalties. If he ascends a ladder at too great a speed, fines and penalties. If in going from the shop to work abroad, men walk faster than three miles an hour, fines and penalties. In nearly all trades, if any work is done beyond the limit set by the union, the pay for it goes to the union, and not to the workman doing it. In this way individual excellence is discouraged, and every man is coerced to his damage. This coercion is called "rattening," and is employed to enforce payment of dues and

obedience to rules. Contumacy is visited by punishments in fines, in threats of vengeance, in personal outrage, and sometimes by the murder of the offender.

The Parliamentary Commission of 1867 reported that out of about sixty trades-unions in Sheffield, England, all were charged and thirteen proved to have promoted or encouraged outrages of various degrees of criminality, from theft and intimidation up to personal violence and murder.

All this for members of the union.

Those outside of the union have no rights to be respected. They are "black sheep" and "scabs." Union men will not work with them nor permit them to be employed in the same shops with themselves; and any man who ventures to work on terms which the union condemns takes his life in his hand. So far as individual workmen are concerned, they have exchanged the right of private contract, with all its disabilities, for the despotism of the union, which acts as an effectual bar to the industrial progress of themselves and their class. It is difficult to see how men can preserve their self-respect who tie themselves body and soul to these organizations.

In endeavoring to control in matters that are outside of their proper functions, they also work only evil. By this is meant the arbitrary enforcement of obnoxious restrictions upon the hours and modes of working; opposition to the substitution of improved methods and machinery; the prohibition of apprentices from learning trades; the refusal to conform to the necessary changes demanded by changing tastes and markets; and the attempt to limit the action of non-union workingmen, who never have consented to submit to their control.

There is another and serious class of objections. There can be no doubt that unions foster an unfortunate spirit of antagonism. Being constantly and consciously on the defensive, they come at last to suspect evil in every movement and to put a sinister interpretation on every action of employers. The special interests of the trade affected are often alone cared for, and narrow, selfish, and unjust regulations are enacted for its supposed benefit; and that it may remain a close monopolistic corporation, objectionable terms of service and other coercive measures are enforced, unjustly affecting the working classes generally and subordinating the general well-being to the desired prosperity of a small and selfish number. Strikes have been ordered at times when the position of the market rendered success impossible, resulting in severe and prolonged suffering, while in some highly skilled and limited trades a far higher rate of

wages has been enforced for a time than the value of the labor performed would justify, which, with the adoption of unnecessarily burdensome methods and rules, result in the end in materially checking production, deteriorating the quality of the goods produced, and so tending to transfer the industry to other countries. Not unfrequently arbitrary demands have been pressed upon employers, simply that they might compel compliance and thus show their power,—demands immaterial to the men, but which if submitted to were injurious to the employer, and if resisted must involve heavy loss. The spread of communistic and anarchistic sentiments among the working classes with the growth of trades-unions, and their political significance since the organization of the Knights of Labor, which leads all political parties to cater to their ideas, however erroneous, has introduced into the discussion a new and perplexing factor. The enactment by Congress of a law at their demand, whereby it now is illegal to contract with any foreigner, except he be an opera-singer, for service to be rendered in this country, is a case in point.

This *résumé* of the past history and relations of employer and employed demands a brief statement of the position in which the two parties to the question now find themselves. It is simply a condition of war. The employer contending against the competition of the world finds himself hampered at every step by aggravated restrictions and senseless interferences with his business. Faithful and honorable service, as a rule, is a tradition, but no longer a fact. His interests are not studied, nor indeed cared for. So far as he can discern, his men rather rejoice at his loss than at his gain. He encounters a spirit of antagonism that prevents excellence or certainty of production. Endeavors to enforce discipline or to compel general economies are met by threats of strikes. He cannot even dispense with the services of unworthy or undesirable men, except at the same risk. And he is compelled to transact his business, if he subordinates himself to the behests of the union, at the expense of a serious loss of self-respect. In his endeavors to free himself from this bondage he finds the whole labor element of his community, whether interested in his specialty or not, leagued and arrayed against him, and ready to oppose him and those workmen who feel the burdens of their position to be too heavy by every conceivable means, whether legal or illegal. Through the medium of the various assemblies of the Knights of Labor, a complete espionage is kept over all his workmen as well as himself, and every endeavor is made to prevent any amicable arrange-

ments which do not recognize the union; while if such are made, the workmen and their families are denounced with opprobrium, terrorized by fear of outrage, or debauched with drink, for which purpose organized committees or paid agents are employed.

What wonder, when the conflict joins, that the sentiment, lamentable as it is, that starvation and suffering alone can secure reasonable consideration for employers, should exist and find expression?

The workmen, on their part, look upon their employer as their natural enemy. The historical reasons for this have been stated. Although the relations have so completely changed that the employer is now, perhaps, as frequently the victim of oppression as are the employed, the facts which justified organization have not been forgotten, and the feeling that now that labor has the upper hand, that hand shall be heavily felt, rules the temper of the unions. They justify any and every proceeding that in their opinion tends to maintain the monopoly of the union, prevent workmen from finding independent employment, or employers from conducting business regardless of it. The controlling sentiment is, "all is fair in war, and we are at war," and they are as ruthless, as regardless of age or sex or pity, as must be an actual army, while the grim endurance often manifested of the self-imposed sufferings growing out of strikes cannot but excite wonder alike at its stoicism and its folly.

The more intelligent and thoughtful of workmen acknowledge that they attain their ends by means which entail a loss on their part of self-respect. The situation is one most deplorable; subversive alike of the best interests of employer and employed, of those of society at large, and of all correct economic principles; socially, economically, and morally wrong, and working only evil.

That there will always be some richer and some poorer, in property as in character and in intellect, must be accepted as inevitable. The most we can hope to attain is to remove unnecessary and destructive friction, and so enhance the general well-being. There is no specific panacea for all these woes. Help can come only from the general education and elevation of men, and from a nearer and nearer approach to the ordering of society in accordance with the principles of the Golden Rule; but a clear presentation of existing evils may lead to an intelligent appreciation of their gravity, and possibly may suggest the better way. Surely a condition which on both sides results in the loss of self-respect and in the absence of mutual respect, must be capable of improvement: there must be a better way.

The problem to be solved may now be stated. Given, a field of production open to the competition of the world, employing capital, the savings of labor applied to production, and labor, administrative, creative, and distributive, what relations shall exist between these so that the highest well-being of all shall be subserved? The question must be discussed not only as to man as a laboring animal, but also as to man as a social, intellectual, and moral being. The field of production must be so tilled that individual character shall be developed, and the proper division of the costs and profits of production be recognized in all states of the market as equitable and just. Under the wage system, when prices are high, labor gets less than its equitable share; when prices are low, it gets more than its equitable share, or production ceases and it gets nothing. To correct these evils strikes and lockouts are the sole remedy—a remedy almost worse than the disease. Arbitration has been proposed to meet such exigencies, but arbitration does nothing to remove the cause, and is confessedly only an expedient. It has no power more than temporarily to alleviate, and the moment a change of market occurs its basis of settlement is disturbed. No mutual interests are or can be by it created, that shall be operative under all conditions, and automatic and self-regulating in action.

This cannot be under the wage system, and some basis must be found that shall recognize what we all are so glib in expressing, that "the interests of capital and labor are mutual and identical"; that shall give that idea practical working force, so that capital and labor shall be in fact partners in the costs and profits, be they greater or smaller, of production; shall result in continuous and not spasmodic employment; shall be free from all socialistic and communistic taint; shall by its self-evident equity produce such content as is humanly possible.

The wage system a failure, its results pernicious,—what shall succeed it?

Before the answer is suggested, you will have anticipated it, and in your minds have said coöperation. The suggestion is not at all novel. To the idea of coöperation the best minds have been naturally led, and certain tests or partial tests of its value have been made, largely in Europe, where, in special industries in which it was of comparatively easy application, its workings have proved eminently satisfactory. "Why," it may be asked, "if this is so, has it not been universally adopted?" There are many reasons, some of which may be given.

On the part of employers. So long as the

wage system could be worked without dangerous friction, and the control of production and the laws regulating it were wholly in their hands, the necessity of change was not sufficiently felt to compel it. As the conditions grew more onerous this class were unwilling to admit that labor had any rights in the results of business. There was a profound ignorance on the part of both employers and employed of all economic truth. Employers were selfish, and, assuming it to be true that they took all the risks, demanded all the profits. They were wedded to the wage system, knew of no other, its results could be speedily and definitely ascertained, and change to an unfamiliar system seemed portentous. There were and are also practical difficulties in the way of accounting which render it hard to ascertain the proportion contributed by each to the cost of production. Employers mostly are not philosophers, but are hard-headed, dogmatic, averse to change, and especially averse to change that is forced upon them. The fact that as the subject was usually presented it involved some communistic features, and offered to the employees some degree of administrative control, was especially distasteful to employers. Since in most pursuits administrative control has well-nigh wholly passed out of their hands, and their two sole functions as producers now are, to provide material to be worked up under rules formulated by the workmen, and money to pay wages whose rate is not at all of their making, this objection now is less obvious; still, thus far they have doggedly stuck to the old way, though confessedly it was out of joint and failed to produce good results.

The employed also are ignorant of economic truth; wedded to the wage system with its frequent and final settlements; lack confidence in the truth of employers' figures as well as ability to verify them; are uncertain as to their final remuneration, and unable to wait for their pay until results are ascertained. Being aware that inefficient workmen are a dead weight on business, the good workmen dislike to carry the poor ones on their shoulders, and falsely think that the wage system compels the employer alone to sustain the loss incident to their employment. On both sides this is a formidable list of objections, those having their basis in ignorance and prejudice being perhaps the most difficult to overcome. But men are educated rapidly under the stress of necessity, and this pressure is upon us.

Let us see if it be not possible to suggest a practicable scheme of coöperation that shall be reasonable, not unduly difficult of application, self-acting so far as maintaining equita-

ble relations in all states of the market, require no greater degree of educated intelligence to render it operative than all should aspire to, enable employer and employed to maintain their self-respect, stimulate individual excellence, and place production on a "peace footing."

To illustrate: The elements of the cost of articles are interest on capital, active and fixed, taxes, insurance, repairs, allowance for deterioration and renewals, and labor. Assume as a basis of cost the usual business interest on capital, taxes, insurance, repairs, a proper allowance for deterioration and renewals, a proper compensation for services of proprietors, salaries, wages to unskilled men, and the current wages at the time being of skilled workmen. Each of these will compose a definite percentage of the cost not difficult to ascertain. If the selling price of articles produced just meets this cost, there is no profit; if it is less, there is loss, under the present system sustained alone by the employer; if it is greater, there is profit, now unshared by the employee. If, however, the interest on capital, compensation of proprietors, salaries, and wages were increased or decreased in proportion as the selling price was higher or lower than cost, there would be practical coöperation, in which all would share the profit or loss in proportion to their respective contributions to cost.

Assume further that the wages are forty per cent. of this cost. If the business of any given year showed a loss of say ten thousand dollars, forty per cent. of this would fall upon employees and sixty per cent. on the employers. If for a like period it showed a gain of ten thousand dollars, the employees would receive of this, in excess of their computed wages, forty per cent., and the employers sixty per cent. In either case both capital and labor would receive all that the business as transacted was capable of paying.

I do not care to go into the details of its application, but is it not obvious that under such a system the workmen would be stimulated to lessen cost and increase production, to economize in time, material, and labor, so as to avoid loss and assure a profit to be shared by them; and would not this new spirit conduce to self-respect, to elevation of character, to sobriety, and to a general uplifting of all engaged in production? Would not the dissatisfaction which now spends itself on conditions then be alone felt as to results? Would it not tend to improve and elevate the social, intellectual, and moral nature of every man? Would strikes and lockouts be possible under such a system intelligently and honestly administered? Would not antago-

nisms be allayed because of all having a common interest, definite, practical, and easily appreciated? And might we not hope that with the subsidence of the war spirit between capital and labor, the divine truth and practical working value of Christ's second great

commandment, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself," would be recognized, and so lead men to accept both the second and the first of his commands as their rule of life? The way is long; progress will be slow; but it is on such lines alone that there is hope.

Edward L. Day.

COÖPERATION.

BY A NEW YORK MASTER-PRINTER.

ABOUT twenty years ago some journeymen of an important trade in this city formed a coöperative association with the intent, as they said, to be their own employers. Most of them were good workmen. Their joint contribution of money gave them enough of capital to equip a respectable workshop. All had been members of a large trades-union, and had the sympathy of that union and the active good-will of the unions of other trades. They began business with hopeful prospects, with very little debt, and with assurances of excellent custom.

At the outset the association had all the work it could do. The receipts of the first quarter were larger than had been expected. Success seemed beyond all doubt. But this apparent success made changes in the habits of a few of the coöperators. Their industry slackened. Men who were earning, or thought they were earning, eight days' pay for six days' work, felt justified in coming later and going earlier every day, or in absenting themselves for an occasional entire day. To other coöperators who worked steadily, this irregularity was offensive. Quarreling followed, production fell off.

The balance-sheet of the first year's business did not show the large profits expected. Then came dissatisfaction with the management. Every coöperator was sure, if he were manager, that he would stop many useless expenses, and compel his fellows to do more work. The business meetings of the association were made inharmonious by trivial complaints and impracticable suggestions. The inability of the manager to always get the extreme high rates of the trade, or to compel customers to accept inferior work at ordinary price, was a frequent cause of complaint.

The second year's business showed no real profit. What was worse, the tools and materials were wearing out, and the custom of the association was not increasing. The manager said truly enough that custom would diminish if the association did not furnish buyers with the better workmanship that

could be had from better machines. He recommended the purchase of improved machinery and severer penalties against indolence or neglect. A majority opposed the buying of new machinery—opposed any policy which postponed a present profit for a future benefit. Most of the members voted not to wait; they wanted results and profits at once.

Under these restrictions the business became entirely unprofitable, and the association broke up. All the coöperators returned to the older method of working weekly for fixed wages. To this day the failing coöperators attribute their failure, not to neglect and want of enterprise, but to internal dissensions and insufficiency of capital. There were other reasons which were not apparent to them then or now, and which will always have an influence on similar enterprises.

Not one of the coöperators had any training in the counting-room or at book-keeping, or knew the proper methods for managing a large business. Taught their trades in a workshop, they had no opportunity. They underrated expenses and overrated profits. As journeymen under the influence of the trades-union spirit, they had regarded capital as antagonistic to labor; as coöperators they could not divest themselves of the old opposition: but the capital to be opposed by them as an association was the capital represented by their friends the customers, who were often treated as old employers had been treated—not as friends to be conciliated, but as antagonists to be coerced or brought to terms. It was a more difficult task.

The greatest obstacle to the success of manufacturing coöperations of journeymen is their imperfect knowledge of the expenses of business, and of the smallness of the profit made from each workman. To illustrate. A factory that employs one hundred workmen and pays a net profit of \$10,000 a year does a thriving business. Few journeymen can see that this profit of \$10,000 a year, if paid to them, would give each only about two dollars more a week. The average workman is not

content with the risk and responsibility of a copartner for so small a return.

The intent of trades-unions is to secure uniformity of wages, with slight regard to conditions of business or to the unequal production of different workmen. The spirit of the coöperative method is the readjustment of the returns of labor in true proportion with the profits of the business and the true production of each coöperator. The two policies are in direct opposition. Men who have been educated to believe in the wisdom of the first policy will not cheerfully accept the second. To many, coöperation would be a disappointment. If every factory were organized under the coöperative method, there would be great inequality in the earnings of workmen in the same factory, and still greater inequality in the earnings of men in different factories. In some shops men would receive large dividends; in others, equally good and perhaps better workmen would get nothing. In other shops good workmen as well as poor might be debited on their weekly wages with the losses of an unprofitable year. That there might be more of the latter than of the former class is plain enough to any one who has consulted the statistics of manufacturing industries. Few succeed where many fail. The discontent of a superior workman who has been so unfortunate as to work in a shop that has made no profits, when he contrasted his scant earnings with the liberal returns made to another workman, perhaps his inferior in skill, who had been engaged in a lucrative business, would soon make him rebel at the apparent injustice of the coöperative method.

Manufacturing coöperations formed by employers of established responsibility with their foremen and leading workmen, who have a proper knowledge of the expenses of conducting business, and full trust in their employers' sagacity, have been of advantage to the coöperators. So far as I know these are the only ones that have been successful. They would be more numerous if employers could be assured that the journeymen who wish to be coöperators would take all the duties as well as all the privileges of the new position.

A cautious employer fears to propose coöperation when he considers the prejudices

against unequal pay, and the peculiar notions about rights and duties which are held by many journeymen. Men who base their claim for full wages, not so much on their efficiency as producers, as on the prescriptive rights they have earned, or fancy they have earned, by serving apprenticeship, or from membership in a trade society—men who habitually evade the more disagreeable duties of their business, never doing more than is required of them—cannot be desired as good helpers in any coöperative enterprise. They may hinder it more as partners than as journeymen. They cannot help it.

The larger part of the world's work is now done, as it has been, for fixed wages. That some of this work is inequitably paid for may be freely admitted; but with all its evils, the preference of the great army of the employed is for fixed wages, the content which comes from present security, and full release from all risk and responsibility. When a larger share of the employed will accept their fair share of responsibility, one may begin experiments in coöperation with more hope of success.

This time should not be far off. Recent events must have shown to thinking mechanics what coöperation in trades-unions can do and what it cannot do in the matter of wages. A year or two more of experience may be needed to complete the demonstration, and prove that the strength of any association, whether it be a trade-union or a coöperative factory, is not in proportion to the number, but the quality of its membership—not in its large balance in bank, nor in its prescriptive rights, nor its ability to get gifts or loans, but in the skill, efficiency, and fair dealing of its individual members. The thoughtful workman must see that there are rewards for labor which no society can get for him—rewards to be earned by the discharge of duties which he must do himself; that it is better for him to be expert and active at his trade, trying to do more rather than less than is required of him, making himself more and more useful to his employer and to society, than it is to lean on any association for support or protection. It will be from the ranks of these men, and these men only, that the successful coöperative societies of the future will be formed.

Theodore L. De Vinne.





THE AUTHOR OF "THE LADY, OR THE TIGER?"

IT is scarcely four years since Frank R. Stockton broached the enigma of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" and ceasing to be only "a rising young man," realized the complete success which he is now enjoying at the age of fifty-two. As he himself says, his career is an instance of "protracted youth." Before he was twenty he had made up his mind to be an author, and during nearly thirty years of sporadic literary work his nimbus, like the northern lights, had flickered a little this side or that, or momentarily shown a spectacular glow. It was entirely visible to many when the "Rudder Grange" sketches appeared in a haphazard, transient way. But not until the little conundrum of three magazine pages had set everybody talking did he become a celebrity.

Edward Eggleston used to say that Stockton's mind possessed one chamber that had been denied to the rest of mankind. It is certain that nearly everything he has written stands by itself, both for originality of plot and freshness of humor. His unique stories always did hit the mark, but they came at uncertain intervals, and their purpose was fancifully hidden, except for the obvious intention to amuse. But "The Lady, or the Tiger?" was a shaft condensed from the entire Stocktonese, and barbed with a puzzle which in the nature of human things no man could ever solve, and the author as little as any; and to complete the pique of the jest, any woman might solve it for herself, but for no other woman. But that fact did not deter people from trying. A "Lady, or the Tiger?" literature was the result, of which a part found its way into print, while no end of it gave new life to literary and debating societies.

Of course such an excuse for epistolizing the author was not neglected. Some wrote out of curiosity to know the author's opinion; others as an appeal to the superior court. But all the satisfaction the author has been able to give inquirers may be summed in the statement that the story contains everything he ever knew about the incident, and that "If you decide

which it was—the lady, or the tiger—you find out what kind of a person you are yourself."

There was temerity in attempting a sequel to so great a success, but the author came off wondrously well with "The Discourager of Hesitancy." After it was printed nearly everybody who had written him before, inquired by letter whether the prince chose the lady who frowned or the one who smiled. He had once printed a skit called "Every man his own letter-writer," in burlesque of the polite letter-writer, so it may be assumed that he was well prepared to take care of this practical joke on himself.

Of the peculiar traits which determine his personality Mr. Stockton has a monopoly in a greater degree than most men—excepting of his parents, for he belongs to a large family of children. Almost as a matter of course every American Stockton is by birth or descent a New-Jerseyman. In 1656 Richard Stockton came to this country from Cheshire, England. His eldest son, Richard, settled in Princeton, New Jersey, and founded that influential branch. Two other sons made their home in Burlington on the Delaware, a little nearer Trenton than Philadelphia which has always been the metropolis, so to speak, of the Burlington branch. One of the Burlington sons of the elder Richard was named John, and from him by three removes we have Samuel Stockton, the grandfather of the novelist.

This grandfather married Hannah Gardiner, of a well-known New Jersey family. Her great-grandfather was the first Speaker of the general legislature when the two Jerseys were united in one colonial government. His father was one of the original proprietors of the Western Province of New Jersey, member of the Assembly and of the Governor's Council. It is from the Gardiners that Samuel Stockton's descendants have inherited many of their characteristics.

William S. Stockton, the father of Frank R., is remembered in the history of the Methodist Church as one of the most independent and militant of the laity. He was the leader

in the revolt against the Methodist Episcopal polity, and established "The Wesleyan Repository" at Trenton to advocate lay representation. After 1824 the controversy waxed bitter and this Wesleyan reformer was not in the habit of dipping his pen in oil. In 1830 he helped to establish the seceding Methodist-Protestant Church, which gave the laity equal strength and footing with the ministers in the general conference. He was also a fierce controversialist in his character of anti-Jesuit, temperance reformer, and abolitionist, and on the latter score the wing of the church which he had helped to foster was split in 1858, but in 1877 the Northern and Southern churches were reunited. Without being an exhorter, his pen was busy to the last with controversial subjects, and he edited a life of John and Charles Wesley which he himself published. When he was living in Arch street, he would cross to the sunny side on a hot summer's day, so as to avoid the shadow of the Arch Street Theater.

There is a tradition in the family, that the father in his lifetime read one whole novel and the half of another. In his efforts to fathom the Jesuits he dipped into Eugene Sue's "Wandering Jew," but recoiled from the greater part of it. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" impressed him deeply and satisfied all his cravings for light reading. Religion and religions absorbed his thoughts, and his pastime was gardening.

By two marriages his family was divided into groups of children of varying tastes. The first wife was a Miss Hewlings of Burlington, whom he married very young. She bore him eleven children, only three of whom grew up and married. The eldest of these, the Rev. Dr. Thomas Hewlings Stockton, was one of the most eloquent preachers of his time. During his ministry in Baltimore, he was, for a time, Chaplain of Congress. Henry Clay once said that Dr. Stockton was the greatest pulpit orator he had ever heard. He had a gift for poetry of a deeply religious cast, and his sister Elizabeth often contributed verses to the magazines of thirty years ago.

When William S. Stockton was forty-five he married, for his second wife, Miss Emily Drean of Loudoun county, Virginia, his junior by twenty-five years, and who, on her mother's side, inherited French blood.

Emily Drean bore him nine children, six of whom grew to adult age, including Frank who was the eldest of them. The half-brother and two half-sisters, children of the first wife, were so much older than the second family that their children came about the same time. Their uncle, Wesley Stockton, was the father of twenty children; so out of the two families

and the grandchildren and the neighborly scions of the parallel line, not to mention the visiting Methodist brethren, there were always enough to crowd the board of the Wesleyan patriarch. When the Reverend Doctor with his family came to live with his father, nineteen Stocktons always sat down at one table, and mirth followed close upon the blessing. The father died at the age of seventy-five, his death being the result of an accident; and the second wife lived to be seventy-five.

Francis Richard, as is recorded in the family Bible with much particularity, was born in Philadelphia, at nine o'clock of a Saturday night, which was the 5th of April, 1834. He owes his given names to the romantic taste of his half-sister Emily, who thought him a worthy namesake of Francis I. and Richard Cœur de Lion. His next younger brother, John Drean, the journalist, succeeded in getting named after his maternal grandfather, but the half-sister scored another royalty by naming the literary sister Marie-Louise, after Napoleon's second spouse, but she is known to the reading public as Louise Stockton. Soberer counsels prevailed in the naming of the three other surviving children, who it may be a matter of interest to know have never shown symptoms of the writing fever. One became William S., Jr., another Mary, and the youngest Paul, in honor of the Apostle.

With peculiar solicitude the father kept Frank and John out of Sunday-school from fear of their meeting bad boys. But the Sunday exercises at home surpassed their desires. With two years between them the brothers were literally possessed with one spirit of deviltry, while having two heads and four hands for its execution. Much of their boyhood was passed in the country about Philadelphia, and as is usually the case with large families, the boys of the neighborhood who could keep up the pretense of being good, had the swing of the entire Stockton domain. Six or eight of the most intimate youngsters were initiated by the brothers into a secret society, known as the "A. O. B." and patterned on what was supposed to be the methods of desperate robbers.

One of the duties of the members was to perform strange deeds, such as the midnight conveyance of fruit and food. In pursuing this aim they once ate the mince-meat out of their mother's pies, replacing it with cold mush and carefully fitting on the top crusts. Two Methodist ministers were at the family dinner on the following day, which was Sunday. Frank and John didn't want any pie. They wanted to go, but with fear and trembling awaited developments. As soon as the reverend guests got

the first pieces and began to look dazed, the boys bolted.

While living in Bucks county the boys owned a dog which, of course, was death on cats. In hunting the favorite feline of a dangerous neighbor they were surprised by that watchful person. They fled and expected vengeance, but having heard that the neighbor had a brood of little pigs, they boldly and innocently returned to him and offered to buy a pig. A dollar cooled the man's ire, while the pigling was borne home and placed in the family pen. At feeding-time the boys would watch their chance of keeping back the other pigs with sticks while their little one gorged himself. By this means he grew to be the biggest in the pen and netted them a profit of seven dollars.

Another strange deed of the "A. O. B." was worthy of the future author of "The Reversible Landscape" and "The Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*." During the visit of a cousin, he and Frank and John had to sleep on an old-fashioned, high-posted bedstead. It occurred to them to turn the bedstead upside down so that it stood on its posts instead of its legs, and when the mattress and the bed-clothes were spread on the under, then the upper side, their heads came amusingly near the ceiling. This adventure was attended with some noise, and they had only begun to enjoy the novel situation before they were disturbed by a greatly surprised mother, who made them clamber down the tall posts, and spend the night in an improvised bed on the floor.

William S., Jr., the younger brother, was never allowed to join the secret society. He was an assistant, however, in many strange deeds, and notably by sitting on a bee's nest while the boys ran for switches to fight the insects. As soon as the bees awoke to the fact that it was a boycott, they raised the siege in a hurry and the allies fled with a screaming youngster at their heels.

With his evident genius for practical fun, parents ought to be thankful that Mr. Stockton has never in his stories encouraged the boyish nuisance.

For many years gymnastics and fishing were the principal recreations of the brothers. Frank, though slightly built, had a strong, wiry figure, and despite the lameness which has been with him since he was five, he was a leader in vaulting; for given a chance to use his strong arm as a lever, he could swing himself over wide obstacles.

John was even more athletic, and later in life was fond of breaking the ice for a plunge-bath. While living in New York he once engaged an old boatman near Hell Gate

to row him into the East River, which at the time was spotted with floating ice. Great was the awe of the boatman while his fare leisurely stripped himself, took a dive, and as leisurely climbed in again. But he said not a word until John began to dress, when he exclaimed: "Young man, what you want is a *guardeen*!"

Their early schooling was under private care in West Philadelphia. Then Frank entered the Philadelphia public schools and in his eighteenth year finished with the degree of Bachelor of Arts, at the Central High School. That institution had a president and faculty and among a less modest people would have been called a college. Greek and Latin were a part of the four-years' course, but Frank sided with the modern languages, and for two years after he was graduated continued the study of Anglo-Saxon. It is said that he was not the ambitious boy who is always at the head of his class, but rather the facile scholar who invariably had second place without much effort.

Frank and John were as inseparable in juvenile schemes of authorship as in play. A prime amusement was to begin a story after going to bed and toss it back and forth between them for the benefit of the younger brother lying at the foot.* Whenever William nodded he was kicked, because it was a rule that if he staid there at all he must listen.

At the age of ten Frank began the reading of novels, his taste for them being established by a much valued copy of Mrs. Redcliffe's "Mysteries of Udolfo." Somewhat later he wrote his first verses beginning,

"My love she hath a black eye;
Her lips are cherry red."

His companions laughed at a love with a black eye, and wanted to know how she came by it. When he was fourteen he celebrated the battle of Monterey in verse. About this time he, John and another schoolmate favored a religious weekly published in Baltimore with specimens of original poetry, the return of which convinced them that the editor was an ignorant person who really didn't know good poetry from bad. To test this, they copied out one of Milton's short devotional poems and sent it to the editor, hoping to have some fun with him when he sent it back as not good enough. But the poem was printed with a name other than Milton's, and the boys concluded that after all the editor did know good poetry when he saw it.

About the time of entering the high school he tried his hand at a continuation of "Charles O'Malley." During the course he wrote a prize story which was printed in "The Boys'

and Girls' Journal," and made his first appearance in the weekly "American Courier," as the author of a story in the prevailing French manner. On leaving school he joined the "Forensic and Literary Circle," whose members were thirty or forty ambitious young men. Among them was John A. Dorgan, the poet; W. T. Richards, the marine painter; Professor Riché, and Judges Mitchell and Ashman, of Philadelphia; John D. Stockton, the poet and editor, and many others who have since made a name at the bar and in other professions.

A feature of the weekly meetings of the Circle was a manuscript magazine, for which the "Ting-a-ling" stories were written. Afterward they were printed in "The Riverside Magazine," and eventually made his first book. It is recalled that his father was rather indifferent to the products of his son's fancy, and that, looking into one of Frank's manuscripts, he soon came upon an insect or a bird assisting in the conversation. The father smiled sadly and folded the manuscript.

The Ting-a-ling stories stamped their author as a humorist of delicate and original fancy, but he and his fellow-members were often deadly in earnest, and when he once delivered a lecture before the society and its friends, he chose the subject of "Female Influence," and treated it so solemnly that it is said it saddened the hearts of all who heard it.

"Kate," his first short story of any importance, was read before the society. Some of his friends urged him to publish. He fell in with the idea. Back came the story from the leading magazine with a printed reply. When he had recovered from his surprise he sent it to another magazine, with like result. By this time he was fully resolved to publish, and dispatched the luckless "Kate" in turn to all the other magazines. Those having printed replies sent them back with the MS. As an experienced editor he would doubtless justify the printed form as a necessary and courteous means of editorial explanation; still one instance is remembered where he profaned its honest dignity. A well-known author had visited the sanctum, and forgotten a pair of "rubbers," which were forwarded by messenger. Within the package was found the regular printed reply with this sentence underscored: "*The return of an article does not necessarily imply lack of literary merit.*"

But in the case of "Kate" it was the printed thanks of the editor which seemed to stand between its author and fame. At last the story found favor in the eyes of John R. Thompson, editor of the "Southern Literary Messenger," who frankly said he would print but could not pay. By return mail he was

urged not to hesitate on the latter account. "Kate" in print made a little talk which justified the editor in offering thirty dollars for a serial of three parts, "The Story of Champagne," a French tale with a fanciful plot being the result.

From an early age, Frank had intended to be a physician; but as no doctor had ever been President of the United States, that profession ceased, after a time, to attract him. As a compromise between their father's practical views and their private literary hopes, Frank became an engraver on wood and John an engraver on steel.

Frank had a peculiar way of following his art, especially after his marriage, when he traveled leisurely, enjoying country scenes, and often visited in Virginia. Outdoor scenes, and flowers, fruits, and birds were generally his subjects, though he occasionally engraved portraits. As a rule he did his own drawing on the block. He was a regular contributor of pictures, verse, and prose to "Vanity Fair" and "Punchinello," two New York comic papers that aimed to be like "Punch" and died young. During the engraving period he was steadily at literary work, which was done at night. Finally he appointed a day a long time in advance when he would lay down the burin forever, and he kept the appointment. His brother dropped steel-engraving earlier, and at that time was a newspaper writer.

In 1860 Frank Stockton married, in Philadelphia, Miss Marian E. Tuttle, of Amelia county, Virginia. She was the half-sister of Dr. M. F. T. Evans who had married Frank's half-sister, the doctor's acquaintance with the family having begun while he was a student in Philadelphia. At the battle of Gettysburg Dr. Evans's regiment, the Fourteenth Virginia, was in the van of Pickett's charge upon Hancock's line, where William S. Stockton, Jr., who with other infantrymen was working a gun that had been stripped of cannoniers, was taken prisoner by his brother-in-law's regiment; but when the tide of battle quickly turned he escaped. Often each went over a battle-field looking for the other, dead or wounded.

Frank had wished that the war might be averted by a compromise involving the gradual freeing of the slaves, and indemnity to the owners, and he also thought that theoretically a state had a right to secede. In the spring of 1861 he published at his own expense an independent pamphlet called "A Northern Voice," which aimed to assist in settling the difficulty; but the "Voice," which had met with a considerable sale at five cents a copy, was effectually hushed by the firing on Fort Sumter. Before the clash of arms Mrs. Stock-

ton hastened South to visit her relatives. She soon found herself on the Dixie side of the picket-line, and while detained opposite Washington, saw the whole invading army pass into Virginia. With other ladies she was at the time under the protection of the New York Seventh.

John's success in journalism, as well as his own inclinations, had been drawing Frank in the same direction. Having the family taste for horticulture, he was asked to describe that department of the Sanitary Commission's fair for the Philadelphia "Press." One survey of the field showed him that it was too big for his own knowledge; so he asked each exhibitor for brief descriptions of his rarest plants. Collecting these, and licking them into shape with little trouble, he made the hit of all the floral reports, and showed that he possessed the journalistic instinct.

About the time he gave up wood-engraving Jay Cooke was placing the 7.30 government loan. John had influence with the banker and Frank was enlisted to help inculcate the principle that a national debt was a national blessing. With five others he gave his attention to the financial interests of the citizens of New York and gained, if little else, a wide knowledge of the metropolis and its suburbs.

Returning to Philadelphia, he went on "The Morning Post," a paper that had been started by his brother and John Russell Young, and which, in 1872, supported Horace Greeley and fell amid the ruins of that memorable campaign. During his brief newspaper experience he also wrote for the "Riverside Magazine."

In the autumn of 1871 "Punchinello" asked him for a Christmas story and engaged an artist to illustrate it, but the paper died on the threshold of the holidays. He brought the orphaned story to New York and showed it to Dr. Holland, who sent him a moderate sum, which yet seemed so unusually large to the author that he thought he was to share it with the artist. So it happened that "Stephen Skarridge's Christmas," a burlesque on Dickens's imitators, was printed in the January number of this magazine for 1872 and helped to fix his future in New York.

In the same year he became news-editor and writer of short editorials on the family weekly "Hearth and Home," edited by Edward Eggleston. One of its features was a home and children's department conducted by Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, and to that he was also a contributor. Of the funny column, "That reminds me," he had full charge.

On the demise of "Hearth and Home," he joined the staff of "Scribner's Monthly" as an

editorial assistant; but in the autumn of 1873 he became Mrs. Dodge's assistant on the new magazine, "St. Nicholas." No serial story had been secured, and without one the magazine could not go forth. The assistant editor produced "What Might Have Been Expected" by working at night after a long day at the office. He used to be afraid that he would break down, and that everybody would then say: just "What might have been expected!" But he did not break down and the story was finished in due time.

Any one who takes a look into this model story for boys and girls will be sure to glean it, if only for the negro character and conversation and for the quiet touches of humor. Wherever he has touched negro character as here and in "The Late Mrs. Null," the canvas fairly pulses with vigor and humor. And they are all studies from the life obtained during many visits to his wife's family home in Amelia county, in the "black belt" of Virginia, where the colored people are about ten to every white person. Here, at a backwoods cross-roads called Paineville, the "Akeville" of "What Might Have Been Expected," was a chance to study the unmixed, old-fashioned negro with the romancing tongue of Peggy, and the fussy superstitions of Aunt Patsy and Aunt Judy. The latter was first used in "What Might Have Been Expected," of which Aunt Matilda, Uncle Braddock, and the youngster John William Webster were both real characters and veritable names. As each part of the story came out it was read down there within hearing of the assembled prototypes, and great was their pride when their names were sounded. Two namesakes in the negro colony attest the favor in which "Mr. Frank" is held.

Both the character and incidents of that delightful negro story "The Cloverfields Carriage" are real and belong to Paineville. "The Story of Seven Devils" was suggested to him by the narrative of an old negro; and the droll sketch "An Unhistoric Page," which in 1884 gained the "Youth's Companion" prize of \$500 for the best humorous story, belongs to his Amelia county sojourn.

After a visit of recuperation to Florida and Nassau he wrote "A Jolly Fellowship," his second serial for "St. Nicholas." It abounds in lively descriptions and adventures and is ingenious; but of all his writings for children it is the only story, to my thinking, with little interest for older heads.

Two or three of the travel papers collected in "Roundabout Rambles," refer to the same trip. These approach the vein of his short stories, but never reach the high level of his imaginative writings. Apparently he must have his own stage, his own plot, and his own

people, real yet of the fancy, or even purely whimsical, in order to produce that peculiar fusion of reality, fancy, philosophy and humor which is the true Stocktonese.

His second Christmas story, written for this magazine, and printed in January, 1872, is called "The Pilgrims' Packets," and ends in an enigma. In more than one respect it was a forerunner of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" It contains at the outset a bit of mental autobiography, for the tall pilgrim, who, like the two others, has written a story that nobody will appreciate, complains that "the Materialists and Rationalists of Literature will have none of me. They object to my machinery and send me to the children. But I have nothing for children. There is a moral purpose running through my story—a purpose for maturest minds."

He is never loath to explain that from the first adventure of the fairy Ting-a-ling, through "The Floating Prince" series, and down to the recent story of "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," all of his marvelous tales were written for grown people. But when editors of "grown-up" magazines have objected to his "machinery," he has been compelled to carry them to the children, who, to be sure, carry them direct to the grown people. In large part the humor of his fairy stories depends upon their travesty of the traditions of fairy literature; something that only the adult or maturing mind can fully enjoy; but with the humor, there is always a story of incident which satisfies a child's love of adventure and of the marvelous.

His minor stories show a progression from fairy tales to what the author, with a special liking for the kind, calls "fanciful tales." But he has always avoided the big and little immortals, and purely barbarous incidents which characterize the fairy legends of tradition, as handed down by Grimm, and softened and beautified by Andersen. His fairies are human beings of exaggerated traits and powers. There is no "quick-as-a-wink" or fairy wings about their travels. If they have business requiring dispatch they must saddle a grasshopper or a butterfly and obey the laws of inertia and gravitation. When they climb it is by something more tangible than a streak of light from sun or star. At the time he sent his first fairy story to the "Riverside Magazine," the rules of fairy fiction were regarded with the old reverence for the Greek unities, and the editor thought it necessary to apologize for his contributor by explaining in a sub-heading that the story was only "a make-believe fairy tale."

A moral purpose may be discovered underneath the fanciful tales, but it is never

obtruded. For instance, "The Griffin and the Minor Canon," may be construed as teaching the repression of harmful tastes. There is nothing the Griffin so much desires as to make one mouthful of the Minor Canon, and if he does not do so at once, it is because his purpose to eat him is so settled that he thinks he can afford to humor conscience, which nevertheless always gets the better of his appetite. And in "The Queen's Museum" the man apprenticed to a hermit loathes the business. The desire of his soul is to become a terrible robber; yet he remains a hermit, and has the satisfaction of robbing robbers as a reward of virtue.

Every grown fool, even, knows that children are wiser than they look; but few wise men have shown such trust in the youthful understanding as Mr. Stockton, who has never thought it necessary to "write down to children." The little son of a publisher was chatting one day with the author of "Ting-a-ling," and expressed great liking for the story of the maiden whose head was put on wrong, so that she faced backwards, until a prince, taking pity on her, kissed her. It was the first time a young man had kissed her, and it *turned her head*. "It was enough," said the little commentator, "to turn any girl's head."

A youthful admirer of the stories once wrote to ask if it were not true that Mr. Stockton had a large family of children who always heard the stories told before they were written out, and who gave the inventor "points" as to the things children in general would and would not like. It would be interesting to know the comments of this young philosopher on learning that Mr. Stockton's children are all in his books, and that the position of juvenile oracle, as well as literary critic, is held by Mrs. Stockton, in whose autograph the author's always dictated writings are dressed.

By virtue of a good memory and methodical habits of composition his work goes forward without much regard to surroundings and interruptions. The story of "The Transferred Ghost" was written within ten days in six different houses in the suburbs of New York. For six years his summers were spent in the Virginia mountains at "Lego," a country mansion near Monticello, and once part of the estate of Thomas Jefferson. On the spacious lawn there was an immense cherry-tree, around which stood three stakes like the feet of a tripod. One end of a hammock was tied to the trunk of the tree and the other end moved from stake to stake, according to the position of the sun. In that hammock the author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?" spun many a yarn,

while his wife spread it upon paper, on one of Thomas Jefferson's writing-tables.

Before a word is put upon paper his story, long or short, is invented, molded and finished, even down to the points and often to the full text of the conversations. While in the clay state the most radical changes may take place; but once finished it remains firmly traced in the author's memory, ready to be dictated at any time. As an illustration, "The Late Mrs. Null" was begun a year ago on the 9th of February, and interrupted by a serious illness and the crowding in for prior attention of eight short stories. Yet his first novel was virtually composed before pen was put to paper. It was completed finally in November, 1885.

Mr. Stockton's habit of dictating was acquired when his days were given to editing. Then it rested him to be able to register his ideas without the intervention of a pen. Now, he would find it difficult to write freely in any other way. With the regularity of the clock he begins his morning's work at ten. If he is drawing on his store-house of finished stories he dictates for two hours and a half, seldom longer. But if he is composing he gives his thoughts entirely to himself, with the same regularity as to time, and perhaps for many days together. Few changes, and these only verbal, are made in the first written draft; and while he always seeks to find the word of all words that would lend felicity and vigor to a phrase, he never polishes. Once penned, a story is seldom kept over night, but is at once sent to its destination. In the afternoon he goes forth for recreation and acquaintance with the world that he paints. He studies character everywhere, and in an imaginative way is as much given to models as any graphic artist. It will be remembered that in "Our Story," the supposed author-hero says that the characters "were to be drawn from life, for it would be perfectly ridiculous to create imaginary characters when there were so many original and interesting personages around us."

That theory is helped out by the origin of the ever delightful "Rudder Grange," which must stand as a master-piece of fanciful, refined comicality, profound enough in its way to entitle the author to a seat in the American Academy. Nearly all of its incidents and characters are real. But who else would have seen fun and philosophy in them and touched them with the same life-giving art? Surely in its quiet, wholesome, fireside humor this book is inimitable. You may hear strangers in public places and friends in social privacy use precisely the same words, "The funniest book I ever read." And you may hear peo-

ple recommend it to friends much as you would a side-splitting farce capitably acted, and soon to go off the boards. But the gulfaw way of viewing it misses half the flavor and nearly all the intention; for "Rudder Grange" is, if you like, a profound treatise by a professor of human nature, who is aware that the most trivial proceedings of mankind need only to be dressed in the true motives, to become amusing and instructive to an illuminating degree. Therefore it is enough if the appreciative reader cons it with a contemplative smile, heightened, to be sure, by a mellow laugh, when the group on the wood-shed roof are found besieged by Lord Edward, when Pomona is reading, when Pomona gets the better of the lightning-rod man, and when the borrowed baby is chucked under the buggy-seat.

Americans have so much exercise in laughing, and are so respectful of the opportunity, that they do not always take the trouble to look behind the jest. When Edmund Gosse was in this country he was reported in "The Critic" as saying that he thought Stockton's "originality, his extraordinary fantastic genius, has not been appreciated at all"; which was not so true as his added remark that "people talk about him as though he was an ordinary purveyor of comicality"—if we may omit the word ordinary. But his writings will outlive a thousand laughs, because fun is only their color, and not their substance. Their substance is human nature thrown into relief by a glass which imparts a comical hue. His humorous view is broad and not epigrammatic, though wit lurks in the felicity of his terse sentences. And the same gravity of mien which in his writings never betrays his humorous intention is peculiar to the man.

With large dark eyes, features angularly strong and varied, and a face of great sensibility, his speech is intensely practical and idiomatic, and his usual manner serious to the verge of sadness. But when his eyes look outward they always smile; his deep, quiet voice is ever the voice of leisure and geniality, even when the situation demands the sarcasm it gets. When fun is going forward his eyes laugh heartily; but even when his face shows that he is convulsed his merriment is almost soundless. It is the laughter of a man whose risibles have lost their voice through a persistent habit of laughing to himself.

In "Rudder Grange" he found a theme exactly suited to his fancy, otherwise it would be a matter of wonder that so artistic a work should have had so happy-go-lucky an origin. The first "Rudder Grange" paper was written early in the autumn of 1874, when he was work-

ing very hard as assistant editor of "St. Nicholas" and finishing its first serial. It was printed in the following November number of "Scribner's Monthly," and doubtless would have been the last as well as the first of its series, if it had not gone straight to the public heart. The next paper, which was illustrated, did not appear until the following July. This as well as each of the succeeding chapters was in form capable of serving as the conclusion of the series; yet bound together as they twice have been, they form a symmetrical work of art. The book was published plainly in 1879, and last year* in worthy form, charmingly illustrated by Mr. Frost, whose own figure, always with the face concealed, has served as the model for the hero.

As to the reality of the characters and incidents, it is enough to say that the house-hunting so amusingly described at the outset of "Rudder Grange" was drawn from the experience of the author and his wife in ransacking New York and its suburbs for a suitable habitation. In the search they discovered a poor man's family snugly housed in an old canal boat tied to the mud bank of Harlem river. In imagination the poor man was ousted and the author and his wife moved in with the domestic experiences they were acquiring in a house they had rented at Rutherford Park, New Jersey. But the initial fact of the story was a book on domestic affairs, called "The Home—How to Furnish a House on a Thousand Dollars," which Mr. and Mrs. Stockton had together written and published without profit. There was nothing imaginary in the gentle satire aimed at that enterprise and at the difficulty of furnishing a house according to their own manual. The boarder was a verity, as was also Lord Edward, the author's only canine character. Pomona was based on the romantic mind and eccentricities of a real maid-of-all-work; and Old John is living out there still. There are those who are privileged to suspect that Euphemia is no fiction, and that the author, who is always partial to his heroines, and usually gives them three-fourths of the quality and nearly all the sovereignty of his universe, has in this instance been modestly chary of the original.

While abroad for two years from 1882, the author experimented with the Rudder Grangers as foreign tourists, and with only moderate success. But he wrote amid foreign scenes some of his best short stories, like "The

Remarkable Wreck of the *Thomas Hyke*," "Our Story," "A Tale of Negative Gravity," and "His Wife's Deceased Sister." This last bit of cleverness was no fiction as regards the central idea, because a story he much liked, called "My Bull-Calf," had been refused by an editor on the ground that it was not so good as its preceding story, "A Tale of Negative Gravity."

Of "The Late Mrs. Null,"* everybody has just made an opinion or is forming one. It has been praised with the criticism that it is too clever, and running over with prodigality of invention and surprises of situation. Possibly it is like some paintings which would not be so interesting if they were more perfect works of art. Its negro characters are so racy and so wonderfully distinct that the white ones suffer a little by comparison, but that fault, if it is a fault, is partly chargeable to the civilization which puts a premium on conventionality. Peggy, Aunt Patsy, Letty, and Uncle Isham are unconscious and original beings, while the unromantic Lawrence Croft, the quite lovable and interesting Roberta March, the scheming and attractive Annie, the eccentric Mrs. Keswick and her elusive nephew Junius, are all flesh and blood of a self-conscious, calculating order. There is skill in the love-story, which is fresh and fascinating, and not a little instructive. To be sure, in the middle of the novel the reader scents a fox-chase of a plot, and shortly has the suspicion forced upon him that there isn't even a fox, but that the author has made an ingenious trail with an anise-seed bag. But soon confidence is restored by a remarkable surprise, one of the neatest strokes of which is the clever little allegory, which reconciles the reader to an astonishingly sudden use of the adage, "Off with the old love; on with the new." As for old Mrs. Keswick's revenge, that both amuses and staggers.

Though "The Late Mrs. Null" is a little uneven in texture, as might be expected of a first novel from a hand long practiced in the form of the short story, we may still think it the author's deepest and broadest work. It certainly proves that he is perfectly at home in the region of novels, and it is no secret that his studio is now set with large canvases. And if satiety of success should prompt him to lay down the brush, let us hope that the voice of "The Discourager of Hesitancy" will be heard at his elbow whispering, "I am here."

* Charles Scribner's Sons.





FRANK RICHARD STOCKTON.



MORS TRIUMPHALIS.*

I.

In the hall of the king the loud mocking of many at one;
While lo! with his hand on his harp the old bard is undone!
One false note, then he stammers, he sobs like a child, he is failing,
And the song that so bravely began ends in discord and wailing.

II.

Can it be it is they who make merry, 'tis they taunting him?
Shall the sun, then, be scorned by the planets, the tree by the limb!
These bardlings, these mimics, these echoes, these shadows at play,
While he only is real:—they shine but as motes in his day!

III.

All that in them is best is from him; all they know he has taught;
But one secret he never could teach, and they never have caught,—
The soul of his songs, that goes sighing like wind through the reeds,
And thrills men, and moves them to terror, to prayer, and to deeds.

IV.

Has the old poet failed, then,—the singer forgotten his part?
Why, 'twas he who once startled the world with a cry from his heart;
And he held it entranced in a life-song, all music, all love;
If now it grow faint and grow still, they have called him above.

V.

Ah, never again shall we hear such fierce music and sweet,—
Surely never from you, ye who mock,—for his footstool unmeet;
E'en his song left unsung had more power than the note ye prolong,
And one sweep of his harp-strings outpassed the height of your song.

VI.

But a sound like the voice of the pine, like the roar of the sea
Arises. He breathes now; he sings; oh, again he is free.
He has flung from his flesh, from his spirit, their shackles accursed,
And he pours all his heart, all his life, in one passionate burst.

* Read at the eighth Commencement of Smith College, June 23, 1886.

VII.

And now as he chants those who listen turn pale—are afraid;
 For he sings of a God that made all, and is all that was made;
 Who is maker of love, and of hate, and of peace, and of strife;
 Smiles a world into life; frowns a hell, that yet thrills with his life.

VIII.

And he sings of the time that shall be when the earth is grown old,
 Of the day when the sun shall be withered, and shrunken, and cold;
 When the stars, and the moon, and the sun,—all their glory o'erpast,—
 Like apples that shrivel and rot, shall drop into the Vast.

IX.

And onward and out soars his song on its journey sublime,
 Mid systems that vanish or live in the lilt of his rhyme;
 And through making and marring of races, and worlds, still he sings
 One theme, that o'er all and through all his wild music outrings;—

X.

This one theme: that whate'er be the fate that has hurt us or joyed,
 Whatever the face that is turned to us out of the void;
 Be it cursing or blessing; or night, or the light of the sun;
 Be it ill, be it good; be it life, be it death, it is ONE;—

XI.

One thought, and one law, and one awful and infinite power;
 In atom, and world; in the bursting of fruit and of flower;
 The laughter of children, and roar of the lion untamed;
 And the stars in their courses—one name that can never be named.

XII.

But sudden a silence has fallen, the music has fled;
 Though he leans with his hand on his harp, now indeed he is dead!
 But the swan-song he sang shall forever and ever abide
 In the heart of the world, with the winds and the murmuring tide.

R. W. Gilder.



FRANCE AND INDO-CHINA.



MANY of our countrymen seem to have but a vague idea of the meaning of the recent operations of the French troops in Asia. In order to make all clear it is necessary to go back to the beginning. The first Catholic missionary entered Cambodia in 1553, and French mis-

sions were regularly established in the peninsula early in the seventeenth century, in Cochinchina in 1610, and in Tonquin in 1626. With some fluctuations of fortune their success was marked, and the number of converts steadily increased for rather more than one hundred and

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fifty years. During all this time, although several projects were brought forward, no serious attempt was made to establish a political or commercial connection; but in 1774, when the ruling dynasty of Annam was overthrown, and its representative Nguyen, afterwards Gialoong, sought refuge with the head of the church, the opportunity was seized upon to form a close alliance. Through the bishop, d'Adran, the ear of the French government was secured, and a treaty was signed in Versailles promising on the part of France aid in ships and troops, in return for valuable concessions, among which the liberty of the Christian faith and protection of the church were solemnly guaranteed. This treaty, though rendered almost inoperative by the outbreak of the French Revolution, has formed the starting-point and foundation of all that has since taken place.

Gialoong regained his throne, and with the assistance and advice of the French officers, who drilled his troops and built his fortresses, he extended his dominions by the conquest of Tonquin. He faithfully observed his engagements with regard to the Christian religion; but upon his death in 1820, his successor entered upon a course of the most bitter persecution, which was continued with small interruption until the murder of Monsignor Diaz in 1857. France was then compelled to abandon remonstrance for action, and an expedition was fitted out to exact reparation for the past and to secure safety for the future. This was the first step of the present conquest, reluctantly undertaken, and with no ambition or wish for territorial acquisition, but forced upon her by the duty of protecting her missionaries. Saigon was seized, and a new treaty was signed in 1862, ceding three provinces: it stipulated religious toleration, the opening of Touron, Quinhon, and Balat, and the payment of an indemnity of twenty million francs. But persecution went on; constant friction was kept up. The French were compelled to push their conquests, and on the 15th of March, 1872, the whole six provinces of lower Cochin China passed by treaty into their hands.

Before this time England had made many attempts to open communication with the rich western provinces of China through Burmah, but without practical results; and the French immediately turned their attention to the exploration of the Meikong, hoping it might prove the true channel of this trade. They were disappointed: the navigation was impeded by rapids; but it was ascertained that the Songkoi, the Red River of Tonquin, also took its rise in the mountains of Yunnan, and offered an easy route to the sea.

In furtherance of the plans suggested by this discovery, Lieutenant Garnier, who had

been practically the chief of the exploration of the Meikong, conducted an expedition to Tonquin in 1873, which, successful at first, was ultimately defeated, with the death of its leader. The king, Tu-Duc, however, alarmed by a simultaneous rising among his subjects, in March, 1874, signed a treaty, establishing the protectorate of France over Annam, stipulating the liberty of the Christian religion, and granting many other valuable privileges. But, as usual with Asiatics, as soon as the French troops were withdrawn, he entirely disregarded its provisions, and soon, in order to put down an insurrection in the north, invoked the assistance of China, which was gladly rendered. This could not of course be accepted by France, and in 1882 a new expedition was prepared under the command of Captain Rivière. Like that of Garnier, it was at first entirely successful, but—a handful of men among myriads—it soon met the same fate. In attempting a reconnoissance, it was led into an ambushade, defeated with heavy loss, and Rivière, like Garnier, was left dead on the field. The situation was critical, but the French intrenched themselves and held firm. Troops were hastily dispatched from France, and upon the arrival in Tonquin of the first detachment early in July vigorous action was at once commenced. Several successful battles ensued, and Hué, the capital, was taken by assault on the 20th of August. Annam immediately submitted, and on the 25th of August signed a treaty, by which she anew recognized the protectorate of France, and was interdicted from having independent relations with any foreign power, *including China*.

This removed her from the diplomatic arena, and China and France were left face to face. It becomes here necessary to say that we regard the claim of China to suzerainty over Cochin China and Tonquin as entirely untenable. For centuries the relations between them have been simply the complimentary homage of an inferior to a superior, and not those existing between a vassal and his sovereign. It is a sufficient refutation of the assertion of a recent English writer that investiture of the King of Annam by the Emperor of China is necessary to the recognition of his royal rights by his own subjects, to point out that neither Gialoong nor his powerful successor Min-Mang, 1775–1841, received this investiture; and we consider that France is entirely justified in holding this claim of no effect.

It is a simple question of which is the stronger. In 1884 the French arms were everywhere victorious. The fortified towns of Bacninh and Sontay had been taken, and the Black Flags driven pell-mell out of the

delta. On the 11th of May, 1884, a treaty was signed at Tientsin by Li-Hung-Chang, representing the Emperor of China, and Captain Fournier on the part of France, by which China gave up her claim of suzerainty over Annam, opened the entire extent of her southern provinces bordering on Tonquin to French commerce, and engaged to withdraw her garrisons from the frontier fortresses. A column of troops started at once to take possession of Langson, a fortified town, commanding the principal pass in the northern mountains, by which the Chinese gain access to the Red River delta. The commander of a Chinese post, barring the road, opposed their passage, asserting that he knew nothing of any convention, and proposed that they should halt till he could get instructions. The French, however, attempted to force their way, and were repulsed with loss. Upon this, the French government, believing in treachery, demanded as indemnity the enormous sum of 250,000,000 francs, which demand the Chinese refusing to entertain, hostile operations were commenced, without, however, a formal declaration of war.

On the coast of China several actions were fought of no great significance. The arsenal and fleet at Foochow were destroyed, and Kilung and Tamsui in Formosa occupied. In Tonquin the progress of the French was steady and constant. The Chinese were forced back step by step, defending every fortification, and losing, it is said, ten thousand men; and General Brière de l'Isle was able to telegraph: "The national flag floats over Langson, and the Chinese army is in full retreat."

But this long series of engagements had taught the Chinese the art of their opponents, and they soon assumed the offensive in overpowering force. Their first attacks were delivered on the 22d and 24th of March, 1885, inflicting heavy loss on the French, who were on the 30th compelled to abandon Langson in hasty retreat. The pursuit, however, was not vigorous, and they simply fell back upon the positions of Chu and Kep, where they strongly intrenched themselves. Meanwhile negotiations for peace were rapidly brought to a conclusion, and a convention was signed embodying nearly the same conditions as those of 1884, all question of indemnity being excluded.

Since that time the pacification of the country has gone steadily on with occasional drawbacks, till now it may be said to be practically complete. The calm has only been seriously broken by the last desperate attempt of the Annamite war minister, who on the night of the 5th of July attacked General de Courcy, then at Hué with a small body of

troops, with a large force variously estimated at from ten to thirty thousand men. He was defeated with heavy loss.

Langson is held by a garrison of three hundred men, and columns of one hundred or two hundred men move freely about the interior in a manner unknown of late years. China has loyally fulfilled her engagements and withdrawn her troops.

Let us now describe the bone of contention. The empire of Annam, consisting of three divisions, stretches along the sea for a distance of rather more than 1200 miles, and comprises within its limits an area somewhat exceeding 200,000 square miles, or nearly equal to the dimensions of France. The most southerly section, known as Lower or French Cochin China, with a surface of 21,600 square miles and a population of 1,600,000 souls, is entirely formed of alluvial deposits, and, being abundantly watered by the great river Mekong, which with its subsidiary streams traverses it in every direction, is of surpassing fertility. Rice is the chief staple, but sugar, indigo, and all tropical productions grow luxuriantly. Unhappily the climate of these low, moist lands is unsuited to the white. The mean temperature is 83°, and the thermometer indoors in April and May sometimes rises to 95° and 97°. Fevers abound, but the chief enemy of the stranger is dysentery. The health of Saigon, however, has much improved within late years, owing to better and more suitable buildings and a fuller knowledge of the sanitary conditions, and will continue to improve as the town gains solidity and age.

North of Lower Cochin China, between a range of mountains and the sea, lies the kingdom of Annam proper, for the most part a narrow strip of land hardly exceeding in width an average of fifty miles, though widening towards its southern extremity to nearly two hundred miles. It is mountainous, heavily wooded, and although the plains, well watered by numerous rapid streams, are devoted to the cultivation of rice, their extent is not sufficient to provide for the needs of its population. About the interior of the country little is known.

Its principal ports, Touron and Quinhon, have been often visited by foreigners, but are of no especial importance; and Hué itself, the capital and residence of the king, has no other claim to notice.

Farther to the north again, we reach the magnificent province of Tonquin, spreading upwards and outwards like an open fan, till it touches the south-western limits of China. Plains stretch up from the sea till they reach the foot of the mountains, which then rise abruptly above them, and the country may

be said to be unequally divided into two regions of an entirely and suddenly differing configuration. It comprises an area of seventy thousand square miles, and has a population of twelve million souls, of which fully seven-tenths occupy the lower lands. These—equal in extent to about one-fourth of the entire surface—irrigated by the Songkoi and its innumerable affluents, which are supplemented by a vast network of canals, are among the richest rice-producing districts in the world; and its mountains are clothed with extensive woods of teak, walnut, and other precious trees, rivaling in value the famous forests of Burmah. Of its mineral wealth little is known, but tin and copper are certainly found, and gold and silver are believed to exist. But of far more value than deposits of precious metals, and sufficient in itself to repay all the labor and cost of the conquest, coal has been discovered, of excellent quality and in abundant quantity, in close proximity to the sea. In the peculiar position of France the importance of this discovery, if substantiated, can hardly be exaggerated. To-day her navy may be said to be entirely dependent on foreign supply, and war in eastern seas, making it contraband, would paralyze her forces; but the possession of these deposits makes her independent and multiplies her strength. Tonquin, moreover, possesses a superior climate, and forms a necessary complement to the French whole. There are no mountains in Lower Cochin China, and the exhausted invalid of the plains may resort to these elevated regions with full confidence in their efficacy to restore his energies. The summer is hot, but there are five or six months of a good winter when the thermometer falls to forty-one or forty-two degrees. The missionaries of old vaunted its salubrity.

With our present knowledge it is impossible to say how far the sparseness of the population in the elevated districts is due to inferior agricultural productiveness, and how far to their lawless and disturbed condition. There are no roads, but communication throughout the low lands is easy and general by water. The soil is fertile, and the population more numerous, more laborious, and more energetic than that of the southern provinces. Rice is the staple food and the chief export, but the sugar-cane, the mulberry, indigo, tobacco, and all tropical plants may be cultivated to advantage.

Cambodia does not belong to Annam, but is included in the same protectorate, and destined ultimately to be ruled by the same authority. Its extent is thirty-five thousand square miles, and its population about a million. The greater part of its surface is plain, and of extreme fertility, being watered by the

Meikong, which traverses it irregularly from northeast to southwest. A high range of mountains, however, shuts off its eastern border from Annam, and a lower range on the west follows the coast from north to south.

Lower Cochin China has been in the possession of the French for more than twenty years. For many years after its acquisition the home government was undecided whether to abandon or to keep it, and settlers who came in search of concessions of land with the intention of fixing themselves in the colony, as was the case with many sugar-planters from Mauritius, were turned away unsatisfied, and did not come back when it was finally decided to remain. But from the first there has been vaccination, and the frequent change of governments in France has had its faithful reflex in the councils of the colony. Its chief want is labor, and the uncertainty regarding the future has not been calculated to encourage immigration either of Europeans or of the neighboring populations. Under the circumstances its progress has not been altogether unsatisfactory. Its entire commerce for the year 1881 amounted to one hundred million francs, of which fifty-three and a half millions were exports. In that year the crop of rice was bad, but it figured for thirty-two millions in the exports (against forty millions the year before), showing its great proportionate importance. Of this half went to China, and the other half was divided between the Straits, Java, and the Philippines, with a small quantity to Europe.

Its imports come chiefly from China and Singapore, as is natural from the old relations existing between the peoples, and consist of a great variety of articles. The total amount of trade with China in 1881 reached forty million francs and with Singapore twenty-three millions. In 1879 there entered the port of Saigon four hundred and twenty-three sea-going ships, one hundred and twenty-three Chinese junks, and three thousand two hundred and three Annamese craft, giving a total movement of seven or eight hundred thousand tons, which is certainly not to be despised, though far below the figures registered at Singapore and Hong Kong. In 1872, when M. Harmon first visited the Red River, he was surprised to see only a few scattered boats. Haiphong was a poor village, but in 1880 under French protection its importance had increased, and the official figures of its commerce reached thirteen million francs, which was believed to be below the fact. The resident, M. Kergaradec, estimated it to be fully twenty million francs.

These figures may indicate in what direction development may come, but they can form no measure of the trade which will grow up

under a firm, enlightened government. All the upper part of Tonquin has been for twenty years in the possession of hordes of pirates, chiefly Chinese, who have strangled commerce in its birth. They have completely barred off southern China as with a wall. The rivers are obstructed and a large part of the country is literally depopulated. Clear out all these robbers, protect the people, establish a firm, just rule, and population will flow in to enjoy the security of the foreign flag. Open such roads as are needed, make communication easy and rapid and safe, and the prosperity which will follow—growing from this fertile soil and industrious people—will seem marvelous. All this vast rice-field—not to allude to other productions—which now yields so much, may easily, it is asserted, double its harvest; and there is no reason why the experience of Burmah should not be repeated here.

There, too, the population was comparatively scanty, given to continual broils, and the British Government hesitated long before accepting the charge. But the result was a triumphant justification of its final decision, and has at last led to the annexation of the whole country. Its net revenue for the last ten years has been nearly £1,000,000 a year, but no doubt fear of French intrigue stimulated recent action. Theebaw could always be relied on to furnish a suitable pretext, whenever it was required, and, as the Lorcha "Arrow" ushered in the last China war, so here a convenient timber contract with a trading company sufficed to change the destinies of a country nearly as large as France. The work has been thoroughly done, and means will be found of coming to an understanding with China. For some time, no doubt, there will be occasional trouble with the natives, but there will be no question of England retiring from the field. She knows too well the value of her conquest.

Even the "Spectator" cannot restrain its enthusiasm:

"Statesmen cannot be indifferent to the magnificence of the prize. It is perhaps the one kingdom in Indo-China seriously worth having. It is more than two-thirds the size of France, is accessible by three splendid rivers, of which one, the Irrawaddy, is the most convenient water-highway in Asia, and is splendidly fertile almost throughout. The forests are full of teak, the mountains overflow with minerals, and the plains, under the rudest culture, produce everything cultivated in the tropics. The reservoirs of earth-oil rival those of Pennsylvania, and there are large fields of coal. Gold exists in large quantities, and Burmah is the native land of the ruby, the sapphire, and the emerald."

Like causes will produce like effects in Cochin China; and in estimating the value of the colony, we must not forget that, in addition to the resources of the various states of Cochin China, Cambodia, and of that vast misty country to the north—half Siamese, half independent—known as Laos and the Shan kingdoms, all of which must fall inevitably under the control of any strong power established in the peninsula, Tonquin is conterminous with the rich provinces of southwestern China, and across her territory lies the natural highway of their commerce with Europe. The advantages of the Red River have at times been greatly exaggerated, but there seems little doubt that the stream is practicable for light-draught steamers as far as Laokai, three hundred and fifty miles from its mouth, or may easily be made so; perhaps even to Manghao, seventy miles further. But even if there were no river, across Tonquin is the shortest road to the sea from Yunnan, Kweichau, and Kwangsi, and the difficulties of this route by rail even are no greater than the route through Burmah, if so great, while as already stated the distance is much less.

The recent annexation in no way changes the conditions of the problem. Capital will be more secure, but no amount of security can induce capital to scale mountain-ranges unless under the pressure of absolute necessity; and a railroad from Burmah to China, when built, will be built somewhat on the lines indicated by Colquhoun, starting from Rangoon or some similar point in the south.

France, it will be seen, is pursuing no common or unworthy object. Many of her steps have been uncertain and groping, and it is not astonishing when one reflects on her frequent political changes; but there have always been some minds who have steadily grasped and persistently maintained the idea of a great colonial empire in the East. Whether she is able to do justice to the task she is undertaking is a question which will be answered by each in accordance with his individual opinion of the nation. First of all she should be careful to secure not only the indifferent acquiescence but the cordial, friendly coöperation of China. This is not only essential for the more easy preservation of tranquillity on the frontier and for the full development of the valuable commerce to which we have alluded, but is also of the highest importance in the avoidance of friction in the various branches of local administration.

Augustine Heard.

SYMPATHY.

AS out into the night we stepped,
And turned our faces toward the town,
The stars (that hitherto had slept
Unseen) looked gayly down ;

And the pale moon threw off the cloud
Within whose folds her light was lost,
Awakened by the whisperings loud
That thrilled the starry host.

For they their sister, she her child,
Beheld in thee, O radiant maid,
Than whom a fairer star ne'er smiled
In heaven, then earthward strayed !

But when I mark the deep unrest
That lurks within thy lustrous eyes,
I question if that choice was best
Which led thee from the skies ;

For there thy steadfast sisters dwell,
Forever bright and strong and free,
Unmoved though tempests rise and swell,
Calm as eternity ;

Whilst thou — who chose another part,
And all that glittering state resigned
To wear on earth a woman's heart
And sympathetic mind —

Must suffer not those ills alone
That even selfish natures bear :
Thou mak'st the widow's loss thy own,
And dost her sorrow share ;

Thy neighbor's grief is thine no less
Than hers ; the sufferer turns to thee,
And solace in his deep distress
Draws from thy sympathy.

Thus others' burdens lighter grow
Whilst thine are doubled. Ay, but he
Who set the stars in heaven doth know
What thy reward shall be !

J. B. G.

AMERICAN COUNTRY DWELLINGS. III.

THE exteriors of our new country homes are so various that it is easier to characterize their general virtues by negative than by positive description. We may most clearly note their divergence from "vernacular" results by noting what "vernacular" expedients and features have been abandoned or greatly modified in their creating. The "French roof," for example, has disappeared. I do not mean altogether: there is still no quarter of the land where it does not often recur in work produced by the rural builder. But this builder and his devices are no longer typical of our best temper, and doubtless will gradually die out before the spreading of that new influence which naturally shows as yet most strongly in the neighborhood of our larger towns. When an *architect*, as we may fairly interpret the name to-day, has been set to work, then it is certain the French roof will not show itself. Truly it is, as the children say, a very "good riddance."

We may rejoice almost as heartily that our adherence to the clapboard is no longer so single-minded as it was. The old-time shingle, long despised as the humble expedient of unskilled, primitive hands, has very generally

been adopted in its stead, and is a better thing, its small size and irregular shape being far more helpful as regards possibilities of good tone and color. In place of a succession of straight, close-drawn, mathematically parallel long lines, it supplies an infinitude of short, broken, varied lines, which of themselves give tone to the surface. And this surface is no longer mechanically smoothed, but is pleasantly roughish to the eye, and may be stained instead of painted, or left to the "weathering" of its natural hue. Thus its color may have gradation and vitality, and the resultant tone may be as soft and broken as we will. We have already experimented widely in this direction; indeed, a little too widely. We have sometimes tried for too much variety of color, and have lost simplicity, even temperance and unity, in the result. We have sometimes tried for too much mellowness, and ended by being weak and vague and over-subtile in our tone. And we have often shown a desire, which cannot but savor of affectation, to antedate those effects which only the hand of time can legitimately give. But all this has been, perhaps, a not unnatural reaction from the old hardness and

monotony of our clapboard days. Doubtless we shall soon see and respect the limits of the really good possibilities in the way of tone and color which the shingle offers.

Except in very small houses, we ought not, I think, to use it quite alone; for it is palpably a mere sheath and covering, expresses nothing of the true structure, and if used by itself in a large building can hardly give sufficient evidence of solidity. But we do not very often thus employ it. Much more often there is at least a visible foundation of more solid aspect — another improvement on our “vernacular” practices; and the best effect results, solidity is still more apparent, and the design gains in both coherence and variety, when the stone or brick is not strictly confined to the foundations or to a low basement-story, but is carried up in certain places, as in outside chimneys or possibly in the staircase wall. A very good example of such treatment may be seen in the illustration, given with my last chapter, of Messrs. McKim, Mead & White’s house for Mr. Newcomb at Elberon, and in a Newport house built by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden for Mr. Augustus Jay. Here bricks were the most natural and therefore the best resource; but in many places, especially in those New England regions where half the surface of mother-earth is not soil but rocks, a stone substructure, not too carefully “finished,” commends itself alike to common sense and to the eye. And in a cottage for Mrs. F. R. Jones built at Mt. Desert by the architects last named, the lower story is of smoothed logs, — a simple enough expedient, but pretty, and appropriate to the thickly wooded site and the modesty of the structure, while expressive of much greater solidity than would have been the unmixed use of shingles.

But there are certainly cases when, however it may be blent with other factors, the shingle seems a mistake — displeases both eye and mind by being out of keeping either with the character of the exterior design itself or with the size and character of the rooms within. For example, I think it is out of keeping both with the design and with the interior in Mr. Goellet’s house on the Newport Cliff, the interior of which has already been referred to. Such an interior, so large, so dignified, so sumptuous and refined in decoration, is not fittingly to be sheathed in shingles. And while the design, already too heavy, too massive in effect for the place it holds, would have looked still heavier had it been executed in sterner materials, yet nevertheless as a design judged in the abstract (judged intrinsically, without reference to site and purpose and surroundings) it would, I think, have greatly been the gainer. It is an idle specula-

tion, of course, but I should be glad to know just how the same artists would do the same piece of work if they might do it over now. There is so much that is good about the house, and the aim which it expresses seems to have been so nearly right, that we feel a second and somewhat different expression might be something wholly admirable. For even now it is very dignified while very simple; it shows great feeling for breadth and mass, for the beauty of repose, and is a valuable protest against that heterogeneous accumulation of “features” for which we have too great a fondness still. As it stands it is not a beautiful house outside, though within it has that high kind of beauty we call architectural style. But even outside it seems to me, despite its patent faults, an interesting and a promising conception.

Neither clapboard nor shingle is always, I repeat, a very good resource. Yet it is not true to say — as so often has been said — that wood is in itself a poor resource, is essentially but a primitive, makeshift material; that our work must suffer, must be condemned to pettiness in treatment and to poverty or at least rusticity in effect, just in so far as we insist upon its use. We should rather rejoice that we have it to use, since it gives us one more factor than is possessed by any other civilized land toward the production of variety in effect, which means toward the true expression of varied needs and purposes. If we look at current work abroad, we shall see how hard it is to build small and pretty country houses when it is wholly denied the builder. Even if it gave us nothing but the shingle, it would be richly worth the having. But the shingle by no means exhausts its possibilities of excellence. There is a solid way of using it in logs for which we may find happy hints in the architecture of the Scandinavian lands. And, best of all, there is the “half-timbered” method of construction, — with great interlacing beams and a filling-in of brick or of rougher units plastered over, — which may be studied almost anywhere in Europe.

If we have been at Warwick, for instance, and Stratford-on-Avon, and the neighboring Shuttery, we have seen it used in a variety of ways that are simple and more or less humble, yet charming in expression; and we had not to go far afield to find it, in some old manor-house, expressing with equal felicity a more dignified estate. In Chester we may learn that it is just as well adapted to the street as to the country; and in many a French and German town, that it may take on a truly rich and stately aspect. It is a method which looks delightfully stable, and which, if rightly used and not superficially imitated, is just as stable as it

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looks. The beams may be smoothed and painted, or may be carved (as they are in the continental street-fronts I have cited) with any degree of richness up to the most lace-like elaboration; and in color, too, one may do pretty much as he wills with it.

Truly it is a sensible, flexible, and attractive way of building; and it is one which to a non-professional eye seems as though it ought not to be expensive. Not nearly so often as we might guess has it yet been used in this country, but we find occasional examples, as, for instance, in Messrs. Rotch & Tilden's large house built at Mt. Desert for Mrs. Bowler. Good use has here been made of its possibilities in the way of color. The high substructure is of gray trimmed with red granite; the tower, and the terrace, and the piazza walls are of red; and the same tones are repeated in the wood-and-plaster work above: the wood is painted of the darkest possible red, and the gray slap-dash is filled with red granite pebbles. Surely so effective and variable a process ought to prove popular, especially in houses of just this kind—houses which are so large and dignified that the shingle is too naïf and rustic-looking a device, yet which by reason of their placing and their merely summer purpose would appear too massive and ambitious if wholly built of brick or stone. Moreover, while the conspicuous use of stone was here very sensible, since both the red and the gray granite were obtained from ledges on the place, yet it is by no means always necessary, for, as I have said, half-timbering is in itself satisfactorily sturdy-looking; and many a large and charming country home in older countries was built with it alone in those older days when they too had free command of wood.

I cannot but pause a little over the virtues of this method as regards the good use it allows us to make, not only of wood, but of plaster too. Unaccustomed as we are to the thought, plaster is yet a very admirable material for many of our purposes. Not in the shape of thin coats of stucco, painted in futile imitation of some other substance, but solid and straightforward, frankly confessing itself for what it is, plaster may be given qualities unattainable in any other material; a surface, for example, that is neither too rough nor too smooth, but exactly suited to the production of those effects of *tone* which we have learned to recognize as most desirable. And for color, especially for color at once light and strong,—which is to say, for color peculiarly well in keeping with our atmospheric conditions,—there is nothing like it. What pinks and yellows, what golden browns and lovely grays and tender greens one sees in the plas-

tered walls of Italy and South Germany, and even of the southern English counties; and what dullards we shall show ourselves if we fail to take the hints they offer! Moreover, there is nothing but plaster (save only that marble which is all but out of the question as concerns summer houses) with which we can well get *white*.

The way in which we used white in our clapboard days—in unbroken stretches of oil-paint applied to a hard, smooth, mechanically ruled-off surface, and contrasted with grass-green blinds—was certainly not an artistic way. But when we became convinced of this fact, we were rather stupid to fall into the opposite extreme—to condemn white as such, *in toto*, without appeal. Surely it is not a bad color for our use. Who can say so if he knows its effect in those southern lands abroad the physical condition of which resembles ours, and where the use of white has been constant in every age? Who can say so if with an unprejudiced eye he judges its effect even from one of our old-fashioned home-examples, when this is seen at such a distance that only the white and not its quality is perceptible? As yet, I think, we use our eyes too little in such matters—depend too much upon theories and sentiments drawn from that north of Europe whence we came, which from an intellectual point of view may be our proper teacher, but which from an artistic point of view has much less than we have fancied in common with ourselves and our environment. When we *do* learn to use our eyes, then I believe we shall often ask for white again, and for other light and bright and cheerful hues; and perhaps decide that in wood and plaster we have one of the very best ways—if not *the* very best way—of getting them.

A word now as to the development of that piazza which was the one good feature of the "vernacular" period. Two tasks were laid upon us with regard to it. On the one hand, we had to make it more architectural in itself—less fragile and shed-like and trumpery-looking; and on the other, we had to bring it into more vital architectural relation with the main body of the structure. From the illustrations in this and the two foregoing chapters some idea may be gained of a few of the fashions in which we have tried to deal with it; but it would take a far longer list of pictures to typify our general advance or to suggest all our best experiments.

Fortunate is it, indeed, that we *have* advanced in our efforts to bring it within the domain of art; for, as I said long ago, it is the one thing which no one who builds a country house in America can escape from,—the one thing more essential than all others

to the comfort, dearer than all others to the affection, of every American client. Better do without even that "livable" hall which we now enjoy so greatly than without that piazza which went far to compensate us for the lack of so much else in our "vernacular" homes. It is more necessary to our well-being than is his *loggia* to the Italian, or his paved terrace to the Frenchman, or his vine-clad arbor to the German. As far as comfort and variety of service go, it is a better thing than any of them; and it remains for us to prove that it may be made, from the point of view of art, as good a thing as even the first named of the three.

In "vernacular" days it was so beloved (perhaps because there was so little else about a house that could be loved) that we thought we could not have too much of it. Now we are a little more chary of its use, as indeed could not but be the case with the different ground-plans we have adopted. Yet niggardly in using it we are not; or if we have thought good so to be upon occasion, our mistake is forced upon us very quickly. I know one or two houses (but only one or two), built with English models in mind, which try to make shift with a mere upper bay or so, and an abundance of broad windows and bays to the main apartments below. It was supposed that they could do without piazzas, as they would be "all piazzas" themselves. But the analogy is not very vital, and I think even their builders and owners only try to believe in it.

Many, I repeat, are the variations in our treatment of the real thing itself, and many are the outside hints which have been utilized in its improvement. Not always is it now covered along its whole length, though always, of course, it ought to be to a very considerable extent. Sometimes it is combined with an open terrace, whose flights of steps unite it pleasantly with the lawn below—the influence of French fashions being clearly manifest. Sometimes, in addition to the main projecting piazza, there are others of a recessed sort, prettily adapted from the *loggias* of Italy. As for the roof, it is now flat and balustraded, forming an uncovered piazza to the upper story, now steeply sloping, and now a prolongation of the slope of the house-roof itself. Stone or brick is often used for the foundations, and even for the parapets and roof-supports; while if these last are of wood, they are given forms of a more sturdy kind than those they took in our old jig-saw days. It is interesting to see here and there wooden pillars with corbeled-out capitals, such as are common in the far East and the oriental South, and to see how well—being sensible straight-forward shapes, truly characteristic of the nature of the material—they fit in with ele-

ments drawn from very different sources. But it would take much more space than is here at command really to describe our piazzas in their present state, I will not say of perfection, but of steady and varied approach toward excellence and beauty. I can only add that it is a distinct disappointment nowadays to find one which looks as they all looked but a few years ago—like an excrescence, an afterthought, a mere disconnected shed, and not a vital portion of the house-fabric proper.

If it is difficult to describe our piazzas, it would be still more hopeless to try to describe the houses of which they form a part. Sometimes they are adapted from current English types, and have a modified flavor of "Queen Anne" about them; sometimes they are glorifications of the humble, early, shingled New England farm-house with its gambrel-roof and dormers; sometimes they are intelligent modifications of the later, more stately, "classic" colonial type; and sometimes they can be called by no other name than late-nineteenth-century-rural-American only. For modest dwellings in really rural situations, the farm-house pattern is peculiarly well suited; while the colonial is better fitted for use in less distinctly rustic localities. Two of the most charming small colonial designs I have seen show houses built at Mt. Desert by Messrs. Rotch & Tilden; but I doubt whether they look quite so well on this rocky coast as they would, for instance, at Newport or in the neighborhood of Boston. Here, of course, colonial reproductions are perfectly at home, alike to the eye and to the memory when it seeks their genesis; and here they are very frequent and very charming. In feature and detail they are now more modest than they sometimes were of old—a true sense being preserved of the nature of wood, and its unfitness to a "monumental" classic design. Yet the classic flavor is preserved, and gives a charming air of dignity and refinement. The irregularly shaped and applied shingle would strike a note of discord in such a design, and we accordingly find it giving way either to the clapboard itself or to shingles cut square and arranged in parallel lines. Nor would broken tones and irregularly varied colors be appropriate, symmetry and regularity being essentially part and parcel of the idea. The usual device is to paint the body of the house a red that is not too dark and is not too strong, or a yellow that is pale and clear, and the trimmings white. If the tints are well chosen, the effect is not crude or staring, while cheerful and bright enough to be thoroughly in keeping with the strong blue of our skies and the clearness which our atmosphere gives to all the hues of nature.

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HOUSE AT BRAINTREE, MASSACHUSETTS.

Among our illustrations are a few which typify our recent endeavors to bring the colonial type into accord with those interior arrangements which do not readily submit themselves to the old rectangular outline. The house at Braintree was built by Messrs. Chamberlin & Whidder, and the Newport houses for Mr. Taylor and Mr. Edgar by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. Of the three, the last named seems to me the most successful, the old idea being developed with at once the most of freedom and the most of unity. In smaller structures with less exacting interiors, the old-time shape may often be preserved without detriment to comfort. The piazza, as will be noted, is likely to bear a discreet and far-away resemblance to the classic portico.*

Mr. Alden's house at Cornwall, Pennsylvania, is pictured here chiefly for the sake of its great window. As a house it does not seem to me very successful, bearing too close a resemblance to a studio or something of that

kind. But the window, I think, is very interesting, showing how it is possible to build such a one—whether for the lighting of a studio or, as is here the case, of a large three-storied hall—in a truly *constructive* way, so that it will look solid and architectural, and not like a mere screen of glass suggesting a photographer's atelier within.

Many more things occur to me which might be said with reference to our domestic architecture, and many more names which might be cited with reference to its good results. To omit to speak of the country homes built by Mr. Bruce Price, for instance, by Messrs. Rosser & Wright, by Messrs. Cabot & Chandler, Messrs. Andrews & Jacques, and more than a few other artists, is to omit many things that would be pleasant in the saying. But I dare not suppose either an editor's or a reader's patience indefinitely elastic.

AND, in truth, I have said quite enough if only I have said it rightly. For I did not set out to give a complete summary of the state, the needs, and the possibilities of American

* Need I say that if piazzas do not appear in all our illustrations, it is simply because only one side of each house has been represented?

architecture, or a *catalogue raisonné* of the best among its products. I merely meant to show in a general way, and to illustrate by a few examples, that there has been a recent movement in our art which may fairly be called revolutionary; to indicate the main ideas and impulses which have prompted it; and to explain why and how these seem to be prophetic of further excellence to come. I ought to have said enough for this, I repeat; yet there are still a few words I must add in order that the last-named point may be made as clear as possible.

I know the danger of letting one's self be tempted into prophecy about a matter one has near at heart, but it is a danger I cannot quite escape from here. In fact, if from the first I had not meant to incur it,—if from the first I had not meant to express the strong hope I feel in the future of our art,—these pages would not have been written at all. For, good and interesting as are, intrinsically considered, many of our new results, I hardly think I should have been justified in speaking of them at such length and to so large and so mixed an audience if they had seemed to me to have intrinsic worth and interest *only*; if I had looked upon them as casual, sporadic, merely individual examples of success—uncharacteristic of any growing, widening, spreading stream of effort, unprophetic of any broad and common excellence to follow. No; the chief importance of our best results seems to me to lie in the fact that they are but the most successful outcome of aims which have much more often been followed; their chief value to consist in their hopefully prophetic character.

This character I identify with the fact—I think it *is* a fact—that in them all, beneath their manifold degrees of excellence and diversities of aspect, we can discern as a common foundation *the desire to do rational work and to prepare for it in a rational way*. We can discern that their creators have felt that the main question was the manner in which their own particular problems might best be resolved, not the manner in which some other problem had been resolved by some other hand; and that, while feeling this, they have felt none the less that they could not approach the main question intelligently or answer it artistically unless they had made a preparatory study of the history which tells and the monuments which show how an infinite number of other problems had been resolved by a long line of other hands. In short, I think we are getting to desire, not that we should be independent merely, and not that we should be scholarly and nothing else, but that we should be *independent in a scholarly way*,—un-

conventional, yet law-abiding; spontaneous, yet cultivated; free to do new things, yet bound not to do them in crude and blundering and illiterate fashions. I am sure this is the right, the only right, ideal. But I know, of course, how lofty an ideal it is—so lofty that no modern people can dare to boast of its full realization. Far be it from me to boast thus of ourselves, even in remote anticipation! I only think that we are beginning to *perceive* the right ideal, and to strive toward its realization in a vigorous and not unintelligent or inartistic manner. Yet this belief is surely enough to warrant the cherishing of a hope that there may be a future in store for American architecture,—not a future of immediate general excellence, certainly not a future of quick-coming perfection, very likely not of perfection at all as we use the word when thinking of the great old times of art; but still a future of growing, spreading, developing excellence, and perchance even of an ultimate degree of accomplishment which will be an expression of national characteristics through a truly national and artistic form of speech.

If a foreign critic should read these words and test them only by the evidence of the illustrations it has been possible to print with nine brief chapters, he might perhaps think them too confident. Even if he should come here and look about for himself, he might still not see the full grounds of my faith. He would view as an undecipherable, undated mass the whole of the work we have so rapidly built during our century of national life, and would see the bad results outnumbering the good, the senseless results the sensible, the ugly results the beautiful, in the proportion of hundreds to one. But I can see what he could not—the date when each was built, the circumstances under which each arose. I can see, as in a panorama by themselves, the products of the last ten or fifteen years, and can contrast them with the aggregate of those of earlier days. I can see how young our art is in its best estate, and how young are many of the artists who have wrought it; and thus can speak with confidence of advance and promise.

Moreover, I could cite for his convincing many items of evidence besides those which stand revealed in our new work itself. For example, there has lately been an immense improvement in the equipment, the standards, and the frequentation of our architectural schools. There is a strong and waxing belief in the desirableness of foreign study, the necessity of foreign travel. We have recently seen established such student-clubs as the "Architectural League" of New York, which prove

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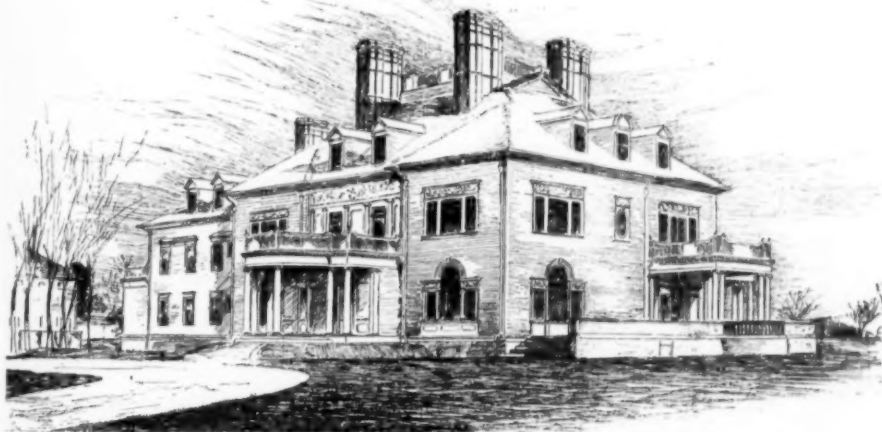
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the serious and enthusiastic way in which the young profession now approaches its life's work. And such facts encourage us to believe that the days are fairly over when a man could open an office and call himself an architect, pretty much as he might open a shop and call himself a grocer,—indeed, with far less sense of responsibility, and with far less

new style, an "American style"? If so, what is it likely to be? If not, what historic style are we likely to embrace? Or shall we embrace no one more closely than another, but always have, as we have had thus far, many men of many minds, only each one touched to a finer issue? Or these questionings may take a different turn: instead of asking what



HOUSE OF H. A. C. TAYLOR, ESQ., NEWPORT, E. I.

time and thought and money spent in the laying-in of a stock-in-trade.

We have more than one architectural journal, unborn ten years ago, which is now well established and well entitled to respect. And another good sign, another good influence, deserves citation,—and, be it said, should excite to imitation on a generous scale. Those who founded the "Rotch Traveling Scholarship" for architectural students of the State of Massachusetts have done much more than the mere good work of promising to send every year for a two-years' stay in Europe a properly prepared and capable young artist. They have offered an incentive to earnest study which will yearly profit many more than the one who wins the prize; and they have proclaimed, distinctly enough to impress the most indifferent ear, that our architecture should be fostered, and that private generosity must play the part which our governments are not yet in a mental condition to assume.

AND now, in conclusion, there are certain interesting questions we may ask ourselves. If there is indeed a possible future for our art, what is likely to be the character of its development? Will it have a very marked or only a very slight degree of originality? Shall we have a

we are likely to have, we may ask what we *ought* to have. Indeed, we not only may but must ask ourselves all these questions in both these ways, if we really take an interest in the matter. But to answer them—even to think of answering them—is quite another thing!

As regards, for instance, what we *ought* to have, certain of our architects are convinced in theory and pretty consistent in practice. But they are not in agreement among themselves, while many of their brethren seem to have no very marked convictions—try one road with one kind of problem and another road with another kind; often, indeed, now one road and now a different, although the problems are analogous. When the doctors thus not only disagree but fail to arrive at individual conclusions, how shall a layman hold even the shyest theory?

Yet there is just one oft-propounded query which I think even a layman is justified in answering with decision. If our art is to be good—practically, expressionally, and æsthetically—must it be radically *novel*? Must we pray, as for our sole salvation, for the dawning of an "American style"? Its advent, its perfecting would be agreeable, of course: it is always pleasant to create, to originate, to found, and not to follow. But

a necessary advent it is not. We want an American architecture which shall be perfectly fitted to our needs, perfectly expressive of ourselves, and perfectly satisfying to our eyes. But we might have it, I am sure, with but few new forms or features or details of decoration. The general effect would at times be new—as we see in our country homes

step by step and inevitably—not suddenly and by an effort of will.

But we have no more need, I say, to pin our hopes upon its advent than has any other people. In truth, we have less need than any other, for we are peculiarly entitled to make free with all earlier inventions of every age and clime. We are more at liberty than is any other civ-



HOUSE OF WILLIAM EDGAR, ESQ., NEWPORT, R. I.

which are as "American" in their late and good as they were in their old and evil state. But this is not all that is meant by those who have raised the foolish clamor for an "American style"; and it is no more imperative that we should have such a novel architectural language as they desire, than that we should write something else than English ere we can have a literature essentially our own.

And it is idle even to discuss the question; for even if both the possibility and the desirability of a "new style" could be clearly proved, such proof would not help us toward it. It could not be formulated in advance. It ought never to be held up as a definite goal. The mere effort to foretell it and work up to it would be a negation of the true principles of progress. For that intimate coherence of forms and features and details which constitutes a *style* has never been, can never be, the starting-point even in idea. It always has been and always must be the final flowering of a long and gradual development. If an "American style" is to come, it will come

ilized nation to choose what and how and where we will from the world's great museum of precedents and ideas. No style, no scheme, no motive, feature, or manner of expression has with us an ancient local root. No venerable monuments excite a fear lest what is erected now shall strike a clashing discord. No existing or once existing form of architectural speech can show a really valid title to our allegiance. The little parallel I just drew with regard to literature was not quite correctly drawn, for in architecture we have a score of languages to choose among for the expression of our ideas, and are not bound to the artistic tongue of England only. Not the north more than the south, not the west of Europe more than farthest Asia, need be accepted as our magazine of forms and details; and not any one alone, but all together, may be drawn upon for the notes of a possible future harmony. To some this limitless freedom of choice seems but an added difficulty in our path. To my mind, on the contrary, it seems a vast advantage, of which the good

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results may already be traced with much distinctness, while the current efforts of most European countries do not seem to force an envy of the conditions amid which *they* work. But from either point of view that logic is equally at fault which would deduce from *our* condition an especial need for some absolute novelty of our own invention.

I might easily let myself be tempted quite beyond the bounds of discretion, and try a little definite prophesying with regard to what the future holds in store for us. But the attempt would be as profitless as indiscreet unless I could put my readers actually in face

likely to be acclimatized in America are those Gothic schemes which are most characteristic of the spirit of the North. But to say this is not to say much in the way of prophecy. How wide is still the range of possibilities with the round arch and the lintel of the South as our resources!

The round arch, we know, has been very conspicuously used of late. Alike in its Romanesque and in its Renaissance phases (both essentially creations of the South) it has many devoted adherents and many skillful adapters. Mr. Richardson has been perhaps its most energetic champion, and has



WILLIAMS COTTAGES, GERMANTOWN, PA.

of all the evidence which has worked on my own mind.

So I will only say that it seems as though the architecture of the South (broadly speaking), and not the architecture of the North, would furnish us with our main devices. Theoretical examination—based not on mere facts of descent in blood, but on climate and atmosphere, and on our actual tastes and habits and minds and tempers—would lead us to such a belief, and the aspect of the majority of our best results seems to confirm it. I think that of all the constructive and decorative schemes which have been born in elder times, and are now struggling together for readoption in the Europe of to-day, the ones least

preferred not only its Romanesque development, but the most pronouncedly Southern type of this. His work is always seductive and impressive; and if sometimes it seems exotic in its charm,—individual, willful, rather than purely natural and exactly *right*,—very often it has an accent which could hardly be imagined more appropriate, truthful, sensible. In marking this difference I do not mean that he sometimes seeks charm at the expense of usefulness; that his wish to reproduce the beauty of ancient examples sometimes works to the detriment of practical fitness. I only mean that sometimes, in the features and the decorations of those buildings which he plans so wisely, he reproduces the almost barbaric



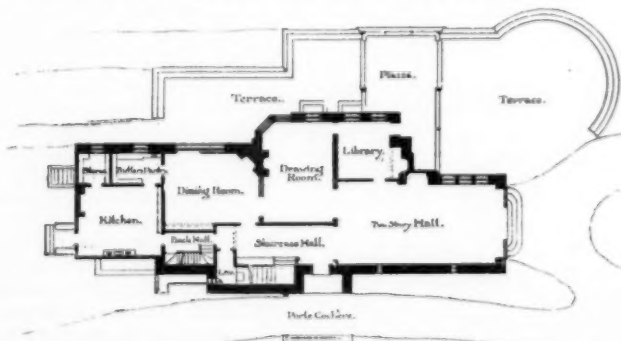
strength and exuberance of Romanesque days without due remembrance that those days were unlike our own, and that the unlikeness springs from our greater intellectual refinement, and from the greater feeling this gives us for *artistic* refinement as distinguished from artistic vigor and luxuriance. We, who know so well the art as well as the thought of classic Greece, cannot but exact from modern art a fuller measure of repose and reticence and balance and grace and purity than satisfied the mediæval nations.

It is not to be wondered at that many of those who recognize this fact should have but small faith in the wisdom of attempting to draw at all from mediæval precedents; should say that a better quarry is to be found in that Renaissance art wherein mediæval ideas have already been modified by the reborn influence of Greece; wherein we have the language of

MILLWOOD.—HOUSE
OF R. PERCY ALDEN,
ESQ., CORNWALL, PA.

a time whose civilization is the true parent of our own. Yet there are arguments which plead the other way, or, at least, which plead that we need not base our efforts wholly on Renaissance suggestions.

All the various Renaissance schemes save one or two of the very earliest came, alike in construction and in decoration, to be pretty definitely and completely worked out. It is hard, therefore, to treat them now with freedom without incurring the reproach of unscholarliness. Nay, it is hard to treat them with freedom even if we are content to incur such reproach;



PLAN OF MILLWOOD.

for there seems to be a singular analogy between architectural and human life. When a style has really run its course, has developed gradually and naturally up to the highest imaginable perfection, and then gradually and naturally fallen into decay, it seems impossible that it should be resuscitated and made the basis of new developments. For example, we have seen the experiment tried in England with that

our turn even if we could make ourselves content to copy them.

What we need is some scheme or schemes able to meet all demands, however lofty, however modest; fitted for use with many different materials; possible of modification into new expressions; and (should we ever work these out) capable of receiving new decorative motives. That is to say, we want some scheme

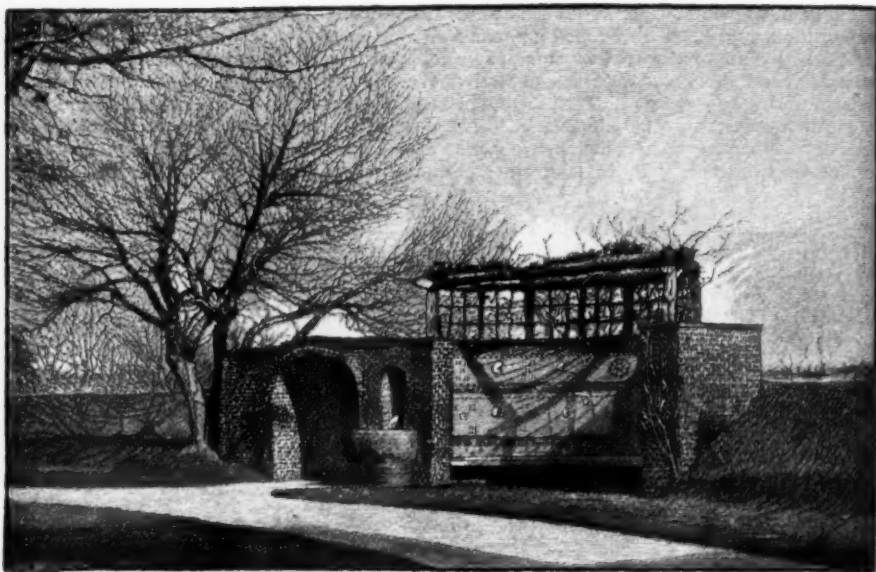


CHATWOLD.—HOUSE OF MRS. BOWLER, MT. DESERT.

Pointed art which there lived a long life of many phases and died at last of inanition. We have seen it tried very faithfully and earnestly and cleverly, but are growing every year more conscious that the trial has been a failure.

Of course the styles we call by the general name of Later Renaissance have not died out in the same hopeless way. They are certainly vital still in France, which is the only modern land that can boast of a living and national form of architectural speech. But it would be useless for us to try to take them up as employed by France to-day. For they are *fully developed*, and French wants, French tastes, French ideas, are so singularly unlike our own that French expedients would but poorly serve

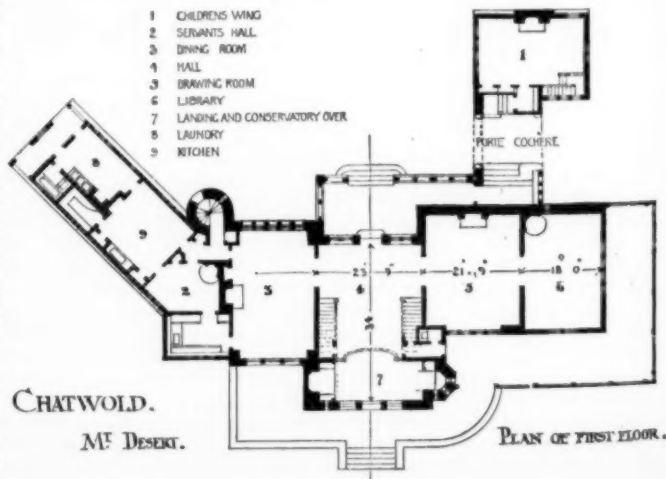
or schemes more susceptible of *fresh development* than is any which has already once run a complete and perfect course. Those are undoubtedly right who think that such a scheme is offered to us by the earlier Renaissance fashions of the northern parts of Italy — by those which used the round arch and the lintel very straightforwardly without much reliance upon the column; for in the first place they are very sensible and very flexible, and in the second place they never lived out their life and came to a death of natural exhaustion: they were replaced, while they seem to us to have been still instinct with latent capabilities, by those columnar fashions known as “Roman” or “Later Renaissance.”



ARCHWAY AND SEAT AT DR. R. H. DERBY'S, LLOYD'S NECK, LONG ISLAND.

But these early Renaissance styles are close akin in spirit, though not always in superficial effect, to the Romanesque fashions of a still earlier day. Both sprang from the same primal root; both incorporated the same general ideas and used the same main features. See, for example, how hard it is for an unskilled eye to tell in Venice which are the true "Byzantine" house-fronts, and which are those that were built in the first flush of the classic revival—although the long interval that lay between included all the Pointed work that Venice ever wrought. And the Romanesque of the South is another scheme which never lived out its life to natural expiration. The true Byzantine style of the East flowered very early into the most splendid blossoms, but then ceased from effort and neither developed nor declined. And its foster-children in the West—alike in Auvergne, in Tuscany, in Lombardy, and in the upper Rhine lands—were superseded, while

still very vital, by Pointed fashions imported bodily from those more northern countries where they had had their birth. It is important to note that their typical ecclesiastical structures offer us, in the rectangular ground-plan, something far more appropriate to our modern needs than do the Gothic churches of the North; and quite as important to remember that in every other class of buildings we may take up their somewhat primitive elements





HOUSE OF WILLIAM WALTER PHELPS, ESQ., ENGLEWOOD, N. J.

and develop them as we will without any very stringent fetters in the way of precedents which it would be "unscholarly" to ignore. Their decoration, as I have said, if literally reproduced from western prototypes, seems too emphatic, too luxuriant, too barbaric for the expression of modern sentiment; yet it offers us—and especially in its eastern, Byzantine examples—types and motives and manifold lovely suggestions capable of development into a most appropriate form of artistic speech.

Nothing, for example, could be fresher, more unhackneyed, newer to modern western eyes, than the decoration based on Byzantine motives which Mr. Richardson has wrought in many of his interiors—as, for instance, in the exquisite wood carvings which line the Quincy Library; yet nothing could be more

refined, more modern in feeling, more entirely appropriate and satisfactory.

Of course it will be understood that I have not said all this with the foolish idea of "giving advice," with the least wish to point out any road which our art "ought" to follow. I have only been trying to explain that the impulses which already have so strongly led our artists in these two directions are both sensible, both promising; and that they are *kindred* impulses, and therefore perhaps prophetic of some still closer accord to follow in the future.

Mr. Richardson's example seems already to have had a very strong influence upon the younger rank of the profession. But if it proves to be a *lasting* influence, the reason will be found, not in his mere personal force and accomplishment, but in the fact that



HOUSE OF DR. E. H. DERBY, LLOYD'S NECK, LONG ISLAND.

through these he gave the first outspoken voice to tastes and sympathies latent in his countrymen at large. If our architecture ever really develops upon the basis of the round arch into anything that may be called a *style* proper to ourselves, it will be because such a style is really what would suit us best, and because our artists will have felt the fact in their own souls and not believed it upon the mere evidence of one single man among them.

But (I must remind myself, I see, as well as you) speculation is quite idle. We cannot even pretend to guess whether we shall grow into architectural concord of any sort whatever. But here, you may protest, we can surely say what *ought* to be our course. Yes, surely, if this is a point where the course of past developments must be accepted as illustrating a natural, unescapable law. Success in the past has certainly meant concord in style. But can we be sure that success in the future *must* come in the same manner? Can we be quite sure that individuality, personality, which to-day in so many directions is so much more potent a force than it ever was in days gone by, may not be destined to play a greater rôle in architecture than it has ever played before? Of course I am not desirous of predicting that such will be the case; I only think that no one should too dogmatically say that the case is in itself impossible.

Time alone can give the answer to this as to all questions of the sort. Our task is not to theorize or prophesy, certainly not to guide, dictate, or dogmatize; but first *to help in the education of the artist and then to give him liberty to work in his own way and opportunity to work his best.*

And if almost always we yet find something in our architects' results to criticise, and sometimes much to condemn, much to deplore, let us remember how difficult are many of their tasks, and how often we make their difficulty greater. Let us remember how ignorant we are ourselves, and how our ignorance reacts on them. Let us remember what our condition was but a few short years ago—how young, as I have said, is our good work, how young are most of our good workers. Let us remember all this, and then, not their sins and stumbles, but their virtues and successes will seem to us remarkable. We shall then pause from condemnation, hesitate to criticise, and cultivate a grateful mood;—at the same time frankly confessing with the French philosopher that the liveliest source of gratitude is the expectation of greater benefits to come.*

* The Germantown cottages and Dr. Derby's and Mr. Alden's houses were built by Messrs. McKim, Mead & White. Mr. Phelps's is an old house altered and enlarged by Messrs. Babb, Cook & Willard.

M. G. van Rensselaer.



HOUSE OF CHARLES J. OSBORNE, ESQ., MAMARONECK, N. Y.

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IN THE WAKE OF BATTLE.*

A WOMAN'S RECOLLECTIONS OF SHEPHERDSTOWN DURING ANTIETAM WEEK.

SEPTEMBER was in the skies of the almanac, but August still reigned in ours; it was hot and dusty. The railroads in the Shenandoah Valley had been torn up, the bridges destroyed, communication made precarious and difficult, and Shepherdstown, cornered by the bend of the Potomac, lay as if forgotten in the bottom of somebody's pocket. We were without news or knowledge, except when some chance traveler would repeat the last wild and uncertain rumor that he had heard. We had passed an exciting summer. Winchester had changed hands more than once; we had been "in the Confederacy" and out of it again, and were now waiting, in an exasperating state of ignorance and suspense, for the next move in the great game.

It was a saying with us that Shepherdstown was just nine miles from everywhere. It was, in fact, about that distance from Martinsburg and Harper's Ferry — often-mentioned names — and from Williamsport, where the armies so often crossed, both to and from Maryland. It was off the direct road between those places and lay, as I said, at the foot of a great sweep in the river, and was five miles from the nearest station on

the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. As no trains were running now this was of little consequence; what was more important was that a turnpike road — unusually fine for that region of stiff, red clay — led in almost a straight line for thirty miles to Winchester on the south; it was the scene of "Sheridan's ride" and stretched northward, beyond the Potomac, twenty miles to Hagerstown. Before the days of steam this had been part of the old posting road between the Valley towns and Pennsylvania, and we had boasted a very substantial bridge. This had been burned early in the war, and only

the massive stone piers remained; but a mile and a half down the river was the ford, and the road that led to it lay partly above and partly along the face of rocky and precipi-

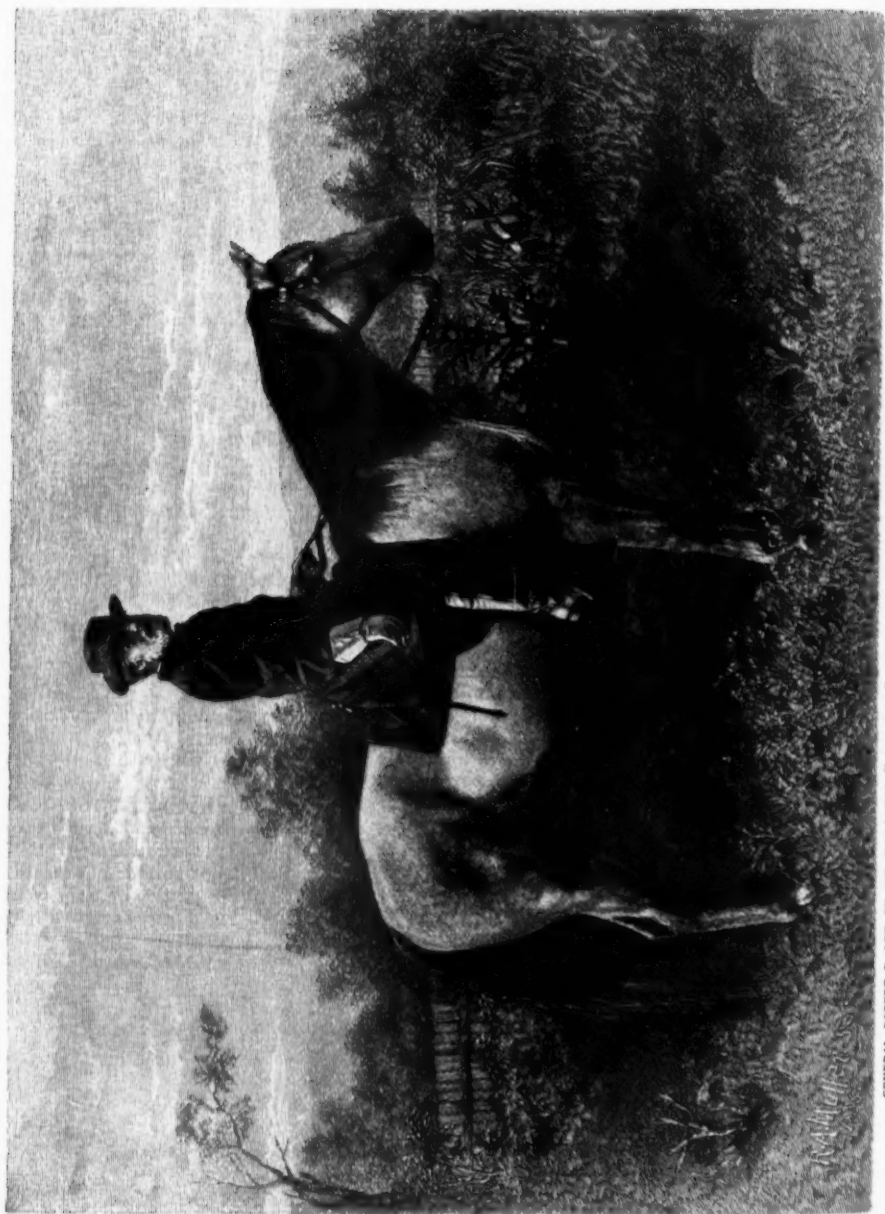


SHEPHERDSTOWN, FROM THE MARYLAND SIDE. (FROM A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH.)



BELOW SHEPHERDSTOWN — THE POTOMAC TO THE FORD (WHERE THE RIVER NARROWS) BY WHICH LEE RETREATED.

* The reader is referred to the May and June numbers for illustrated descriptions of the battles of South Mountain, Harper's Ferry and Antietam. — EDITOR.



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE ON HIS WAR-HORSE "TRAVELER." (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN BY M. MILBY, IN 1875—SEE NOTE*, NEXT PAGE.)

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tous cliffs. It was narrow and stony and, especially in one place, around the foot of "Mount Misery," was very steep and difficult for vehicles. It was, moreover, entirely commanded by the hills on the Maryland side, but it was the ford over which some part of the Confederate army passed every year, and was used by the main body of infantry in '63 before Gettysburg. Beyond the river were the Cumberland Canal and its willow-fringed tow-path, from which rose the soft and rounded outlines of the hills that from their farther slopes looked down upon the battle-field of Antietam. We could see the fort at Harper's Ferry without a glass on clear days, and the flag flying over it, a mere speck against the sky, and could hear the gun that was fired every evening at sunset.

Shepherdstown's only access to the river was through a narrow gorge, the bed of a small tributary of the Potomac, that was made to do much duty as it slipped cheerily over its rocks, and furnished power for several mills and factories, most of them at that time silent. Here were also three or four stone warehouses, huge, empty structures, testifying mutely that the town had once had a business. The road to the bridge led through this cleft, down an indescribably steep street skirting the stream's ravine, to whose sides the mills and factories clung in most extraordinary fashion; but it was always a marvel how anything heavier than a wheelbarrow could be pulled up its tedious length, or how any vehicle could be driven down without plunging into the water at the bottom.

In this odd little borough, then, we were waiting "developments," hearing first that "our men" were coming, and then that they were not coming, when suddenly, on Saturday, the 13th of September, early in the morning, we found ourselves surrounded by a hungry horde of lean and dusty tatterdemalions, who seemed to rise from the ground at our feet. I did not know where they came from, or to whose command they belonged;

I have since been informed that General Jackson recrossed into Virginia at Williamsport, and hastened to Harper's Ferry by the shortest roads. These would take him some four miles south of us, and our haggard apparitions were perhaps a part of his force. They were stragglers, at all events,—professional, some of them, but some worn out by the incessant strain of that summer. When I say that they were hungry, I convey no impression of the gaunt starvation that looked from their cavernous eyes. All day they crowded to the doors of our houses, with always the same drawing complaint: "I've been a-marchin' an' a-fightin' for six weeks stiddy, and I ain't had n-a-r-thin' to eat 'cept green apples an' green cawn, an' I wish you'd please to gimme a bite to eat."

Their looks bore out their statements, and when they told us they had "clean gin out," we believed them, and went to get what we had. They could be seen afterwards asleep in every fence corner, and under every tree, but after a night's rest they pulled themselves together somehow and disappeared as suddenly as they had come. Possibly they went back to their commands, possibly they only moved on to repeat the same tale elsewhere. I know nothing of numbers, nor what force was or was not engaged in any battle, but I saw the troops march past us every summer for four years, and I know something of the appearance of a marching army, both Union and Southern. There are always stragglers, of course, but never before or after did I see anything comparable to the demoralized state of the Confederates at this time. Never were want and exhaustion more visibly put before my eyes, and that they could march or fight at all seemed incredible.

As I remember, the next morning—it was Sunday, September 14—we were awakened by heavy firing at two points on the mountains. We were expecting the bombardment of Harper's Ferry, and knew that Jackson was before it. Many of our friends were with him,

* Major Campbell Brown of Spring Hill, Tenn., says in a recent letter in regard to the photograph of General Lee on his war-horse "Traveler": "Both horse and master show age, but the picture is characteristic and reminds me of General Lee, the first time I ever saw him and in the midst of his first great battle. I was on Ewell's staff, and our division led the advance of Jackson on McClellan's right at Gaines's Mill. We went in astride of a public road. General Ewell sent me back to find General Jackson. This I failed to do, but was told he had ridden to the right. Going in that direction, I came on Longstreet and General Lee. Longstreet, usually phlegmatic, always brightened up under fire, and he was unusually animated and earnest on this occasion. Lee sat listening, with his eyes fixed steadfastly to the front, his head raised, an intense earnestness on his face, his feet

firmly in the stirrups (which I well remember were shorter than in this picture, so that the heel was just a bit lower than the toe), his iron-gray horse standing like marble, but tugging at the bit and evidently impatient of the restraint. The impression made on my mind then was that I was looking at the greatest man I had met—one whom I could follow with full trust—and it never weakened or gave way under any subsequent events nor in that familiar intercourse with which I was afterwards privileged; for from 1863 to 1865 I saw him almost daily. General Lee was charming in private life, and to young people (of whose company he never seemed to grow tired) absolutely fascinating and delightful. With us he was always playful, kindly, patient, ready to jest and smile, and, General Pope to the contrary notwithstanding, he was fond of a jest."

and our interest there was so intense that we sat watching the bellowing and smoking Heights, for a long time, before we became aware that the same phenomena were to be noticed in the north. From our windows both points could be observed, and we could not tell which to watch most keenly. We knew almost nothing except that there was fighting, that it must be very heavy, and that our friends were surely in it somewhere, but whether at South Mountain or Harper's Ferry we had no means of discovering. I remember how the day wore on, how we staid at the windows until we could not endure the suspense; how we walked about and came back to them; and how finally, when night fell, it seemed cruel and preposterous to go to bed still ignorant.

I believe there was more firing at Harper's Ferry on Monday, but I retain a very indistinct impression of the morning. In the afternoon, about two or three o'clock, when we were sitting about in disconsolate fashion, distracted by the contradictory rumors that reached us from town, our negro cook rushed into the room with eyes shining and face working with excitement. She had been down in "de ten-acre lot to pick a few years ob cawn," and she had seen a long train of wagons coming up from the ford, and "dey is full ob wounded men, and de blood runnin' outen dem dat deep," measuring on her outstretched arm to the shoulder. This horrible picture sent us flying to town, and we found the streets already crowded, the people all astir, and the foremost wagons, of what seemed an endless line, discharging their piteous burdens. The scene speedily became ghastly, but fortunately we could not stay to look at it. There were no preparations, no accommodations—the men could not be left in the streets—what was to be done?

A Federal soldier once said to me, "I was always sorry for your wounded; they never seemed to get any care." The remark was extreme, but there was too much justice in it. There was little mitigation of hardship to our unfortunate armies. We were fond of calling them Spartans, and they were but too truly called upon to endure a Spartan system of neglect and privation. They were always ill-fed and ill-cared for. It would have been possible, at this time, one would think, to send a courier back to inform the town and bespeak what comforts it could provide for the approaching wounded; but here they were, unannounced, on the brick pavements, and the first thing was to find roofs to cover them. Men ran for keys and opened the long empty shops and unused rooms; other people got brooms and stirred up the dust of ages; then armies of children began to appear with bundles of hay and straw, taken from anybody's stable. These were hast-

ily disposed in heaps, and covered with blankets—the soldiers' own, or else one begged or borrowed from anywhere. On these improvised beds the sufferers were placed, and the next question was of the proper dressing of their wounds. No surgeons were to be seen. A few men, detailed as nurses, had come, but they were incompetent of course. Our women set bravely to work and washed away the blood, or stanching it as well as they could, where the jolting of the long rough ride had disarranged the hasty binding done upon the battle-field. But what did they know of wounds beyond a cut finger, or a boil? Yet they bandaged and bathed, with a devotion that went far to make up for their inexperience. Then there was the hunt for bandages. Every housekeeper ransacked her stores and brought forth things new and old. I saw one girl, in despair for a strip of cloth, look about helplessly, and then rip off the hem of her white petticoat. The doctors came up, by and by, or I suppose they did, for some amputating was done. Rough surgery, you may be sure. The women helped, holding the instruments and the basins, and trying to soothe or strengthen. They stood to their work very nobly; the emergency brought out all their strength to meet it.

One girl who had been working very hard, helping the men on the sidewalks, and dressing wounds afterwards in a close, hot room, told me that at one time the sights and smells (these last were fearful) so overcame her that she could only stagger to the staircase, where she hung, half conscious, over the banisters, saying to herself, "Oh, I hope if I faint some one will kick me into a corner and let me lie there!" She did not faint, but went back to her work in a few moments, and through the whole of what followed was one of the most indefatigable and useful. She was one of many; even children did their part.

It became a grave question how to feed so many unexpected guests. The news spread rapidly, and the people from the country neighborhoods came pouring in to help, expecting to stay with friends who had already given up every spare bed and every inch of room where beds could be put. Virginia houses are very elastic, but ours were strained to their utmost. Fortunately some of the farmers' wives had been thoughtful enough to bring supplies of linen, and some bread and fruit, and when our wants became better known other contributions flowed in; but when all was done it was not enough.

We worked far into the night that Monday, went to bed late, and rose early next morning. Tuesday brought fresh wagon-loads, and would have brought despair, except that they were accompanied by an apology for a

commissariat; and other and more regular sources of supply were organized among our country friends. Some doctors also arrived, who—with a few honorable exceptions—might as well have staid away. The remembrance of that worthless body of officials stirs me to wrath. Two or three worked conscientiously and hard, and they did all the medical work, except what was done by our own town physicians. In strong contrast was the conduct of the common men detailed as nurses. They were as gentle as they knew how to be, and very obliging and untiring. Of course they were uncouth and often rough, but with the wounded dying about us every day, and with the necessity that we were under for the first few days, of removing those who died at once that others not yet quite dead might take their places, there was no time to be fastidious; it required all our efforts to be simply decent, and we sometimes failed in that.

We fed our men as well as we could from every available source, and often had some difficulty in feeding ourselves. The townspeople were very hospitable, and we were invited here and there, but could not always go, or hesitated, knowing every house was full. I remember once,—probably this Tuesday, but I cannot be sure,—that having breakfasted upon a single roll, and having worked hard among sickening details, about four o'clock I turned, perfectly ravenous and wolfish, and ran to a friend's house down the street. When I got there I was almost too faint to speak, but my friend looked, at me and disappeared in silence, coming back in a moment with a plate of hot soup. What luxury! I sat down then and there on the front doorstep and devoured the soup as if I had been without food for a week.

It was known on Tuesday that Harper's Ferry had been taken, but it was growing evident that South Mountain had not been a victory. We had heard from some of our friends, but not from all, and what we did hear was often most unsatisfactory and tantalizing. For instance, we would be told that some one whom we loved had been seen standing with his battery, had left his gun an instant to shake hands and send a message, and had then stepped back to position, while our civilian informant had come away for safety, and the smoke of conflict had hidden battery and all from view. As night drew nearer, whispers of a great battle to be fought the next day grew louder, and we shuddered at the prospect, for battles had come to mean to us, as they never had before, blood, wounds, and death.

The seventeenth of September looked down

from cloudy skies upon the two armies facing each other on the fields of Maryland. It seems to me now that the roar of that day began with the light, and all through its long and dragging hours its thunder formed a background to our pain and terror. If we had been in doubt as to our friends' whereabouts on Sunday, there was no room for doubt now. In the thickest of the fight, where the "Old Stonewall" was ever to be found, there was it now and they with it, and here were we, not two miles away, listening in anguish as beyond the river the tide of battle surged to and fro. There was no sitting at the windows now and counting discharges of guns, or watching the curling smoke. We went about our work with pale faces and trembling hands, yet trying to appear composed for the sake of our patients, who were much excited. We could hear the incessant explosions of artillery, the shrieking whistles of the shells, and the sharper, deadlier, more thrilling roll of musketry; while every now and then the echo of some charging cheer would come, borne by the wind, and as the human voice pierced that demoniacal clangor we would catch our breath and listen, and try not to sob, and turn back to the forlorn hospitals, to the suffering at our feet and before our eyes, while imagination, faint at thought of those other scenes hidden from us beyond the Potomac.

On our side of the river there were noise, confusion, dust; throngs of stragglers; horsemen galloping about; wagons blocking each other, and teamsters wrangling; and a continued din of shouting, swearing, and rumbling, in the midst of which men were dying, fresh wounded arriving, surgeons amputating limbs and dressing wounds, women going in and out with bandages, lint, medicines, food. An ever-present sense of anguish, dread, pity, and, I fear, hatred—these are my recollections of Antietam.

When night came we could still hear the sullen guns and hoarse, indefinite murmurs that succeeded the day's turmoil. That night was dark and lowering and the air heavy and dull. Across the river innumerable watch-fires were blazing, and we could but too well conjecture the scenes that they were lighting. We sat in silence, looking into each other's tired faces. There were no impatient words, few tears; only silence, and a drawing close together, as if for comfort. We were almost hopeless, yet clung with desperation to the thought that we were hoping. But in our hearts we could not believe that anything human could have escaped from that appalling fire.

On Thursday, the two armies lay idly facing each other, but we could not be idle. The wounded continued to arrive until the town

was quite unable to hold all the disabled and suffering. They filled every building and overflowed into the country round, into farm-houses, barns, corn-cribs, cabins—wherever four walls and a roof were found together. Those able to travel were sent on to Winchester and other towns back from the river, but their departure seemed to make no appreciable difference. There were six churches and they were all full; the Odd Fellows' Hall, the Free Masons', the little Town Council room, the barn-like place known as the Drill Room, all the private houses after their capacity, the shops and empty buildings, the school-houses,—every inch of space, and yet the cry was for room.

The unfinished Town Hall had stood in naked ugliness for many a long day. Somebody threw a few rough boards across the beams, placed piles of straw over them, laid down single planks to walk upon, and lo, it was a hospital at once. The stone warehouses down in the ravine and by the river had been passed by, because low and damp and undesirable as sanitariums, but now their doors and windows were thrown wide, and, with barely time allowed to sweep them, they were all occupied; and even the "old blue factory." This was an antiquated, crazy, dismal building of blue stucco that peeled off in great blotches. It had been shut up for years and was in the last stages of dilapidation. The doorways were boarded up; its windows looked through eyeless sockets; boards were missing from the floor, leaving only rafters to bridge alarming gaps; and, in one place at least, it was possible to look down through successive openings, from the upper story to the basement, whence came back the sound of rushing water, for the stream, that had once turned the machinery (long since departed), still ran under archways in the foundations of the building.

On Thursday night we heard more than usual sounds of disturbance and movement, and in the morning we found the Confederate army in full retreat. General Lee crossed the Potomac under cover of the darkness, and when the day broke the greater part of his force—or the more orderly portion of it—had gone on towards Kearneysville and Leetown. General McClellan followed to the river, and without crossing got a battery in position on Douglas's Hill, and began to shell the retreating army and, in consequence, the town. What was confusion before grew worse; the retreat became a stampede. The battery may not have done a very great deal of execution, but it made a fearful noise. It is curious how much louder guns sound when they are pointed

at you than when turned the other way! And the long-drawn screeching of shells, though no doubt less deadly than the singing of minie-balls, has a way of making one's hair stand on end at times. Then, too, every one who has had any experience in such things, knows how infectious fear is, how it grows when yielded to, and how, when you once begin to run, it soon seems impossible to run fast enough; whereas, if you can manage to stand your ground, the alarm lessens and sometimes disappears.

Some one suggested that yellow was the hospital color, and immediately everybody who could lay hands upon a yellow rag hoisted it over the house. The whole town was a hospital; there was scarcely a building that could not with truth seek protection under that plea, and the fantastic little strips were soon flaunting their ineffectual remonstrance from every roof-tree and chimney. Of course they did not stop the firing; but when this specific failed, the excitement became wild and ungovernable. It would have been ludicrous had it not produced so much suffering. The danger was less than it seemed, for McClellan, after all, was not bombarding the town, but the army, and most of the shells flew over us and exploded in the fields; but aim cannot be always sure, and enough shells fell short to convince the terrified citizens that their homes were about to be battered down over their ears. The better people kept some outward coolness, with perhaps a sort of "*noblesse oblige*" feeling; but the poorer classes acted as if the town were already in a blaze, and rushed from their houses with their families and household goods to make their way into the country. The road was thronged, the streets blocked; men were vociferating, women crying, children screaming; wagons, ambulances, guns, caissons, horsemen, footmen, all mingled—nay, even wedged and jammed together—in one struggling, shouting mass. It was Pandemonium. The negroes were the worst, and with faces of a ghastly ash-color, and staring eyes, they swarmed into the fields, carrying their babies, their clothes, their pots and kettles, fleeing from the wrath behind them. The comparison of a hornet's nest attacked by boys is not a good one, for there was no "fight" shown; but a disturbed ant-hill is altogether inadequate. They fled wildly, and camped out of range, nor would they venture back for days.

Had this been all, we could afford to laugh now, but there was another side to the picture that lent it an intensely painful aspect. It was the hurrying crowds of wounded. Ah me! those maimed and bleeding fugitives! When the firing commenced the hospitals began to

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BLACKFORD'S, OR BOTELER'S, FORD, FROM THE MARYLAND SIDE. (FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH.)

This picture, taken from the tow-path of the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, shows the ford below Shepherdstown by which Lee's army retreated after Antietam, the cliff on the Virginia side being the scene of the disaster to the 118th Pennsylvania, or Corn Exchange, Regiment. When Porter's corps arrived at the Potomac in pursuit, on September 19th, Confederate artillery on the cliffs disputed the passage. A small Union force, under General Griffin, moved across the river in face of a warm fire, and, scaling the heights, captured several pieces of artillery. This attacking party was recalled during the night. Next morning, the 20th, two brigades of Sykes's division crossed and gained the heights on the left by the cement mill, while one brigade of Morell's division

advanced to the right toward Shepherdstown and ascended the heights by way of the ravine. The 118th Pennsylvania formed beyond the crest and abreast of the dam. Soon the Confederates attacked with spirit. The Union forces were withdrawn without much loss, except to the 118th Pennsylvania, which was a new regiment, numbering 737 men, and armed, as it proved, with defective Enfield rifles. They made a stout resistance until ordered to retreat, when most of the men fled down the precipitous face of the bluff and thence across the river, some crossing on the dam, the top of which was then dry. They were also under fire in crossing; and out of 361 in killed, wounded, and captured at this place, the 118th Pennsylvania lost 269.—EDITOR.

empty. All who were able to pull one foot after another, or could bribe or beg comrades to carry them, left in haste. In vain we implored them to stay; in vain we showed them the folly, the suicide, of the attempt; in vain we argued, cajoled, threatened, ridiculed; pointed out that we were remaining and that there was less danger here than on the road. There is no sense or reason in a panic. The cannon were bellowing upon Douglas's Hill, the shells whistling and shrieking, the air full of shouts and cries; we had to scream to make ourselves heard. The men replied that the "Yankees" were crossing; that the town was to be burned; that *we* could not be made prisoners, but they could; that, anyhow, they were going as far as they could walk, or be carried. And go they did, but how?

Men with cloths about their heads went

hatless in the sun, men with cloths about their feet limped shoeless on the stony road; men with arms in slings, without arms, with one leg, with bandaged sides and backs; men in ambulances, wagons, carts, wheelbarrows, men carried on stretchers, or supported on the shoulder of some self-denying comrade—all who could crawl went, and went to almost certain death. They could not go far, they dropped off into the country houses, where they were received with as much kindness as it was possible to ask for; but their wounds had become inflamed and angry, their frames were weakened by fright and over-exertion; erysipelas, mortification, gangrene set in; and the long rows of nameless graves still bear witness to the results.

Our hospitals did not remain empty. It was but a portion who could get off in any



UNION HOSPITAL IN A BARN NEAR ANTIETAM CREEK. (BY EDWIN FORBES, AFTER HIS SKETCH MADE AT THE TIME.)

manner, and their places were soon taken by others, who had remained nearer the battlefield, had attempted to follow the retreat, but having reached Shepherdstown, could go no farther. We had plenty to do, but all that day we went about with hearts bursting with rage and shame, and breaking with pity and grief for the needless, needless waste of life. The amateur nurses all stood firm, and managed to be cheerful for the sake of keeping their men quiet, but they could not be without fear. One who had no thought of leaving her own post, desired to send her sister—a mere child—out of harm's way. She, therefore, told her to go to their home, about half a mile distant, and ask their mother for some yellow cloth that was in the house, thinking, of course, that the mother would never permit the girl to come back into the town. But she miscalculated. The child accepted the commission as a sacred trust, forced her way out over the crowded road, where the danger was more real than in the town itself, reached home, and made her request. The house had its own flag flying, for it was directly in range and full of wounded. Perhaps for this reason the mother was less anxious to keep her daughter with her; perhaps in the hurry and excitement she allowed herself to be persuaded that it was really necessary to get that strip of yellow flannel into Shepherdstown as soon as possible. At all events, she made no difficulty, but with streaming tears kissed the girl, and saw her set out to go alone, half a mile through a panic-stricken rabble, under the fire of a battery and into a

town whose escape from conflagration was at best not assured. To come out had been comparatively easy, for she was going with the stream. The return was a different matter. The turbulent tide had now to be stemmed. Yet she managed to work her way along, now in the road, now in the field, slipping between wagon wheels, and once, at least, crawling under a stretcher. No one had noticed her coming out, she was but one of the crowd; and now, most were too busy with their own safety to pay much heed to anything else. Still, as her face seemed alone set towards the town, she attracted some attention. One or two spoke to her. Now it was, "Look-a here, little gal! don't you know you're a-goin' the wrong way?" One man looked at the yellow thing she had slung across her shoulder and said, with an approving nod: "That's right, that's right; save the wounded if ye kin." She meant to do it, and finally reached her sister, breathless, but triumphant, with as proud a sense, I dare say, of duty done, as if her futile errand had been the deliverance of a city.

I have said that there was less danger than appeared, but it must not be supposed that there was none. A friend who worked chiefly in the old blue factory had asked me to bring her a bowl of gruel that some one had promised to make for one of her patients. I had just taken it to her, and she was walking across the floor with the bowl in her hands, when a shell crashed through a corner of the wall and passed out at the opposite end of the building, rocking the crazy rookery to its foundations,

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filling the room with dust and plaster, and throwing her upon her knees to the floor. The wounded screamed, and had they not been entirely unable to move, not a man would have been left in the building. But it was found that no one was hurt, and things proceeded as before. I asked her afterwards if she was frightened. She said yes, when it was over, but her chief thought at the time was to save the gruel, for the man needed it, and it had been very hard to find any one composed enough to make it. I am glad to be able to say that he got his gruel in spite of bombs. That factory was struck twice, and what miracle kept it together I could never understand. A school-house, of course full of wounded, and one or two other buildings were hit, but I believe no serious damage was done. I was told that a bomb exploded in the street and killed several men, but I did not see it. We were told so many wild stories that I wish only to repeat what I actually saw, or know positively to be true; and while there was so much to be done in the hospitals, we really were comparatively ignorant of what was passing outside of our own wards.

On Saturday morning there was the fight at the ford. The negroes were still encamped in the fields, though some, finding that the town was yet standing, ventured back on various errands during the day. What we feared were the stragglers and hangers-on and non-descripts, that circle round an army, like the great buzzards we shuddered to see wheeling

silently over us. The people were still excited, anticipating the Federal crossing and dreading a repetition of the bombardment or an encounter in the streets. Some parties of Confederate cavalry rode through, and it is possible that a body of infantry remained drawn up in readiness on one of the hills during the morning, but I remember no large force of troops at any time on that day.

About noon, or a little after, we were told that General McClellan's advance had been checked, and that it was not believed he would attempt to cross the river at once—a surmise that proved to be correct. The country grew more composed. General Lee lay near Leetown, some seven miles south of us, and General McClellan rested quietly in Maryland. On Sunday we were able to have some short church services for our wounded, cut still shorter, I regret to say, by reports that the "Yankees" were crossing. Such reports continued to harass us, especially as we feared the capture of our friends, who would often ride down to see us during the day, but who seldom ventured to spend a night so near the river. We presently passed into the debatable land, when we were in the Confederacy in the morning, in the Union after dinner, and were on neutral ground at night. We lived through a disturbed and eventful autumn, subject to continual "alarms and excursions," but when this Saturday came to an end, the most trying and tempestuous week of the war for Shepherds-town was over.

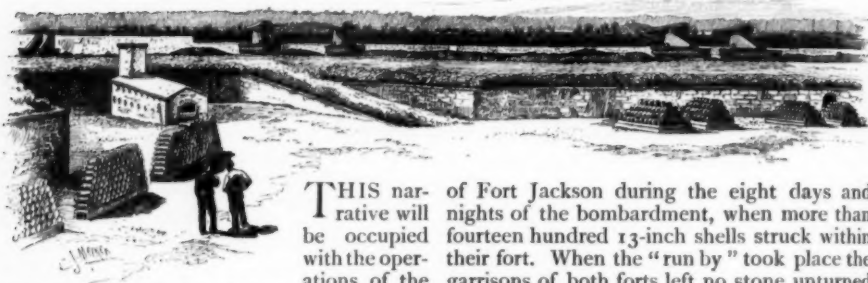
Maria Blunt.



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT AT SHEPHERDSTOWN.

FIGHTING FARRAGUT BELOW NEW ORLEANS.*

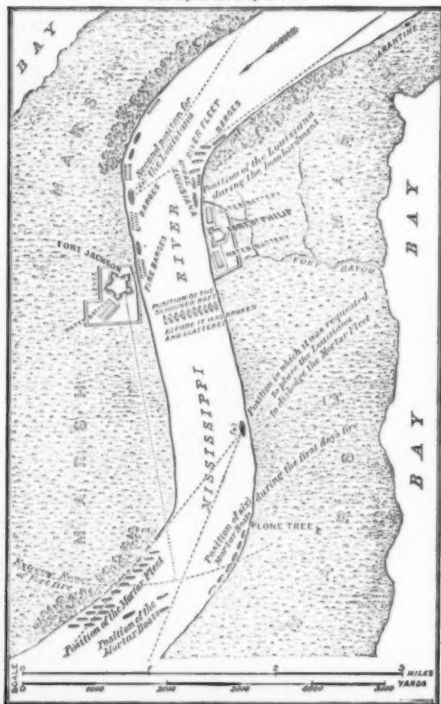
BY THE COMMANDER OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."



RIVER-SIDE INTERIOR OF FORT ST. PHILIP.

THIS narrative will be occupied with the operations of the State and River Defense gun-boats, and especially with the movements of my vessel, the *Governor Moore*, and without particular reference to the forts. No men ever endured greater hardships, privations, and sufferings than the garrison

The top of the map is west.



POSITIONS OF THE CONFEDERATE FLEET AND OF THE UNION MORTAR-BOATS BEFORE THE RUNNING OF THE FORTS BY THE UNION FLEET.—EDITOR.

of Fort Jackson during the eight days and nights of the bombardment, when more than fourteen hundred 13-inch shells struck within their fort. When the "run by" took place the garrisons of both forts left no stone unturned to stem the tide of battle, but to no purpose.

Nor shall I refer especially to the *Louisiana*, *Manassas*, and *McRae*, of the regular C. S. Navy. Of these I saw nothing after the battle began. I did see and do know of the movements of all the other gun-boats, which, to avoid confounding with the regular navy vessels, I will refer to as "rams."

The *Louisiana* was simply an iron floating battery. She was in an unfinished state, and although officered from the regular navy, her crew was composed exclusively of volunteer soldiers, totally unused to ships and the handling of heavy guns. Her ports were too small to admit of the elevation or depression of her guns, thereby almost entirely destroying her efficiency. The responsibility for this was long since placed with Secretary Mallory, who not until four months before New Orleans fell, and after Stevenson fashioned that "pigmy monster" the *Manassas*, and in a measure tested her power, ordered the construction of the *Louisiana*, which had been a floating dock. She was decked over, roofed, iron-plated, armed, and given engines which never propelled her until after the fight was lost. Commander McIntosh, her "fighting captain," was killed early in the action, and was succeeded by Lieutenant John Wilkinson, and his brave officers and men did all in their power to beat back the enemy, but to little purpose, as thirteen of the enemy's seventeen vessels passed their vessel and the forts.

The *McRae*, a small vessel mounting a battery almost exactly like that of the *Owasco*, Farragut's smallest vessel, lost her commander, T. B. Huger, early in the battle, and as it

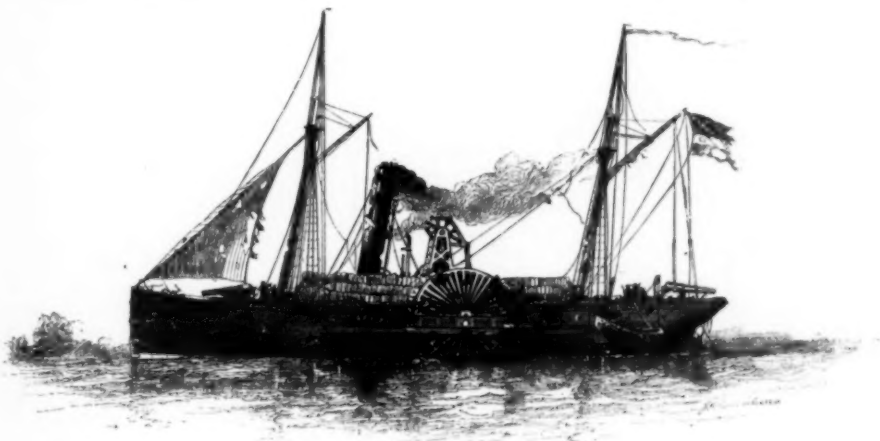
* In THE CENTURY for April, 1885, the reader will find other maps and illustrations relating to the subject and accompanying Admiral Porter's paper on "The Opening of the Lower Mississippi."—EDITOR.

happened, he was killed by a shot fired from the *Iroquois*, the vessel on which he was serving when he resigned his commission in the United States Navy. He was succeeded by Lieutenant Reed, who fought the ship gallantly until the end of the battle.

The *Manassas*, commanded by Lieutenant Warley, had previously done good service, and this time came to grief after two hours' fighting, because every ship that neared her selected her thin, half-inch-iron roof and sides for a target. In considering the responsibility for the fall of New Orleans, it should be remembered that Messrs. Benjamin and Mal-

All of them had their pilot-houses, engines, and boilers perfectly protected by a bulkhead of cotton bales which extended from the floor of the hold to five feet or more above the spar-deck. These and other such vessels were fitted out by the State and the city of New Orleans after the regular navy refused to take them, and to Lieutenant-Colonel W. S. Lovell (ex-lieutenant United States Navy) is due the credit of their novel construction.

Of the other eight "rams," the *General Quitman* was like my ship, but smaller. The remaining seven had been tug-boats, and were of wood, with walking-beam engines. Each of



THE "GOVERNOR MOORE," AT THE END OF THE FIGHT.

lory were better fitted for the law than to preside over the War and Navy Departments of a newly fledged government.

The vessel which I commanded was formerly the ocean-built wooden paddle-steamship *Charles Morgan*, of about nine hundred tons, and having a walking-beam engine. When armed by the State of Louisiana she was named the *Governor Moore*, and received two rifled 32-pounders (not banded and not sighted) and a complement of ninety-three persons. She was not iron-plated in any manner whatever. Her stem was like that of hundreds of other vessels, being faced its length on its edges above water, with two strips of old-fashioned flat railroad iron, held in place by short straps of like kind at the top, at the water-line and at three intermediate points. These straps extended about two feet abaft the face of the stem, on each side, where they were bolted in place. The other eight "rams" had their "noses" hardened in like manner. All had the usual-shaped stems. Not one had an iron beak or projecting prow under water.

them mounted one or two guns, had about thirty-five men, and measured not far from one hundred and fifty tons.

These nine "rams" were an independent command, and recognized no outside authority unless it suited their convenience; and it was expected that this "fleet" and its branch at Memphis "would defend the Upper and Lower Mississippi, without aid from the regular navy." We lay at the head of the turn in the river just above the forts, the place of all others for all the Confederate vessels to have been. Here they would have been less liable to be surprised; they would have been clear of the cross-fire from the forts and not exposed to the broadsides of the enemy when passing them, while both guns of each ram could have raked the enemy for over a mile as they approached; they would have been out of the smoke, and would have had extra time to raise steam, to prepare to fire and to ram; moreover they would have been at a great advantage to ram, since the advancing vessels would have had to incline to the eastward on reaching

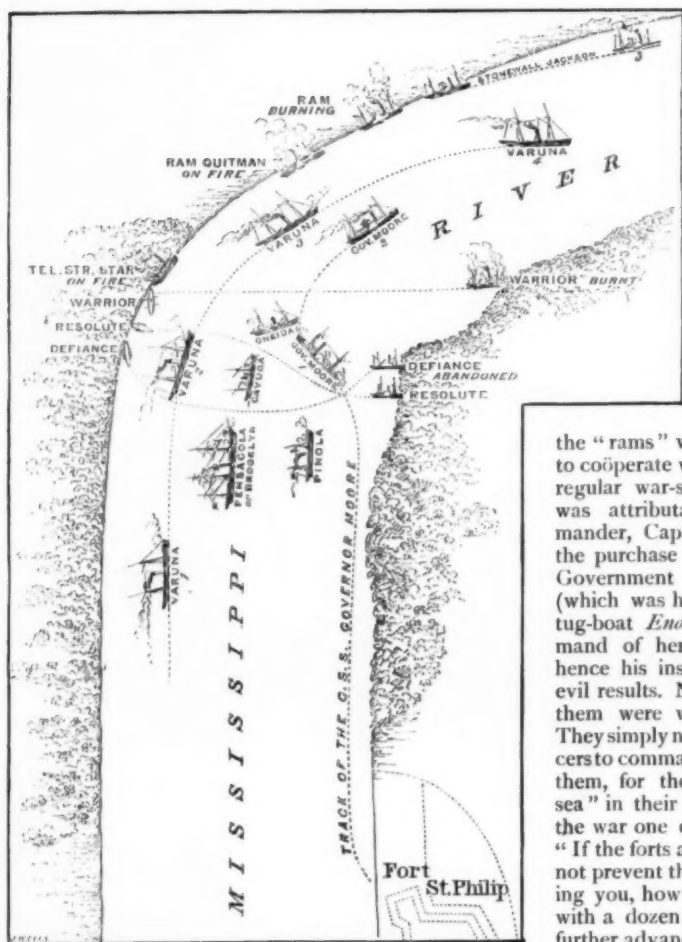


CHART OF THE FIRST MOVEMENTS OF THE "VARUNA" AND "GOVERNOR MOORE."

them. Not one of them to my knowledge, nor was it ever reported, availed itself of one of these advantages, for when they saw the enemy approaching, those having steam tried to escape, whilst others that did not have it were set afire where they lay, as I myself witnessed. Not one of them made the feeblest offensive or defensive movement, excepting in the accidental case of the *Stonewall Jackson* nearly three hours after, as I shall relate. Had they

* The "Navy Register" of January, 1863, gives Flag-Officer Farragut's seventeen vessels one hundred and ninety-three guns, and Commander Porter's seven vessels sixty-five guns. The frigate *Colorado*, being unable to cross the bar, transferred April 11th her 24-pounder howitzer to the *Sciota*; on the 6th of April four 9-inch guns to the *Oueda* and *Iroquois*; and on April 9th, three officers, 142 men, and her spar-deck battery of twenty

The fault rests with those who kept them there. Had regular naval officers, instead of being kept in the mud forts on the creeks in Virginia, and in the woods of the Carolinas cutting timber to build iron-clads, been sent to these vessels even at the eleventh hour, they would have proven very formidable.

The Confederates had in all thirteen vessels, and but thirteen of Farragut's vessels passed the forts.* The former lost a fine opportu-

8-inch guns, for distribution in the fleet. Add thirty-eight 32-pounders, and nineteen 13-inch mortars on board the "bombers" and twenty-nine 12-pounder howitzers, one to each of twenty-four vessels, the five larger ones having two, both in their tops, and we find they had in all, three hundred and sixty-nine guns, of recent construction, fully equipped with latest improvements, and commanded and handled by trained men. Excepting

done their duty simply in firing, what might they not have accomplished! Nearly every United States ship reports firing into them, but not a single one reports having been rammed or fired at by one of them, with the exception of the *Stonewall Jackson* and my ship.

As an act of fairness to the people on board

the "rams" who so signally failed to coöperate with the forts and the regular war-ships, I must say it was attributable to their commander, Captain Stevenson. On the purchase by the Confederate Government of the *Manassas* (which was his creation from the tug-boat *Enoch Train*), the command of her was refused him; hence his insubordination and its evil results. None of the men on them were wanting in courage. They simply needed competent officers to command, lead, and instruct them, for they were totally "at sea" in their new vocation. After the war one of them said to me, "If the forts and you fellows could not prevent the enemy from reaching you, how could you expect us with a dozen guns to check their further advance? I saw there was no use risking life for nothing, so I fired the vessel and skipped."

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GENERAL J. K. DUNCAN, IN COMMAND OF FORTS JACKSON AND ST. PHILIP. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)

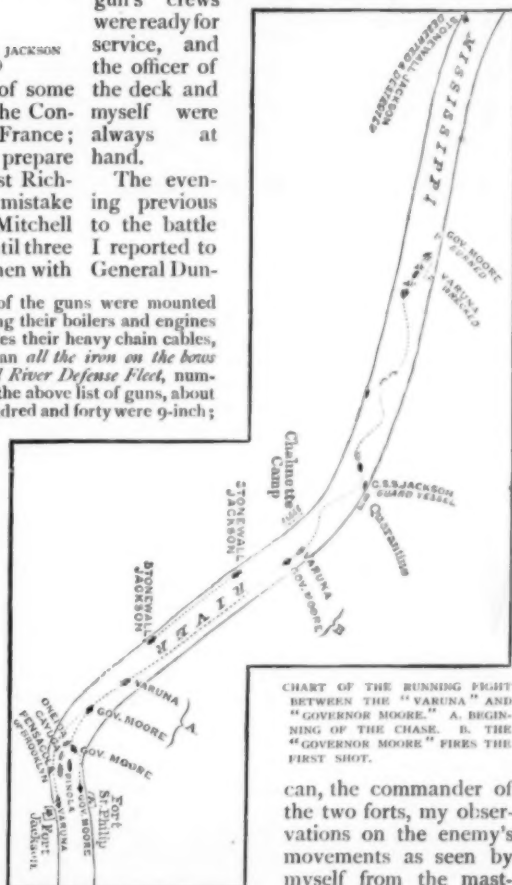
nity here. Richmond, in the minds of some officials, bore the same relation to the Confederacy that Paris has ever done to France; hence the delay for several months to prepare for the defense of New Orleans, whilst Richmond was being fortified, and the mistake in not sending Commander John K. Mitchell to the "three fleets," near the forts, until three and a half days before the fight, and then with

one sailing ship and the mortar vessels, all of the guns were mounted on board steamers, the larger ones protecting their boilers and engines by tricing up abreast them on their outer sides their heavy chain cables, sixty links of one of them weighing more than *all the iron on the bows and elsewhere on all the Confederate State and River Defense Fleet*, numbering nine vessels, and all built of wood. In the above list of guns, about twenty-six were 11-inch pivots; about one hundred and forty were 9-inch; about fifty-four were 8-inch; about sixty were 32-pounders; about forty were rifled 20 to 80 pounders, nineteen were 13-inch mortars, thirty were howitzers. To meet them the Confederates had one hundred and twenty-eight guns of assorted sizes in the two forts, and forty-one on board their vessels. Of this number thirty-two only were of recent manufacture and fully equipped. The remainder were out of date by several years, and were commanded and manned, as a rule, by inexperienced though brave men; one hundred and twenty-two were old-time 32-pounders. There were also three 7-inch and thirteen 6-inch rifles, four brass field-pieces, eleven mortars (eight 10- and one 13-inch), four 8-inch, four 9-inch, and eight 10-inch guns; total, 169. If I have erred, it is in not giving all the guns on the United States ships, as the "Register" always gives the least number mounted. Howitzers are never included, any more than pistols, but when mounted in a vessel's tops to be fired at men on an exposed deck, as was the case with the Federal ships in this action, they become formidable weapons.—B. K.

a vessel (the *Louisiana*) which could simply float, but nothing more!

The *Governor Moore*, which was anchored near Fort St. Philip opposite Fort Jackson, could not have been surprised at any time. I slept for the most part only during the day, and but rarely at night. At eight P. M. four sentinels were always posted on the spar-deck and wheel-houses, and a quarter-master in the pilot-house; an anchor and engine-room watch was set; the chain was unshackled and the fires were banked; both guns were carefully pointed at the opening in the obstructions through which the enemy had to pass to reach us. The vessel being secured as firmly as if at a dock, effective firing of her guns was assured. Every opening in the vessel's side through which a light might be seen was kept closed. At dark the vessel's holds and decks and magazines were brightly lighted to save delay in the event of a sudden call to quarters. Two gun's crews were ready for service, and the officer of the deck and myself were always at hand.

The evening previous to the battle I reported to General Dun-



can, the commander of the two forts, my observations on the enemy's movements as seen by myself from the mast-



FIRING AT THE "VARUNA" THROUGH THE BOW OF THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

head. Yet to my knowledge no picket boat was sent down by us, or any means adopted to watch the enemy and guard against surprise. The result was they were abreast the forts before some of our vessels fired a shot. In a few moments this space was filled with smoke from the guns and exploded shells, intensifying the darkness of the night. A slackening of the fire on both sides was necessary, since neither could distinguish friend from foe. In some places no object was distinguishable until directly upon it, when it was as soon lost to view, yet the U. S. squadron steamed ahead, blind-folded, as it were, through the darkness and confusion, soon to find themselves in places of absolute safety and with comparatively few casualties.

At about 3:30 A. M. (April 24, 1862) an unusual noise down the river attracted my attention. As we expected to be attacked at any moment I descended the ladder to near the water, where I distinctly heard the paddles of a steamer (the *Mississippi*). I saw nothing on reaching the deck, but instantly fired the after gun, the one forward being fired by the sentry there; at the same moment the water batteries of Fort Jackson and Fort St. Philip let drive, followed in an instant by a general dis-

charge from all the available guns in the forts, and both batteries of the advancing fleet, mounting two hundred and forty-two guns, and Commander Porter's squadron of seven vessels mounting seventy-two guns, which attacked Fort Jackson's flank below the obstructions. There was also a splendid practice from nineteen Federal mortars, which fired their 13-inch shells at intervals (between the vessels) of ten seconds.

The bursting of every description of shells quickly following their discharge, increased a hundred-fold the terrific noise and fearfully grand and magnificent pyrotechnic display which centered in a space of about twelve hundred yards in width. The ball had not more than fairly opened before the enemy's ships were between the forts, and the Uncle Sam of my earlier days had the key to the valley of the Mississippi again in his breeches-pocket, for which he had to thank his gallant navy and the stupidity, tardiness, ignorance, and neglect of the authorities in Richmond.

The first gun fired brought my crew to their stations. We had steam within three minutes, it having been ordered by that hour; the cable was slipped, when we delayed a moment for Lieutenant Warley to spring the

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Manassas, then inside of us, across the channel. A little tug-boat, the *Belle Algerine*, now fouled us—to her mortal injury. By the time we started, the space between the forts was filling up with the enemy's vessels, which fired upon us as they approached, giving us grape, canister, and shell. My vessel being a large one, we had too little steam and elbow room in the now limited and crowded space to gather sufficient headway to strike a mortal blow on ramming. So rather than simply "squeeze" my adversary, I made haste slowly by moving close under the east bank to reach the bend above, where I would be able to turn down-stream ready for work. I took this course also to avoid being fired and run into by the Confederate rams moored above me; but the ground for this fear was soon removed, as, on getting near them, I saw that one had started for New Orleans, while the telegraph steamer *Star*, ram *Quitman*, and one other had been set afire at their berths on the right bank, and deserted before any of the enemy had reached them, and were burning brightly. They being in a clear space were in full view, and I was close to them. Another reason for leaving our berth directly under Fort St. Philip, where the *Louisiana*, *McRae*, and *Manassas* also lay, was to get clear of the cross-fire of the forts and that of each ship of the enemy as they passed up close to us, for we sustained considerable damage and losses as we moved out into the stream.

When we were turning at the head of the reach we found ourselves close to the United States steamer *Oneida*, thirteen guns, with the United States steamer *Cayuga*, six guns, on our port beam. On being hailed, with "What ship is that?" I replied, "United States steamer *Mississippi*," to deceive, she being a side-wheel vessel also, but, seeing our distinguishing light, the *Oneida* raked with her starboard broadside at a few feet distance; the *Cayuga* delivered her fire thirty yards distant; the *Pensacola*, twenty-eight guns (or the *Brooklyn*), a little farther from us, at one fire with shrapnel from the howitzers in her tops cleared out twelve men at our bow-gun. Beyond her the firing of single guns in quick succession, as some vessel, unseen to any one, was moving rapidly up-stream, attracted my attention. At the same instant the United States steamer *Pnola*, five guns, close to on our port quarter, delivered her fire, killing five men in our bunkers. This combined attack killed and wounded a large number of men, and cut the vessel up terribly. Suddenly two, then one Confederate ram darted through the thick smoke from the right to the left bank of the river, passing close to all of us. They missed

the channel for New Orleans, grounded on and around the point next above and close to Fort St. Philip; one was fired and deserted, and blew up soon after as we passed her; the others, the ram *Defiance* and ram *Resolute*, were disabled and deserted.

One (the *Defiance*) was taken possession of later by men from the Confederate steamer *McRae*. I do not know what became of the *Resolute*, the smoke was so dense. All this passed in a few moments. Suddenly I saw between my vessel and the burning *Quitman*, close to us on the west bank, a large, two-masted steamer rushing up-stream like a racer, belching "black smoke," firing on each burning vessel as she passed, and flying her distinguishing white light at the mast-head and red light at the peak. I thought of General Lovell, not far ahead of her on board the passenger steamer *Doublon*, and quickly made a movement to follow this stranger in the hope of being able to delay or destroy her. Besides, the four or even more large ships so close to us, but obscured from view, needed but a little more room, and one good chance and a fair view of us, quickly to annihilate my old "tinder-box" of a ship. I therefore slipped out in the smoke and darkness around us after the advancing stranger, which proved to be the *Varuna*, Captain Charles S. Boggs, mounting ten 8-inch, one 11-inch, two 20-pounder rifles, one 12-pounder howitzer, with a complement of about two hundred persons. My whereabouts remained unknown to my former adversaries until all of them came to the *Varuna's* assistance at 6:20 A. M., nine miles above, where she sank, and where parts of her wreck are yet to be seen.

When I started after the *Varuna*, I shot away our blue distinguishing light at the mast-head with a musket, as to have hauled it down would have attracted notice. We could see her, as she was in a clear space, and her lights showed her position. But she soon lost sight of us, for besides being somewhat in the smoke there were back of us at this location moderately high trees thickly placed, the spaces filled with a luxuriant undergrowth, making a high dark wall or background on both sides of the river. Until we got clear of this, there was nothing to attract attention toward us, the *Varuna* being half a mile ahead, as shown by her lights. Her engines were working finely and driving her rapidly on her "spurt." We too, by using oil on our coal, had all the steam we needed. My old ship, shaking all over and fairly dancing through the water, was rapidly lessening the distance between us.

As soon as we reached an open space we hoisted a white light at our mast-head and a red light at the peak. This ruse worked successfully, as the sequel proves. Since our

existence depended upon closing with her before she made us out, I urged the men to resist the temptation to fire and to be quiet and patient, otherwise we would soon be put under water from the effects of her broadsides. We were now one and a half miles from the forts, and one mile from where we gave chase. On our port bow and the *Varuna's* port beam, close under the land, I saw the runaway ram *Stonewall Jackson* making slow progress for want of steam, but working hard to get out of danger. She did not notice us. The *Varuna* could not have seen her or would have fired at her. We soon left the *Stonewall Jackson* astern. Four miles more and we were nearly abreast of Szyman-ski's regiment at Chalmette camp. Still the *Varuna* had not recognized us. I wanted assistance from that regiment, for I could now see I had a far superior vessel to mine on my hands. I hoped also for assistance from the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, now a mile or two on our quarter, and from the Confederate States gun-boat *Jackson*, over one mile above us, serving as guard-boat at the quarantine station. To secure all this assistance I had but to show our colors and make ourselves known. The day was just dawning, and there was no smoke about us; so as a bid for help from the sources named, we hauled down the enemy's distinguishing lights and opened fire for the first time upon the *Varuna*, distant about one hundred yards, and with a surprise to her people plainly to be seen. This shot missed her! She replied quickly with one or more guns, when a running fight commenced, she raking us with such guns as she could bring to bear, but not daring the risk of a sheer to deliver her broadside, as we were too close upon her. Her former great superiority was now reduced to a lower figure than that of our two guns, for we, having assumed the offensive, had the advantage and maintained it until she sank.

Our hoped-for and expected aid never came from any source. So far from it the gun-boat *Jackson*, lying at quarantine, slipped her cable when the fight commenced, fired two shots at both of us, believing both enemies, one striking our foremast, and started with all haste for the headwaters of the Mississippi, delaying at New Orleans long enough for her people with their baggage to be landed, when Lieutenant F. B. Renshaw, her commander, burnt her at the levee! The infantry at Chalmette camp could not help us, and the "ram" *Stonewall Jackson* would not!

Then I saw we had to fight the *Varuna* alone. On finding our bow-gun useless because it was mounted too far abaft the knight-heads to admit of sufficient depression to hull the enemy, then close under our bows, and that every

shell from the enemy struck us fair, raking the decks, killing former wounded and well men, and wounding others, I realized that something had to be done and that quickly. I then depressed the bow-gun to a point inside our bow and fired it, hoping to throw its shell into the engine-room or boiler of the chase. It went through our deck all right but struck the hawse-pipe, was deflected and passed through the *Varuna's* smoke-stack. It was soon fired again through this hole in our bows, the shell striking the *Varuna's* 11-inch pivot-gun, where it broke or burst, and killed and wounded several men. Until we had finished reloading, the *Varuna* was undecided what to do, when suddenly and to my surprise she ported her helm.

Not wishing to avoid her fire any longer, being quite near to her, we put our helm to port and received the fire from her pivot-gun and rifles in our port bow, but as her shot struck us, under the cover of the smoke our helm was put hard to starboard,—she not righting hers quick enough,—and before she could recover herself, we rammed her near the starboard gangway, receiving her starboard broadside and delivering our one shot as we struck her. Her engines stopped suddenly. We backed clear, gathered headway again, and rammed her a second time as near the same place as possible, doing damage of such mortal nature, although we had been going in the same direction, that she was steered for the eastern bank, where she grounded forward, her after end soon sinking in deep water.* Before separating, the two vessels dropped alongside each other for a couple of minutes and exchanged musket and pistol shots to some injury to their respective crews, but neither vessel fired a large gun. I expected to be boarded at this time and had had the after gun loaded with a light charge and three stand of canister, and pointed fore and aft ready for either gangway. It was an opportunity for the *Varuna's* two hundred men to make a second Paul Jones of their commander, but it was not embraced. As for ourselves, we had neither the men to board nor to repel boarders. The vessels soon parted, hostilities between them ceased, and the *Varuna* was beached to prevent her sinking in deep water. Then and not until then did the *Varuna's* people know that any other Confederate vessel than mine was within several miles of her. Suddenly the ram *Stonewall Jackson*, having to pass the *Varuna* to reach New Orleans, made her presence known by ramming deep into the latter's port

* The first instance of a wooden vessel ramming her adversary in battle as her principal means of offensive-defensive action.—B. K.

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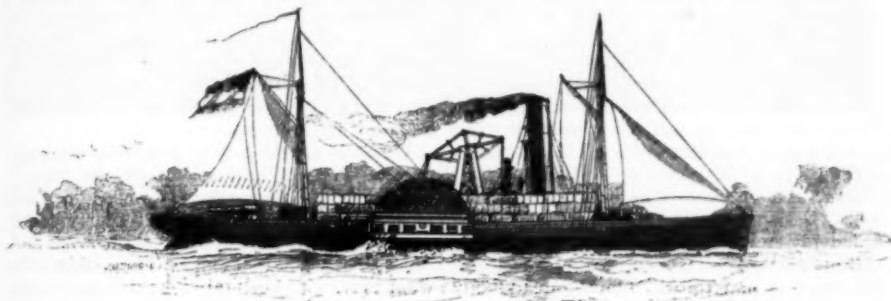
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gangway as she lay grounded forward and sinking aft. When close upon her, the *Varuna* delivered such of her port broadside guns as could be brought to bear. The *Stonewall Jackson*, having no need to strike again, backed clear, steamed about four miles up the river, and was beached on the opposite bank, fired, and deserted. Her wreck is there now. Having but one gun, and that mounted aft, she did not fire it. Within two minutes after the *Stonewall Jackson* struck the *Varuna* the latter finished sinking, leaving her topgallant fore-

engine, and a large piece of the walking-beam were shot away; the latter fell on the cylinder-head and cracked it and filled the engine-room with steam, driving every man out of it. The head of the jib was now hoisted, and with a strong current on the port bow, assisted by the headway left on the vessel, we succeeded in reaching the river bank just above the *Varuna's* wreck, where the anchor was let go to prevent drifting into deep water to sink, the last heavy firing having struck the vessel on and under her water-line. At this place she was de-



THE "STONEWALL JACKSON."

castle out of the water, and upon it her crew took refuge.

The United States ships *Oncida*, *Iroquois*, *Pensacola*, *Pinola*, and *Cayuga* were now rapidly approaching and near at hand. I started down-stream to meet and try to ram one of them. On passing abreast the *Varuna* some thoughtless man, knowing her forecandle rifle was loaded, fired it and killed and wounded five of our men, one officer included. Had I returned the fire with our after gun, which was loaded with canister, at the crowd of people closely packed upon and near that little shelf, the damage to life and limb would have been fearful. But not a shot did we fire at her after she was disabled.

We had proceeded down-stream but a short distance when Mr. Duke, the first lieutenant, then at the conn,* where, though wounded, he had remained throughout the fight doing his duty like a brave man, exclaimed, "Why do this? We have no men left; I'll be — if I stand here to be murdered," so he slapped the helm hard a-starboard. As we came round, the enemy's ships, being near, fired a shower of heavy projectiles which struck the vessel in every part. One gun was dismounted, the boats were already destroyed. The wheelropes, the head of the rudder, the slide of the

stroyed by fire, her colors burning at her peak. The vessel was not disabled until this last attack upon her, although much cut up. By it no one on the *Governor Moore* outside the cotton bulkhead protection to the engine, excepting those in the magazine and shell-room, escaped being struck by shot, bullets, or splinters. Additional men were killed, several more of the wounded were killed, and others wounded. It should be remembered that my vessel had been under a terrific fire for three hours, in a narrow river, with unruffled surface, and at close quarters, from vessels mounting in the aggregate over sixty of the heaviest guns afloat. We lost fifty-seven killed, and seventeen wounded, of whom four died in the hospital.

Twenty-four years have now passed without any Confederate account of this fight being made public. Now that "the fictions of hastily compiled histories of partisan writers" are being corrected, I add my mite as an act of justice to all interested, and to the gallant dead and those living, of the *Governor Moore*.†

The burning of my ship has ever been a source of regret to me, as it was done by my order, and by me individually, simply because

* The person who stands at the compass in a man-of-war, to see that the correct course is steered, is "at the conn." — EDITOR.

† When the *Governor Moore* was destroyed she was four miles from any Confederate vessel under water, and nine miles from any Confederate vessel on the water. But she and the *Varuna* were surrounded on the water front by five United States ships. — B. K.

I did not wish to surrender her. Finding that the boats of the United States ships were picking up the *Varuna's* people, I ordered the uninjured of my crew to assist our wounded to our boat, and to the shore. Many took hold, others did not. I saw several wounded men landed. I aided several to leave the vessel, and called to men then standing in the water to help them, which they did. I placed life-preservers on others. One man who was wounded in the arm was afraid to jump; he had on two life-preservers. I shoved him overboard and saw him assisted to the shore. When the boats reached the ship I tried to save my servant, he having had his leg shot clean off; but we had to leave him, because on moving him to the gangway his body broke open near the shattered thigh. These two cases, in part, led to my being put in solitary confinement on board the *Colorado*, and in close confinement on board the *Rhode Island*, and at Fort Warren—in all, three months. Some one had reported that "I had killed my steward because he had failed to call me at three o'clock in the morning, and that then I had thrown his half-dead body overboard." I did not depend upon any one to call me. Moreover, the steward and his eight-year-old boy, who was on a visit to him (and who was to have returned on the steamer *Doubleloon*), being in the magazine, were not touched. They were made prisoners.

When every wounded man in sight of me was removed, I set fire to the ladders leading to the magazine and shell-room, first pouring oil over them and over clothing hanging in some of the state-rooms to insure the ship's destruction. I went then to the gangway, expecting to find what remained of one of our boats, into which I had ordered Lieutenants Haynes and Henderson (both wounded slightly) to place such of the wounded as were unable to move themselves. I found those two had taken it *alone*, and left the vessel. As they were quite near, I "persuaded" the return of the boat, which the latter brought back, the former jumping overboard and being picked up by the *Oneida's* boat. He went to Fort Warren. Into our boat I was preparing to lowersome wounded men when the boats of the squadron came alongside, and took them and myself off the burning ship. When I went to the gangway to see if any wounded had been placed in our boat, for I expected the boilers and magazines to explode at any moment, I found the wounded men referred to, in the gangway. They said, "Captain, we stood by you; do not desert us now." I told them

I would not, and I remained with them until they left the vessel, and then I left in the *Oneida's* boat, and not half a second too soon. I was too much bruised to help any one overmuch, but I did all I could. Had no uninjured man left the vessel until the wounded had been cared for, I could have escaped capture, like Lieutenants Duke and Frame and the purser, the two former being wounded.*

When the *Oneida's* boat approached the *Governor Moore*, one of its crew recognized me. The officer of the boat wished to know if there was danger of an explosion. I replied, "You surely can come where I can stay; come and take off these wounded men." In a moment it was done. One of the boat's crew asked, pointing to a room close by, "Is that your trunk?" I no sooner said it was than he had it in the boat.

We soon reached the *Oneida*, whose captain, S. P. Lee, having known me from a child, received me kindly and entertained me most hospitably. The wounded of my vessel were attentively cared for on the *Oneida* and other United States ships. They ultimately went to the city hospital. The uninjured prisoners of my crew (eighteen men) were transferred to the *Hartford*, where I saw them. I do not think any of my wounded were burned. If they were, it was because they were stowed out of sight, and I was left alone (as is well known) to care for them.

As to the fate of the thirteen Confederate vessels, Commander Porter in his official report states that "the *Louisiana*, *McRae*, and ram *Defiance*, with the *Burton* and *Landis*, both river passenger boats, which had been used by the *Louisiana*, close to which they lay, to berth her officers and crew, were still at the forts flying their colors two days after the battle." The *Jackson*, two guns, escaped before daylight to New Orleans from Quarantine Station, six miles above the forts, without being seen by any other United States vessel than the *Varuna*. The *Manassas*, disabled by the *Mississippi*, aided by other vessels, was destroyed by her commander, who swam to the *Louisiana* with his crew and was made prisoner with her people two days after. The *Stonewall Jackson*, seen in the distance only, excepting by the *Varuna's* and *Governor Moore's* people, was destroyed by her officers about thirteen miles above the forts, and out of gun-shot of the enemy; and my ship was destroyed by my own hand about nine miles above them. The *Quitman* and another gunboat, with the telegraph steamer *Star*, were fired on the report of the first gun. They

* My officers were merchant mates, so were the quarter-masters; the gunner had been to sea as a sailor on a man-of-war. My crew consisted of artillery and infantry

detachments, and of longshoremen, cotton-pressers, and river boatmen—93, of whom 57 were killed and 17 wounded, 4 of the latter dying afterward.—B. K.

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THE "PENSACOLA" DISABLING THE "GOVERNOR MOORE."

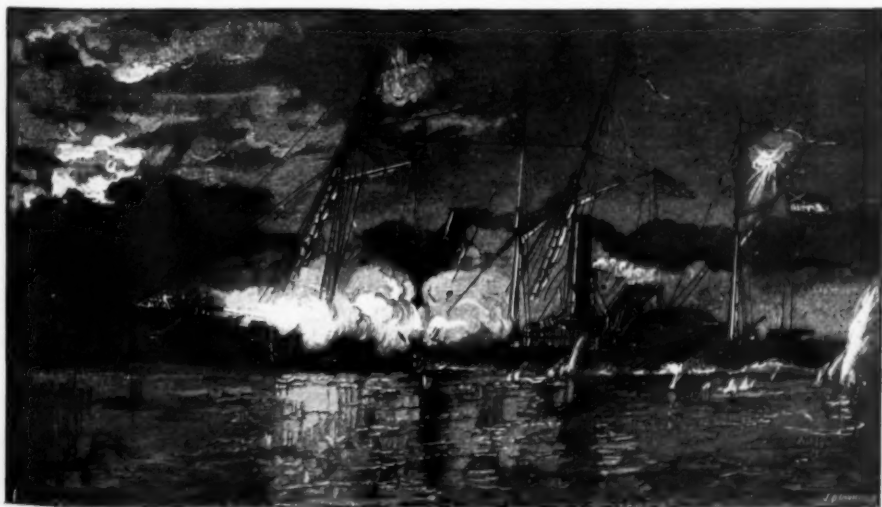
Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola* says, in his report: "The ram [*Governor Moore*], after having struck the *Varuna* gun-boat, and forced her to run on shore to prevent sinking, advanced to attack this ship, coming down on us right ahead. She was perceived by Lieutenant F. A. Roe just in time to avoid her by sheering the ship, and she passed close on our starboard

side, receiving, as she went by, a broadside from us." Until I read this, I thought the vessel that did us most damage was the *Oncida*, the other vessels being astern of her. Captain Bailey of the *Ceynaga*, Captain Lee of the *Oncida*, Lieutenant-Commander Crosby of the *Pinola*, and Captain Craven of the *Brooklyn*, in their reports speak of firing into the *Governor Moore*.—B. K.

were blazing when my ship reached them. I have already described the fate of the *Resolute* and one other ram. The passenger boat *Doublon* reached New Orleans all right. My vessel ran over the little tug *Belle Algerine*. The *Mosher* was destroyed when taking a fire-raft alongside the *Hartford*. Of the little tug *Music* and three of the rams I know nothing beyond seeing them burn and explode their magazines after being deserted.

My old classmates and messmates among

the officers, and shipmates among the crews of the U. S. ships at New Orleans, treated me with great kindness. To mention a few, Captain Lee shared his cabin with me. Lieutenant J. S. Thornton gave me his room on board the *Hartford*, and with Lieutenant Albert Kautz made it possible for me to extend some hospitality to friends who called upon me. Lieutenant-Commander Crosby on receiving me on board the *Pinola* gave me the freedom of the cabin. When taking me to the *Colorado* Lieu-



THE "STONEWALL JACKSON" RAMMING THE "VARUNA."

Captain Boggs and Lieutenant Swasey of the *Varuna* state, in their official reports, that their vessel was rammed twice by the *Governor Moore* before the *Stonewall Jackson* showed herself.—B. K.



THE "GOVERNOR MOORE" IN FLAMES.

The Union ships in their order, beginning with the left, are the *Oneida*, the *Finola*, the sunken *Varuna*, the *Iroquois*, and, in the foreground, the *Pensacola*.—EDITOR.

tenants Kidder Breese and Phil Johnson, both my classmates, came with offers of money and clothes, as did Acting Master Furber. When on board the *Oneida*, anchored close to the levee at the city, I slept from choice under a shelter aft—not a poop deck exactly—which was under the orderly's eye. Near daylight something called him away. An old sailor who had been on several ships with me, and who by my evidence in his favor was once rescued from much discomfort and trouble, suddenly jumped to my cot, saying, "The preparations are made, lose no time, out of the port by the line there ready for you," and handing a paper inclosing several gold pieces was off as suddenly as he came. I watched my opportunity and returned his money to him rolled up in a tobacco wrapper, saying in as few words as possible why I would not betray the confidence placed in me.

When General Butler came on board the *Cayuga* he asked of Lieutenant-Commanding Harrison, pointing with his thumb over his shoulder at me as he walked aft, "Where did you catch him?" Loud enough for Butler to hear I replied, "Where you were not on hand, or your army either."

I was to have been paroled, but the burning of my vessel, the reported killing of the steward and reported burning of my wounded changed my destination to Fort Warren, where, although I was denied the freedom enjoyed by the other prisoners, I was treated with much consideration by Colonel Justin Dimick, who made fast friends of every prisoner under his charge for his kindness to them.

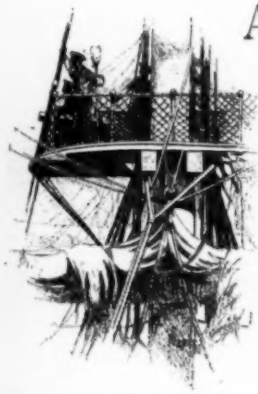
The war has long been over with me, and the most "uncompromising" on both sides must acknowledge the creation of a new, richer, happier, and better South and mightier common country as the result of the unhappy strife.

My old antagonists have ever been kind to me, and to many others of their old antebellum companions and friends. In 1867 a Union man gave me the command of a vessel he owned. In 1868 a Boston company offered me the position of first mate of one of their new iron steamships. In 1869 the colonel of a New York regiment and a rear-admiral of the United States Navy secured my appointment as Colonel of Coast Defenses in the Egyptian Army; and I am now holding positions for which I was recommended by an officer whose ship fought mine below New Orleans.

Beverley Kennon.

INCIDENTS OF THE OCCUPATION OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY AN OFFICER UNDER FARRAGUT.



THE MAIN-TOP OF THE "HARTFORD"
WITH HOWITZER.

AT one o'clock P. M. of the 25th of April, 1862, Farragut's squadron, having completed its memorable passage of Forts Jackson and St. Philip, and having silenced the Chalmette batteries, anchored in front of the city of New Orleans. A drenching rain was falling at

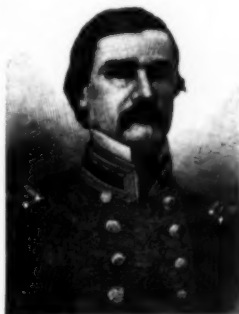
the time, but this did not dampen the ardor of Farragut or his people, neither did it wash away the bitterness from Confederate lips. On board the ships every face beamed with joy and smiles, while the excited and infuriated mob that had taken possession of the levee made the very air sulphurous with curses. Here were two factions of the same nation in such close proximity that they could hear each other's voices and look into each other's faces. One was in exuberant spirits, with banners streaming over them from every mast-head; the other, depressed and exasperated, was surrounded by the blackened and charred remains of steamers and cotton bales which they themselves had fired.

Captain Theodorus Bailey, being second in command, claimed the privilege of carrying ashore the demand for the surrender of the city. This was accorded him by the flag-officer, and the captain, accompanied by Lieutenant George H. Perkins (now captain), at once proceeded to the City Hall. Mayor Monroe took the ground that as General Lovell had not yet left the city, the demand should be made on him. At the captain's request the mayor sent for the general, who in a few moments appeared with his staff. General Lovell said he would not surrender the city, adding that he had already withdrawn his soldiers, and at the close of the interview intended to join his command. Captain Bailey had to return and report to Farragut that there was no one on shore willing to surrender the city. Two or three gentlemen had accompanied Captain Bailey and Lieutenant Perkins

to the City Hall, and after the interview Colonel Lovell and one other of the general's staff escorted them to the landing. The mob, overawed by the frowning batteries of the ships, really seemed dazed and did not offer to assault the Union officers. On the following morning, however, the people in the streets began to wonder whether anything more was going to be done, and, maddened by liquor and loss of sleep, they became more violent and boisterous.

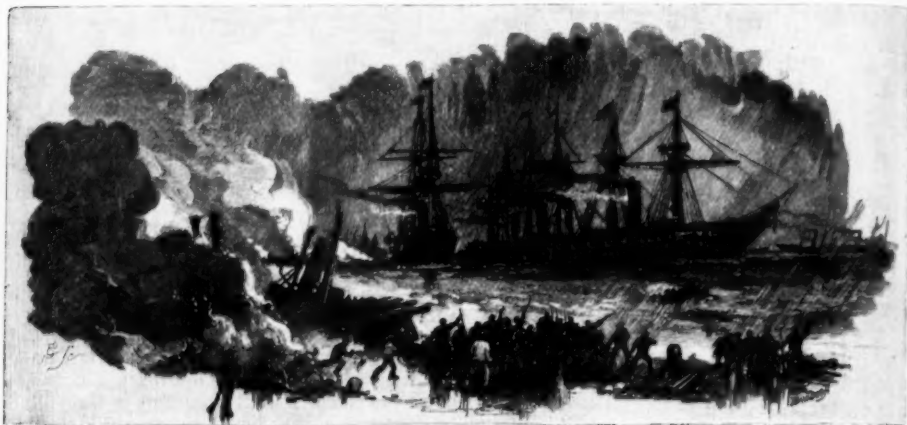
Farragut determined to make a formal demand for the surrender on Mayor Monroe, and at ten o'clock on the morning of the 26th he sent me ashore, with instructions to deliver the official demand to the mayor. My little force on leaving the *Hartford* consisted of Midshipman John H. Read and a marine guard of twenty men under command of Second Lieutenant George Heisler. We landed on the levee in front of a howling mob, which thronged the river-front as far as the eye could reach. It was expected that I would take the marines with me to the City Hall, as a body-guard, and Farragut informed me that if a shot was fired at us by the mob he would open fire from all the ships and level the town. The marines were drawn up in line, and I attempted to reason

with the mob, but soon found this impossible. I then thought to clear the way by bringing the marines to an aim, but women and children were shoved to the front, while the angry mob behind them shouted: "Shoot, you—Yankees, shoot!" The provocation was certainly very great, and nothing



CAPTAIN BEVERLEY KENNON, COM-
MANDER OF THE "GOVERNOR
MOORE."

but the utter absence of respectability in the faces of the people, caused me to refrain from giving the order to fire. Fortunately at this critical moment I discovered an officer of the City Guards, whom I hailed and told that I wished to communicate with the mayor. He begged me to leave the marines on the levee, for he felt sure that to march them through the streets at this time would provoke a conflict. As my object was to communicate with the mayor without



ARRIVAL OF THE FLAG-SHIP "HARTFORD" AND THE FLEET OPPOSITE THE LEVEE.

unnecessarily shedding blood, I sent the marine guard back to the ship, retaining only one non-commissioned officer, with a musket, on the bayonet of which I tied my handkerchief, and with Midshipman Read and this man took up the march for the City Hall. We were cursed and jostled by the mob which filled the streets, but no actual violence was offered us. We found the mayor in the City Hall with

his council. The Hon. Pierre Soulé was also there, having doubtless been called in as an adviser. The mayor declined to surrender the city formally, but said as we had the force we could take possession. I found the mayor polite and courteous in his manner, and distinctly remember how he invited me into his private office to wash my hands, I having been jostled by the mob in crossing the levee and



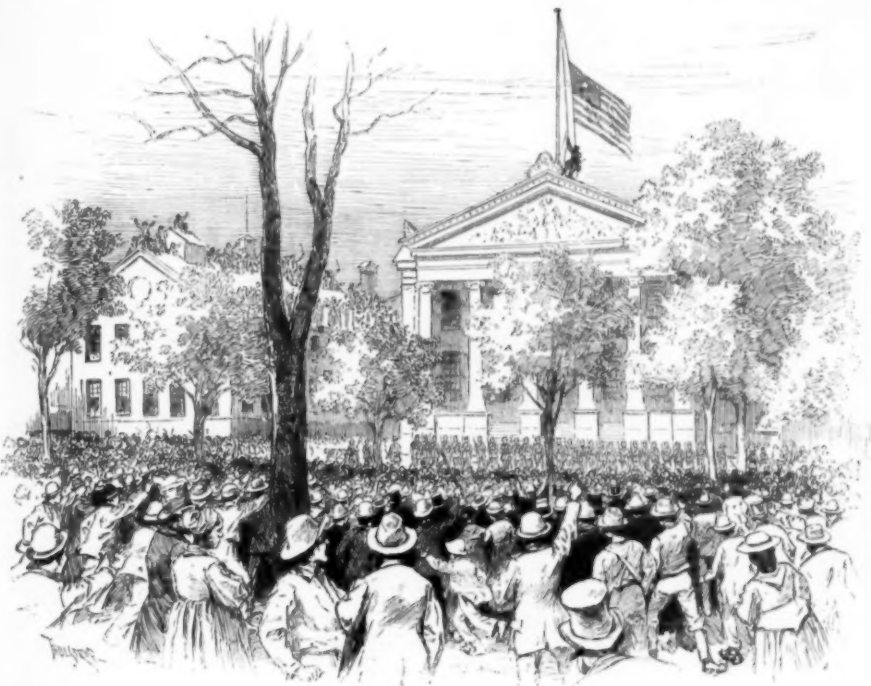
THE UNITED STATES MINT, NEW ORLEANS.

William B. Mumford, who hauled down the flag which by Farragut's order had been raised over the Mint, was convicted of treason, and by General Butler's order was hanged on the 7th of June from a gallows placed under the flag-staff of the

Mint. Mumford, who was a North Carolinian, though long a resident of New Orleans, addressed a vast crowd from the gallows. He spoke with perfect self-possession, and said that his offense had been committed under excitement. — EDITOR.

pushed bodily into a ditch of muddy water, blackening my hands and covering my uniform with pieces of burned cotton, thus giving me anything but a dress-parade appearance. I soon, with the assistance of the mayor, managed to brush up enough to pass muster, and had a pleasant chat with the different gentlemen in the council chamber, the topic being the passage of the forts.

with Farragut's instructions. It had only been floating to the breeze a short time when Mumford hauled it down. It was seized by the mob, which paraded it through the streets with fife and drum, until they reached the City Hall, where it was destroyed, as above described. I afterwards happened to be present when Farragut reported the hauling down of this flag to General Butler, and I heard the latter say, "I



SCENE AT THE CITY HALL.—HAULING DOWN THE STATE FLAG.

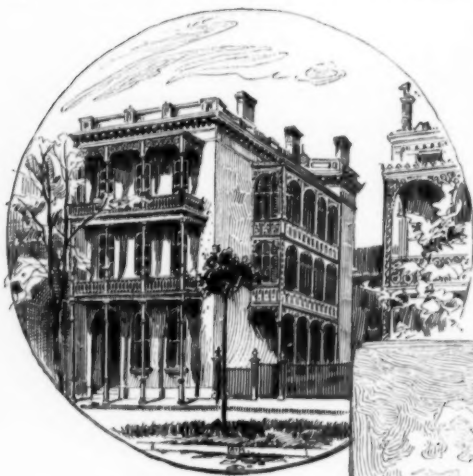
The local papers spoke of the State flag on the City Hall at the time, as the "Lone Star flag." General Beauregard, in a letter to Admiral Preble, in 1873, says this flag was adopted in 1861 by the State Convention of Louisiana. It had thirteen

stripes, four blue, six white, and three red, commencing at the top, with the colors as written. The Union was red, with its sides equal to the width of seven stripes. In its center was a single pale-yellow five-pointed star.—A. K.

While we were in the City Hall, a mob came up from the lower part of the city with an American ensign, and when they saw us they tore the flag to shreds, and threw them into the open window at us. I did not comprehend the meaning of this singular and wild demonstration at the time, but afterwards learned that on the morning of this same day Farragut had instructed Captain H. W. Morris of the *Pensacola*, then at anchor abreast of the United States Mint, to hoist a flag on that building, it being United States property. Captain Morris accordingly sent Lieutenant Stillwell with some officers and men from the ship, and the flag was hoisted in conformity

will make an example of that fellow by hanging him." Farragut smiled and remarked, "You know, general, you will have to catch him before you can hang him." General Butler said, "I know that, but I will catch him, and then hang him." History attests how well he kept his word, and there is no doubt but that this hanging proved a wholesome lesson.

To my mind the situation in the City Hall, after the flag scene, was decidedly uncomfortable, and I soon discovered that Mr. Soulé was as little charmed with it as I was; nor was the mayor very happy. Had I felt the same while standing before the mob on the levee, I would probably have given the order



to fire, and then Farragut would have destroyed the city. The mob appeared to be growing more violent, and above the general din was heard an occasional invitation to "the — Yankees" to "come out and be run up to lamp-posts." At this time Mr. Soulé suggested to me that it would save much trouble to all concerned if I would take my party in a carriage from the rear exit of the hall, the mayor's secretary, Mr. Marion Baker, going with us, while he addressed the mob. He did not hope to have the mob obey him, he only expected to hold it long enough to give us time to get to the landing; and he accomplished his undertaking admirably. This episode made an indelible impression on my memory, and I have ever since entertained a profound admiration for the forensic ability of Pierre Soulé. Few people ever knew what an important service Mr. Soulé rendered to New Orleans on this occasion, and I do not know that he ever received any public recognition, but I do know that I shall never forget it.

Farragut was glad to see me return safely to the ship, and fully approved of my management in communicating with the mayor as I did. I was not expected to bring a satisfactory answer from the mayor, for he was really helpless and had no control over the city. All he could say was, "Come and take the city; we are powerless."

The 27th and 28th passed in rather a fruitless negotiation, but time did an important work. The mob tired itself out, and no longer threatened such violence as on the 26th.

On the 29th Farragut decided that the time

had come for him to take formal possession of the city; he felt that this was a duty he owed to the navy, and he accordingly sent an expedition on shore under command of Fleet Captain H. H. Bell, and of this party I was second in command. I had a detachment of sailors and two boat-howitzers, and was assisted by Midshipmen John H. Read and E. C. Hazeltine. It is a strange fact that the three officers of the line with whom I went on shore on this occasion were all afterwards drowned. Bell as rear-admiral and Read as lieutenant-commander were



PRIVATE HOUSES IN WHICH CONFEDERATE OFFICERS WERE CONFINED DURING THE OCCUPATION BY THE UNION FORCES.

swamped in a boat while going ashore from the *Hartford*, at Osaka, Japan, and Hazeltine as an ensign went down in the *Housatonic*.

A battalion of marines made part of our expedition; this was under the command of Captain John L. Broome. We landed at the foot of Canal street and proceeded to a position in front of the Custom-house, where the marines were drawn up in line, with loaded pieces and flanked by the howitzers, loaded with shrapnel. The people made no demonstration, but looked on in sullen silence. Captain Bell and I, with a boatswain's mate carrying our ensign, entered the Custom-house, where the postmaster received us cordially, remarking, "Thank God that you are here. I have been a Union man all the time. I was appointed by Buchanan, not by Jeff Davis; he only allowed me to remain." The postmaster showed us to the roof of the building, where we found a flag-staff with halliards. The boatswain's mate bent on the flag and I reported all ready, when Captain Bell gave the order "Hoist away!" and the boatswain's mate and I put our hands to the halliards and "the stars and stripes rose into the sky and swelled on the breeze." A guard with a lieutenant of marines

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was left in charge of the flag at the Custom-house, and the landing party moved on to the City Hall, the crowd increasing as that small body of Union men approached the "State flag." There the marines were again drawn up in line, and the howitzers commanded the streets; thousands of spectators filled the open spaces. That immense assemblage had the will to annihilate the small force of sailors and marines, but they had begun to think, and the impression that resistance to United States authority would invoke the wrath of the squadron had gone abroad; still no one knew but what one or two desperate men were ready to fire the train that would lead to the magazine.

Captain Bell gave Mayor Monroe the privilege of hauling down the State flag, but he indignantly declined. Captain Bell then directed me to go to the roof of the building and haul the flag down, he remaining on the top floor at the foot of the ladder. An ordinary ladder led to the roof, through a small covered hatchway. The boatswain's mate ascended first, shoved the hatch cover to one side, and gained the roof. I followed him, and finding the halliards knotted, I drew my sword and cut them; we then hauled the flag down, took it to the floor below and handed it to Captain Bell, who on our return to the ship delivered it to Farragut.

Before we ascended to the roof, the mayor informed Captain Bell, in the presence of his officers, that the men who attempted to haul down the flag might be shot by the indignant populace assembled on the surrounding house-tops, and he expressed his fears in the hope that he would not be held responsible for the act, in case it should be perpetrated.

Fortunately for the peace of the city of New Orleans, the vast crowd looked on in sullen silence as the flag came down. There was no flag hoisted on the City Hall in place of the State flag, for the reason that it had not covered United States property. The mission of the landing party having been accomplished, the officers and men returned to the levee in marching order, where they took boats for their respective vessels. The flag on the Custom-house was guarded by the marines of the



CAPTAIN HENRY H. BELL, FARRAGUT'S CHIEF-OF-STAFF AND COMMANDER OF THE THIRD DIVISION OF THE FLEET.

Hartford, until the arrival of General Butler with his troops.

On the morning of May 2d Farragut sent me with the keys of the Custom-house to the St. Charles Hotel, where I delivered them to General Butler, remarking as I did so, "General, I fear you are going to have rather a lawless party to govern, from what I have seen in the past three or four days." The general replied, "No doubt of that, but I think I understand these people, and can govern them."

The general took the reins in his hands at once, and held them until he was relieved of the command of the Department of the Gulf.

Albert Kautz.

FARRAGUT'S DEMANDS FOR THE SURRENDER OF NEW ORLEANS.

BY THE MAYOR'S PRIVATE SECRETARY.

ON the morning of the 25th of April, 1862, there being no longer any doubt as to the approach of the Federal fleet, Mayor Monroe determined to hoist the flag of Louisiana over the City Hall. At his request, I ascended to the roof of the building prepared to execute his design, but with instructions to await the issue of the possible contest at Chalmette, some four miles below the center of the city where our last line of defense was established. I waited accordingly with the flag bent on to the halliards, and my gaze fixed eagerly upon the approaching steamers.

Suddenly quick flashes leaping from their dark sides recorded the fact that they were abreast of the redoubts, but their fire was delivered without check to their speed, and in hardly more time than I take to tell of it, they were dark and silent once more.

I reported to Mr. Monroe, who was standing in the street below, that it was all over, and at a signal from him the flag whose lowering was to be the occasion of so much angry controversy ran fleetly to the mast-head, and spread its folds to the moist kisses of the east wind.



PIERRE SOULÉ. (FROM A DAGUERRETYPE IN THE COLLECTION OF ALFRED HASSACK.)

There was now nothing left to do but to wait, and speculate upon the probable course of the enemy, and we were not long kept in suspense.

At half-past one two officers, wearing the uniform of the United States Navy, were ushered into the mayor's parlor.

Mr. Monroe received them courteously, and presented them to the Hon. Pierre Soulé and a number of other gentlemen who chanced to be present, chiefly councilmen and members of the Committee of Public Safety. The senior officer, Captain Bailey, second in command of the fleet, then stated that he came as the bearer of a demand from Flag-Officer Farragut, for the surrender of the city, the lowering of the State flag on the City Hall, and the hoisting of the United States flag over the post-office, custom-house, and mint.

The interview took the form of an informal, open conference, between Captain Bailey and the mayor, Mr. Soulé, and the other gentle-

men whose connection with public affairs gave them the right to engage in it. The mayor's advisers agreed with him that he had no authority to surrender the city, and that General Lovell was the proper person to receive and reply to that demand. To the second clause, relating to the lowering of the State flag, an unqualified refusal was returned. Mr. Monroe then sent for General Lovell, and while they waited for his coming, conversation turned upon other subjects. Captain Bailey warmly deprecated the destruction of property, which he had witnessed, and which he regarded as a most unfortunate mistake. Mr. Monroe replied that the property was our own, and we had a right to do as we pleased with it; that it was not done wantonly nor recklessly, but as a solemn act of patriotic duty.

General Lovell appeared promptly, and Captain Bailey repeated his demand to him, prefacing it with the statement that his mis-

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sion was to the mayor and common council. The general refused to surrender the city or his forces, but stated that he would retire with his troops, and leave the civil authorities to act as they saw fit. The question of the surrender being thus referred back to him, the mayor said that he would submit the matter to the council, and send a formal reply as soon as their advice could be obtained, whereupon the officers withdrew, being furnished with an escort by General Lovell.

The council met at 6:30 that evening, and received a message from the mayor. As a civil magistrate, he held that he was incompetent to the performance of a military act, and thought it would be proper to say that the withdrawal of the troops rendering resistance impossible, no obstruction could be offered to the occupation of the place by the enemy; but that all acts involving a transfer of authority must be performed by the invading force themselves. "We yield to physical force alone," said the mayor, "and maintain our allegiance to the Government of the Confederate States. Beyond this a due respect for our dignity, our rights, and the flag of our country, does not, I think, permit us to go."

The council, unwilling to act hastily in so important a matter, simply listened to the reading of this message, and adjourned to meet again at ten A. M. of the next day. I saw the mayor at his own house that evening, and he requested me to go off to the *Hartford* as early as possible the next morning, and explain to Flag-Officer Farragut that the council would meet at ten that morning, and that a written answer to his demands would be returned as soon as possible after that hour. Mr. Monroe took this step entirely upon his own responsibility, fearing probably that the delay in the official reply might in some way be construed to our disadvantage. About six o'clock the next morning, Mr. McClelland, chief of police, and myself took a boat at the foot of Lafayette street, and hoisting a handkerchief upon a walking-stick by way of a flag of truce, were pulled out to the flag-ship. Having made myself known as the bearer of a message from the mayor of the city to Captain Farragut, we were invited on board, and shown to the flag-officer's cabin, where we found assembled the three commanders, Farragut, Bailey, and Bell.

Captain Farragut, who had known me from my boyhood, received me with the utmost kindness, and when my errand was disposed of readily answered my inquiries about the battle at the forts. He took me over the ship and showed me with almost boyish interest the manner in which the boilers were defended, and the scars upon the ship's sides where the

shots had taken effect. Then making me stand beside him upon the very spot where he had stood during the passage of the forts, he described in eloquent terms the conflict, perhaps the most terrific that had ever been withstood. "I seemed to be breathing flame," said the captain. It was still quite early when we reached the wharf on our return, and the levee appeared deserted, but though we saw nobody, we were seen. We went at eight o'clock to the mayor's office to make our report. While still with him Mr. Soulé entered, accompanied by his son, and with much excitement made known the fact that two persons, traitors beyond doubt, had that very morning been seen to leave one of the enemy's ships and land at the levee. He strongly urged the arrest and punishment of the guilty persons, and the mayor blandly promised that it should be attended to, while the guilty persons silently enjoyed the little joke.

The council met at the appointed hour, and having listened to a second reading of the mayor's message, unanimously resolved, that being "informed by the military authorities that the city was indefensible" no resistance would be made to the forces of the United States. Also that the "council and the entire population of this metropolis concurred in the sentiments expressed by the mayor, and that he be respectfully requested to act in the spirit manifested in said message." In anticipation of such a result, a letter had already been prepared embodying the views contained in the message, and reiterating the determination neither to hoist the United States flag nor lower that of our own adoption.

Mr. Monroe, though a man of much energy and decision of character, was entirely a "self-made" man, and his secretary was very young. Both were inexperienced in diplomatic correspondence; indeed, the emergency was one quite unexampled in the experience of the chief magistrate of an American city. We had, therefore, called to our assistance Mr. Durant da Ponte, at that time one of the editors and proprietors of the New Orleans "Delta," with which paper I had been connected previous to my appointment as private secretary to the mayor. At the invitation of the council I appeared before them and read the letter we had prepared. It was well received, and from expressions let fall by some of the members I retired with the impression that it was entirely satisfactory. Shortly afterward, however, a message was brought the mayor, requesting his presence in the council chamber.

The object of this summons was to gain his consent to the substitution of a letter written by Mr. Soulé, and submitted to their consideration by one of the members.

The relations between the mayor and the council had not been of the most harmonious character, and he, wishing to conciliate them at this unfortunate juncture, yielded to their wish.

Before a copy of this letter could be made ready for transmission to the fleet, two officers, Lieutenant Albert Kautz and Midshipman John H. Read, appeared bearing a written demand, couched in the most peremptory terms, for the "unqualified surrender of the city," the hoisting of "the emblem of the sovereignty of the United States" over the Mint, Custom House, and City Hall by meridian of that day (Saturday, April 26th), and the removal of all emblems of sovereignty other than that of the United States from all public buildings by that hour.

Mr. Monroe added a paragraph to the letter acknowledging the receipt of this last communication, and promising a reply before two o'clock if possible. I set out at once to convey it to Captain Farragut. As a matter of fact, the United States flag had already been raised on the Mint, and I called the attention of the Federal commander to the fact that a flag had been raised while negotiations were still pending. Captain Farragut replied that the flag had been placed there without his knowledge, but he could not now order it down. His men, he said, were flushed with victory, and much excited by the taunts and gibes of the crowd on the levee. Pointing to the "tops" where a number of men were stationed, some armed with muskets, others nervously clutching the strings of the howitzers, he called my attention to their excited appearance, and remarked that it was as much as he could do to restrain them from firing on the crowd, and should he attempt to haul that flag down, it would be impossible to keep them within bounds.*

* This conversation, which was quite informal, did not at the time assume in my estimation the importance lent to it by subsequent events, which occurred after I left the city, as bearer of dispatches to President Davis at Richmond. In the excitement of the next few hours and the anomalous multiplication of my duties, it is possible that I may have even neglected to report it to the mayor, but it is certain that the impression obtained at the City Hall that the act was entirely unauthorized. Parton, whose account of the capture of the city is, in some respects, very incorrect, and who makes the tearing down of the United States flag from the Mint occur on Sunday the 27th, instead of Saturday the 26th, as shown by the record, says that General Butler arrived a few hours after that event, to share in the exasperation of the fleet, and the councils of its chief. It was Butler, according to this historian, who advised the threat to bombard, and the order for the removal of the women and children. It may have been by his advice, also, that Captain Farragut assumed the placing of the flag on the Mint as his act, wishing to give it sufficient weight to make the tearing of it down a punishable offense.—M. A. B.

It will be noted that on page 457 Commander Kautz says the flag was raised over the Mint on the morning of April 26th in accordance with instructions from

I returned to the City Hall before Lieutenant Kautz and Midshipman Read had concluded their visit. A large and excited crowd were outside. Some of them pressed their way up the front steps, and seemed intent upon entering the building. In order to prevent their forcing an entrance, the mayor ordered the heavy doors to be closed. Upon my arrival, I learned that the United States flag had just been torn down from the Mint.

Mr. Monroe thinking it unwise for the officers to attempt to return openly to their boat, proposed to send them back under military escort. Lieutenant Kautz thought that quite unnecessary, but the mayor persisting that there was danger, a carriage was sent for, and stationed at the corner of Carondelet and Lafayette streets. Aided by two special officers of the police I conducted them through a rear entrance, while the mayor occupied the crowd in front, and got them into the carriage, but we were discovered as we drove away and some of the crowd started up St. Charles street with the evident expectation of heading us off. I ordered the driver to whip up his horses and to turn into Julia street, the second street above, and drive post-haste to the river. Many of our pursuers were armed, and I expected that we would be fired at as we crossed St. Charles street, but we went by so rapidly that they had no opportunity to fire, even had they so intended. They kept up the chase for some distance, but we so outstripped them, that the most enduring finally gave it up. The officers' boat was found lying some little distance off in the stream, and the coxswain explained that he had been compelled to push out from the landing to prevent his tiller-ropes from being cut. No violence was offered to our party. As we took our places in the boat,

Farragut to Captain Morris of the *Pensacola*. But in a letter to the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, dated April 27th, Farragut himself says: "This morning at six A. M. I sent to Captain Morris, whose ship commanded the Mint, to take possession of it and hoist the American flag thereon, which was done, and the people cheered it."

The apparent contradictions of these various statements cannot be disposed of by a study of the "Official Records." Neither do military and naval histories shed clear light on the subject. But the facts, half-truths, and explainable misapprehensions that can be sifted from the mass, indicate that early on the morning of the 26th a boat's crew from the fleet, without orders from Farragut, raised a flag over the Mint. This flag was hauled down by Mumford on April 27th, as related by Farragut, above, another flag was raised over the Mint in accordance with the flag-officer's instructions to Captain Morris. Before the first flag had been hauled down, the flag-officer, as intimated in his conversation with Mr. Butler, had decided to assume responsibility for the raising of it; this he did officially in a communication to the mayor dated April 28th. Apparently, therefore, Commander Kautz has made the mistake of connecting the first flag with the order for the raising of the second flag.—EDITOR.

a shot was fired from the bow-gun of the *Hartford*, and for a moment I fancied that the fleet was about to bombard the city, but the officers explained that it was the signal recalling them to the ship.

The police force being clearly inadequate for the preservation of order, the mayor now called to his assistance the European Brigade, an organization made up of foreign residents, and commanded by General Paul Juge, *fits*. This general issued a proclamation assuming command of all foreign troops "by order of his Honor John T. Monroe," and asking the aid of all good citizens in the preservation of order.

The mayor was thus constituted commander-in-chief of an army, as well as of the civic forces, and the City Hall became a sort of military headquarters. Officers in gorgeous uniforms glittering with gold lace, clanked their swords across the marble-paved halls, and from one to half a dozen mounted orderlies were constantly in waiting in the street, while I and the whole clerical force of the office were kept busy issuing requisitions for arms, horses, forage, and provisions for the home brigade, and orders for transportation by steamboat and rail, for Confederate troops, en route from the outlying fortifications to General Lovell's headquarters at Camp Moore. Martial law reigned, and a counter-sign was communicated to the patrol every night, without which no citizen was allowed to pass after nine o'clock. A dispute arising between two officers of the French Legion as to precedence in rank, the matter was referred to the mayor for decision. Mr. Monroe improvised a military court, before which the disputants appeared represented by learned counsel. Mr. Soulé was advocate for one side, and under the threatening guns of the fleet the momentous question was gravely argued and decided. I have still before me the dramatic figure of the victor as he issued from the tribunal, waving his cap in triumph, closely followed by the gorgeously equipped members of his staff.

Sunday passed without intercourse with the fleet, but Monday brought a still more vivid excitement in the shape of a communication from Flag-Officer Farragut, reciting all the evidences of insubordination and contumacy on the part of the citizens and authorities, and admonishing us that the fire of the fleet might be drawn upon the city at any moment. "The election is with you," says the flag-officer, "but it becomes my duty to notify you to remove the women and children within forty-eight hours, if I have rightly understood your determination."

This communication was brought to the City Hall by Commander Henry H. Bell,

who was accompanied by Acting Master Herbert B. Tyson. After reading it Mr. Monroe said: "As I consider this a threat to bombard the city, and as it is a matter about which the notice should be clear and specific, I desire to know when the forty-eight hours began to run."

"It begins from the time you receive this notice," replied the captain.

"Then," said the mayor, taking out his watch and showing it to the captain, "you see it is fifteen minutes past twelve o'clock."

Commander Bell acknowledged the correctness of the mayor's time, and went on to say that he was further charged to call attention to the "bad faith" of the commander of the *McRae*, the steamer which had brought up the wounded and dead from the forts under a flag of truce, in either sinking or allowing his steamer to sink without reporting to the flag-officer his inability to keep his pledge and take it back to the forts.

The council was convoked for the consideration of Captain Farragut's letter, and the mayor appeared before them and gave his views regarding the answer to be returned. Captain Farragut had assumed as his own act the raising of the flag on the Mint and alluded to an attempt having been made by him to place one upon the Custom House. The mayor's reply, which was drafted by Mr. Soulé, renews his refusal to lower the flag of Louisiana. "This satisfaction," he says, "you cannot obtain at our hands. We will stand your bombardment, unarmed and undefended as we are."

Accompanied by Mr. Soulé I conveyed this reply to the *Hartford* early on the morning of the 29th. On our arrival Mr. Soulé at once entered upon a discussion of international law, which was listened to patiently by the flag-officer and Commanders Bailey and Bell. When Mr. Soulé had concluded, Captain Farragut replied that he was a plain sailor and it was not expected that he should understand the nice points of international usage, that he was simply there as the commander of the fleet and aimed only to do his duty in that capacity.

Mr. Soulé having apparently fulfilled his mission now asked to be set on shore, as he had an engagement at nine o'clock. This engagement was to meet the mayor and some others, including, if I remember aright, General Lovell (who had come down to the city from Camp Moore), with a view of urging upon them a scheme for making a combined night attack upon the fleet, whose ammunition it was generally believed had been exhausted, by means of a flotilla of ferry-boats. There had been an informal conference at the

mayor's residence the evening previous, at which I was present, when Mr. Soule unfolded his plan of the contemplated night attack and urged it strongly upon the mayor's attention. The meeting at nine o'clock the following morning was for the purpose of discussing this matter more freely. It was, however, too late for such an undertaking, even had the plan been a much more feasible one. The forts had surrendered! Captain Farragut had already dispatched a message to the mayor notifying him of that event, and adding that he was about to raise the United States flag on the Mint and Custom House. He still insisted that the lowering of the flag over the City Hall should be the work of those who had raised it, but before I left the ship he had yielded that point also, and I reported to my chief that there would be no bombardment and that the ungrateful task of lowering our flag would be performed by those who demanded its removal.

Mayor Monroe at once issued a proclamation requesting all citizens "to retire to their homes during these acts of authority which it would be folly to resist," and impressing upon them the melancholy consolation that the flag was not to be removed by their authorities "but by those who had the power and the will to exercise it."

I carried a copy of this proclamation on board the flag-ship. Captain Bell, who was charged with the duties of raising and removing the flags, seemed a little nervous in regard to the performance of the last part of his mission. Calling me aside, he asked me whether I thought the crowd would offer any opposition to his landing party. I replied in the negative.

I left the ship in advance of the force, and returned to the City Hall to report their coming. The stage was now set for the last act, and soon the officers, marines, and sailors appeared in Lafayette square with bayonets and two brass howitzers glittering in the sunlight. The marines were formed in line on the St. Charles street side of the square near the iron railing which at that time inclosed it, while

the guns were drawn through the gates out into the middle of the street, and placed so as to command the thoroughfare either way.

The crowd flowed in from every direction and filled the street in a compact mass both above and below the square. They were silent, but angry and threatening. Many openly displayed their arms. An open way was left in front of the hall, and their force being stationed, Captain Bell and Lieutenant Kautz passed across the street, mounted the hall steps and entered the mayor's parlor. Approaching the mayor, Captain Bell said: "I have come in obedience to orders to haul down the State flag from this building."

Mr. Monroe replied, his voice trembling with restrained emotion, "Very well, sir, you can do it; but I wish to say that there is not in my entire constituency so wretched a renegade as would be willing to exchange places with you."

He emphasized this speech in a manner which must have been very offensive to the officers. Captain Bell visibly restrained himself from reply, and asked at once that he might be shown the way to the roof. The mayor replied by referring him to the janitor whom he would find outside.

As soon as the two officers left the room, Mr. Monroe also went out. Descending the front steps he walked out into the street and placed himself immediately in front of the howitzer pointing down St. Charles street. There, folding his arms, he fixed his eyes upon the gunner who stood lanyard in hand ready for action. Here he remained, without once looking up or moving until the flag had been hauled down by Lieutenant Kautz and he and Captain Bell reappeared. At an order from the officers the sailors drew their howitzers back into the square, the marines fell into marching order behind them, and retired as they had come. As they passed out through the Camp street gate, Mr. Monroe turned toward the hall, and the people who had hitherto preserved the silence he had asked from them, broke into cheers for their mayor.

Marion A. Baker.

MEMORANDA ON THE CIVIL WAR.

The Author of "Life on the Alabama," in the April "Century."

SINCE you ask me for some account of my experience as a sailor, I may say that I was born in Charleston, South Carolina, in February, 1836, and was taken to England when I was two years old. My parents settled at Whitehaven in Cumberland, and I was sent to "Piper's Marine School." When I got older I spent some time at a Catholic seminary at St. Omer in

France, where I learned to speak the language and to dislike the people for all time.

My father was a retired East India naval officer and an intimate friend of Sir Charles Napier, by whose influence I received a warrant as midshipman in the British Navy, and joined the *Swiftsure* frigate in November, 1853.

My messmates were a gang of ruffians, and they hazed me for being a "Yankee." I was constantly in hot water, and had a miserable time of it.

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I was transferred to the *Briannia* flag-ship and was wounded in the attack on the forts at Sevastopol, October, 1854. I was sent home invalided and gladly resigned the service. I made the China voyage as second officer on the ship *Redoute* and then went to India and saw the beginning and end of the Sepoy mutiny, and must say that the pandies were not a whit more brutal and savage than the English civilians and soldiers.

I had a relation in the Commissary Department at Delhi, and I got there in time to carry a musket as volunteer with the Seventy-fifth Regiment, in the storming of September, '57, and I saw such fighting as I had only read of in story.

The conduct of the men was grand, and their officers wasted their own lives like water.

I had my left hand nearly cut off by a sword stroke, as it was all bayonet fighting, the rebels showing wonderful courage and persistency. As soon as I could travel I crossed the Punjab to the Indus, and went down that river to Kurrachee and took steamer for Canton.

The Taiping Rebellion was commencing, and there was no peace in all the land. I had no trouble in getting a commission as second lieutenant in the Chinese Navy, and cruised along the coast capturing pirates. As we took no prisoners, it was butchering work, and I soon got tired of it. I resigned in 1860, and going ashore, made the acquaintance of General Ward, an ex-Yankee clipper-mate and the best soldier in China, bold, bloody, and resolute. I also met Captain Gordon, well known by his later reputation, and I thought him a very commonplace gentleman. There was one thing he could do to perfection, and that was swear; and his Fokee levies had the benefit of his talent in that direction.

Ward's death, the next year, ended a career that promised to be remarkable. He would have made himself a power in the East.

The climate did not agree with me; in the fall of '61 I returned to England, and in '62 shipped on the Confederate privateer *Alabama*. After her destruction I went to blockade running, and made a little fortune by lucky ventures, but this was soon ended by the downfall of the Confederacy.

Save several voyages to the West Indies, I have been on shore since 1866.

When I first went to sea, educated young men were common in the fore-castle, thither led by a spirit of adventure, but no decent man would go to sea now save from dire compulsion.

His associates would be broken-down turnpike sailors and 'longshoremen,—perhaps vicious and undurable,—and most likely all foreigners. So the common sailor that really is a sailor and has intelligence to tell what he knows will soon pass away forever. Herman Melville was the greatest and the last. Clark Russell is too literal, and to a sailor his long descriptions are tedious; but Melville is glorious.

Philip Drayton Haywood.

PHILADELPHIA, April 13, 1886.

General George H. Thomas at Chattanooga.

In his paper on "Chattanooga," published in THE CENTURY for November, 1885, General Grant says:

"On the 7th, before Longstreet could possibly have reached Knoxville, I ordered Thomas pre-emptively to attack the enemy's right, so as to force the return of the troops that had gone up the

valley. I directed him to take mules, officers' horses, or animals wherever he could get them, to move the necessary artillery. But he persisted in the declaration that he could not move a single piece of artillery, and could not see how he could possibly comply with the order. Nothing was left to be done but to answer Washington dispatches as best I could, urge Sherman forward, although he was making every effort to get forward, and encourage Burnside to hold on."

This statement is in substance like one in General Badeau's military history of Ulysses S. Grant. A paper, however, over the signature of General Grant has a very different value. And it is in text and inference so unjust to the memory of the late Major-General George H. Thomas that it is proper to make a statement of facts taken in the main from official papers.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, Assistant Secretary of War, was in November, 1863, at Chattanooga, and reported by telegraph from day to day to the Secretary of War all matters of interest with reference to the Army of the Cumberland and the plans of Generals Grant and Thomas, with both of whom he held intimate official relations. Under date of November 5th, 11 A. M., he telegraphed to Mr. Stanton:

" . . . Grant and Thomas considering plan proposed by W. F. Smith to advance our pickets on the left to Citico Creek, about a mile in front of the position they have occupied from the first, and to threaten the seizure of the north-west extremity of Missionary Ridge. This, taken in connection with our present demonstration in Lookout Valley, will compel them to concentrate and come back from Burnside to fight here."

It is perhaps well to explain here that at that time no plan for future operations had been discussed. On the supposition that Sherman's forces would be united with those of Thomas in front of Chattanooga, more space than we occupied was necessary for the proper encampments and probable developments for a battle. This made a move to the front at that time, for the acquisition of more ground, a proper one under all circumstances. It will be seen that in the plan proposed by me, as chief engineer, only a threat to seize the north-west end of Missionary Ridge was intended and with the idea that such a feint might force the recall of Longstreet. I think I may safely state that I did not propose at that time, in view of the condition of the Army of the Cumberland, to suggest anything which would bring on a general battle unless under the guns of our forts at Chattanooga. The next telegram to Secretary Stanton referring to this move is dated November 7th at ten A. M., and states:

"Before receiving this information" [report of a rebel deserter] "Grant had ordered Thomas to execute the movement on Citico Creek which I reported on the 5th as proposed by Smith. Thomas, who rather preferred an attempt on Lookout Mountain, desired to postpone the operation until Sherman should come up, but Grant has decided that for the sake of Burnside the attack must be made at once, and I presume the advance on Citico will take place to-morrow evening, and that on Missionary Ridge immediately afterward. If successful, this operation will divide Bragg's forces in Chattanooga valley from those in the valley of the Chickamauga, and will compel him either to retreat, leaving the railroad communication of Cheatham and Longstreet exposed, or else fight a battle with his diminished forces."

From General Grant's order of November 7th, the following extract is made:

" . . . I deem the best movement to attract the enemy to be an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge with all the force you can bring to bear against it, and, when that is carried, to threaten and even attack if possible the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland. Rations should be ready to issue a sufficiency to last four days the moment Missionary Ridge is in our possession—rations to be carried in haversacks. When there are not horses to move the artillery, mules must be taken from the teams or horses from ambulances, or, if necessary, officers' dismounted and their horses taken. The movement should not be made one moment later than to-morrow morning."

It will be seen from this order that the plan proposed by me had been entirely changed, for while I had proposed only to threaten the seizure of the north-west end of Missionary Ridge, General Grant proposed "to attack the enemy" by carrying the Ridge and then "to threaten and even attack if possible" the lines of communication; *that is, to bring on a general engagement.* When it is remembered that eighteen days after this Sherman with six perfectly appointed divisions failed to carry this same point of Missionary Ridge, at a time when Thomas with four divisions stood threatening Bragg's center and Hooker with nearly three divisions was driving in Bragg's left flank (Bragg having no more strength than on the 7th), it will not be a matter of surprise that the order staggered Thomas. After the order had been issued I sought a conversation with General Grant for the purpose of inducing a modification, and began by asking General Grant what was the plan proposed by General Thomas for carrying out the order. To this General Grant replied, "*When I have sufficient confidence in a general to leave him in command of an army, I have enough confidence in him to leave his plans to himself.*" This answer seemed to cut off all discussion, and nothing more was said on the subject.

Shortly after that General Thomas sent for me, and under the impression that the order related to my plan referred to in Mr. Dana's dispatch of November 5th said, "If I attempt to carry out the order I have received, my army will be terribly beaten. You must go and get the order revoked." Without replying to this I asked General Thomas to go up the river with me, and we set out directly, going to a hill opposite the mouth of the South Chickamauga Creek, where we spent an hour or more. We looked carefully over the ground on which Thomas would have to operate, noted the extreme of Bragg's camp-fires on Missionary Ridge, and then becoming convinced that Thomas with his force could not outflank Bragg's right without endangering our connection with Chattanooga, on our return I went directly to General Grant, and reported to him that after a careful reconnaissance of the ground I was of the decided opinion that no movement could be made in that direction until the arrival of Sherman's forces. That very evening the order for Thomas to move was countermanded, and no further effort to aid Burnside was attempted till the Army of the Tennessee had joined the army at Chattanooga. On the 8th of November at eleven A. M., Mr. Dana sent to the Secretary of War the following dispatch:

"Reconnaissance of Citico Creek and head of Missionary Ridge made yesterday by Thomas, Smith, and Brannan from the heights opposite on the north of the Tennessee proved Smith's plan for attack impracticable. The creek and country are wrongly laid down on our maps, and no operation for the seizure of Missionary Ridge can be undertaken with the force which Thomas can now command for the purpose. That force cannot by any effort be made to exceed eighteen thousand men. The deficiency of animals, forage, and subsistence rendering any attack by us on Bragg's line of communication at Cleveland or Charleston out of the question, it follows that no important effort for the relief of Burnside can be made."

General Grant in his official report says:

"Directions were given for a movement against Missionary Ridge, with a view to carrying it . . . of which I informed Burnside on the 7th of November by telegraph. After a thorough reconnaissance of the ground, however, it was deemed *utterly impracticable* to make the move until Sherman could get up, because of the inadequacy of our forces, and the condition of the animals then at Chattanooga; and I was forced to leave Burn-

side for the present to contend against superior forces of the enemy until the arrival of Sherman with his men and means of transportation. In the meantime reconnaissances were made and plans matured for operations."

As a matter of perhaps some historical value it may be stated that the hill visited by General Thomas on the 7th of November with his chief engineer and chief of artillery was the same one to which Sherman was taken on the 16th of November, and which is spoken of by him in his report of operations about Chattanooga.

I think there will remain no doubt in the mind of any reader of the foregoing that the official papers prove conclusively that the order of November 7th "to attract the enemy" by "an attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge . . . and when that is carried to threaten and even attack if possible the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland," was one for which the entire credit should be given to General Grant, but that the failure to carry out the order has been incorrectly laid at the door of General George H. Thomas by General Grant, who apparently failed to refresh his memory by a reference to his own official reports and letters—a negligence which is liable in these late days to be injurious to any military authority, however high.

William Farrar Smith.

The Man with the Musket.

SOLDIERS pass on from this rage of renown,

This ant-hill, commotion and strife,

Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down

With their fast-frozen gestures of life,

On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom

Of the pitying cypress and pine;

Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,

But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble, I knew

This commonplace hero I name!

I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with him, too,

In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!

Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part

Of his canteen and blanket, and known

That the throb of this chivalrous prairie boy's heart

Was an answering stroke of my own.

I knew him, I tell you! And, also, I knew

When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,

That the poor battered body that lay there in blue

Was only a plank in the bridge

Over which some should pass to a fame

That shall shine while the high stars shall shine!

Your hero is known by an echoing name,

But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad

Ran together and equally free;

But I judge as I trust Christ will judge the brave lad,

For death made him noble to me!

In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse,

Life shook out its lingering sands,

And he died with the names that he loved on his lips,

His musket still grasped in his hands!

Up close to the flag my soldier went down,

In the salient front of the line:

You may take for your heroes the men of renown,

But the man of the musket is mine!

H. S. Taylor.

CLAIBORNE KEAN.

KEAN was junior editor of a new medical journal, and lived with his older brother, Dr. George, and his wife, Helen. She and her brother-in-law, "Clay," as they called him, were fast friends.

Helen had been a McLean, and had an intimate friend and school-mate, Edith Norris, for whom Kean came in time to entertain something more than a friendly regard.

Things went on smoothly for a time; then Kean went one evening to call upon Edith, cherishing certain pleasant fancies by the way, and found with her an early acquaintance of hers, named Charles Marcy, returned after some years' absence in the West. Edith introduced them, but Kean said coldly that he already had that honor; and Marcy greeted him warmly, telling Edith that Kean and he had been well acquainted in the West, and that Kean had treated him very handsomely, particularly in one affair of which he had no reason to be proud, and 'in which very few would have shown the generous forbearance that Kean had practiced toward him. Kean did not respond to this cordial frankness, but remained distant and cold, and came away presently in a very different humor from that in which he had gone.

The next day he hunted up Marcy at the real-estate office which he had opened in the city. He greeted Kean jovially and swung him an arm-chair, but Kean took another.

"You were pretty frank last night," he said. "Why didn't you speak a little plainer, and say that I trusted you and you turned out a scoundrel and a thief, and that I ought to have put you in jail?"

Marcy paused a moment in the act of lighting a cigar, but then went on.

"No," he puffed, "no; I really can't accept your terms. Some fellows would consider your language impolite. You ought to study drawing it mild, *suaviter in modo*, you know. But I am frank, and I acknowledge I owe you a balance, and let this go on the account."

"You know you are no fit company for Miss Norris," Kean persisted roughly; "and I want to know whether or not you propose to make it necessary for me to expose you."

"Well, I'm not making proposals at present, but I'm frank to allow that I'm not entirely up to her high-water mark: do you happen to know any young man that is? I look at it from the other side, you see; I'm quite aware that I'll bear some moral elevat-

ing, like most human people I've met, and I agree with Mill's doctrine (isn't it Mill's?) — 'enlightened self-interest,' — you remember. Most people do, I believe. As to exposing me, as you call it, I'm not afraid of you there; it's not in your line. You can't be a tattler if you would; you're too stiff in the back-bone to get down to that. Oh, I've got a very good opinion of you, Kean; I know where to find you all the time. And that's where I've got you on the hip; you're a crusader and I'm a free-lance. Go in and win, my boy; I don't ask any odds. I'll always talk you up; I'll get credit for generosity by it and score one against you there. Now I think of it, I'll drop into particulars myself, as you can't. I used some money of yours, expecting to cover it in and no one be the worse or wiser, like these bank-presidents and cashiers. Things went against me and I couldn't come up to time, so I put myself and the whole thing into your hands; and you acted the good Samaritan and said, 'Go and sin no more.' It is really touching, Kean, and no woman would find it in her heart not to heap sympathy and forgiveness on the repentant sinner. Yes, that is good: 'I thank thee, Jew!' Oh, nothing pays so well on the investment as the truth, the whole truth, the touched-up and beautified truth!"

He laughed, and Kean stood up and spoke harshly.

"I warn you not to presume on this lying effrontery. I will stand upon no fine-drawn sham semblance of honor in dealing with you and your shameless impudence."

Marcy nodded cheerfully; and Kean came away, anything but cheerful.

Kean's grandfather had left him some property in the West, and it was while out there that he had employed young Marcy to look after it, and been first robbed and then fooled by the plausible fellow. His first knowledge of the fraud came to him from Marcy himself, who furnished him all the evidence, much of which he could have destroyed, and put himself at his mercy, and he had been merciful. But looking back now, he could see that it had been a well-played game; that by forestalling discovery, and supplying all possible evidence himself, Marcy had both prevented Kean from finding it, and taken a purchase on his honor that effectually precluded him from using it. Instead of putting himself in his hands, Kean saw now that Marcy had

ted them by his artful frankness, as no deception could have done.

And he perceived that the world was no simple matter. A misgiving that he would not regard took the heart out of him; a physical fear came over him sometimes when he thought of Marcy; and it seemed to him that the cunning of the devil incarnate must wear some such frank, smiling countenance when he would deceive the very elect.

The idea of rivalry with the fellow was utterly odious. The thought of finding him with Edith kept him away in spite of his hunger to go. He could not be a tell-tale, as Marcy said; and even if he could, there was nothing to tell that would not fit into Marcy's own story, and nothing in that story that he could deny. The different coloring he would put upon it would be naturally ascribed to a more obvious source than the white light of truth.

Consciousness of all this, and the thought of Marcy counting on it, and playing it with pleased assurance as a card in his game, put Kean in a lock-jawed humor when with Edith that was only the more so for his knowledge that she must misjudge it; and his changed demeanor toward her naturally aroused a resentment on her part that he misunderstood in his turn. So they crossed one another fatuously, and the end soon was that he ceased to go, and so played the more into Marcy's hands knowing that he did so.

Helen perceived more or less vaguely how things were going, and naturally took the matter to heart. After thinking a good deal about it, she took a sudden determination, went to Edith, sat awhile looking at her absently, and then, in response to Edith's questioning glance, said abruptly:

"Clay does not know anything about my coming to you, dear. But I'm afraid you are making a great mistake."

The blood flew up into Edith's face, and she replied hotly:

"You are prejudiced. He is too proud and——" Her voice broke, her eyes dropped a moment, and she brushed her cheek quickly. "What kind of forgiveness is it that pardons an error, to which we are all liable, and then scorns the confessed and penitent offender for years afterward? I had rather——"

But Helen stopped her, laying her hand on her mouth an instant and putting her arms about her, partly for the feeling she had that estrangement was in danger of coming between them. Edith suffered her passively, and after a little Helen kissed her and came away.

So Edith, having but few friends in the city and no near relatives but a rather weak aunt, was soon left very much to herself; and thus

Marcy had the course pretty clear and made the most of his chances; and, to be brief about it, he and Edith were married late in the following year, when they went off to the South-west to invest her little fortune in an enterprise of great and certain profit, which Marcy had devised.

Time went on, as before. Kean worked away doggedly at his medical journal, was helpful and in the main cheerful at home, fond of the children and a great favorite among them. But he seemed not to care to see any one outside of that household and a very few friends. He stuck close to his work and home, and when they by-and-by urged him to go away for a change he turned it off with a joke. But when Helen spoke of it again he turned suddenly passionate.

"You must not urge me; don't you see that it's all I can do?"

Years passed. Kean had ordered the sale of his Valley City property, and he now received a statement from his agents that astonished him. The sale had been effected on good terms and the money paid into the Great Valley bank. So far, right and good. But then a large part of it had been paid out on Kean's order to "H. M. Charles." Kean telegraphed that he knew no one named Charles and had given no order. The reply started him West at once.

There it appeared that the man calling himself Charles had brought the brokers a letter of authorization in Clay's handwriting, and had ordered certain stocks of them, for which he gave a draft on the Great Valley bank ostensibly drawn to his order by Kean. The brokers had had the draft cashed and delivered the stocks to Charles. One of the firm took Clay over to the bank, and there they laid before him the draft and letter, with an expert's certificate that the most of the letter and the signatures of both were in the same hand as certain other papers of Kean's which the brokers had. As he sat and examined the writing it seemed to look him in the face familiarly, like his reflection in a glass; and he grew confused after regarding it awhile, as if it put him out of countenance, and looking up he saw the two men sharply watching him.

"It certainly looks like my writing," he said. "But I suppose I would know if I had written them."

They nodded slightly, with unchanged gravity; and Kean stood up, more grave than they, and spoke slowly:

"I have not been in the habit of having my word disbelieved, and you must excuse me if I don't take to it kindly."

He went to the chief of police, who recommended a detective named Heller. He was

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a little dark Jew, with a look Kean did not like. He felt at first as if those small, deep-set eyes looked through him with suspicion, but he soon forgot his dislike in admiration of the hound-like instinct with which he tracked the man Charles under various names, found where he had sold the stocks, lost the scent and caught it again and again, zigzagging west, east, and south, always south. Kean went with him from place to place.

At the end of a week or two they went out one day to Sharp's Junction, and Heller and the station-agent talked together. Kean did not hear much of what they said, but sat looking out at the sunny, level southern country, still and lonely under the brooding sky. But suddenly he caught one word of their conversation — "Franklinburg." Upon the instant he got up and went out upon the track.

He walked along one of the lines, mounted a slight swell a little way off, and looked round at the wide, desolate land with a heavy sense of the sufficiency and silence of nature and man's strange dependence and isolation in its midst. He had taken a sudden great disgust toward Heller and his own life of these last days. Franklinburg was the place to which the Marcys had removed, and the mention of the name let in upon him a flood of recollection that rolled over him and would have its way. He wandered apart to a place screened from view and threw himself down in the dry herbage. He still lay there while the sun sank red and droughty, while the twilight passed and the stars came out in the southern night.

When he came back to the station, Heller said nothing, but regarded him with the same furtive suspicion as on the first day. Kean paid him off, and saw him take the night train for the north. There would be no train east till toward morning. He lay on a bench, still in that waking dream, powerless even to wish to shake it off, until at last he drifted into a disturbed sleep.

By-and-by he woke in the great stillness of that wide, uninhabited land. The faint airs of the night stole through the open doors and windows; and Kean's mood had wholly changed. He felt sore and hard. The faces of those grave men at the bank, the cunning glance of the detective, the whole hateful attitude of deceit and stupid roguery in which the swindle had placed him, scorched his soul like white-hot metal. To be not only robbed, but put at the same time in the light of the thief, stung him intolerably. And he knew now who the swindler was, had known it all this night since he heard that word which let in the flood of remembrance that swept away all care and thought of the detestable affair. But it came back to him now and made him

furious. The signatures were genuine; all the while he had felt it, had seen the reflection of himself in them.

He got up and went out, impatient for the train. It seemed very long till he heard the hoarse whistle, but finally the train came clanking dismally, and then he was off eastward. He ached and hungered to have the scoundrel by the throat.

It was afternoon when they clanked into Franklinburg. Kean got a room and refreshed himself. Then he came down and went into the bar-room to make some inquiries, but he saw through the open doors the man he wanted coming jauntily across the dusky road, and he stood still and waited for him. The fellow stopped abruptly in the doorway, and his sanguine face turned white and haggard. He had been prepared for this possibility, and had planned out how he should walk straight up to Kean and salute him heartily; but now, when the occasion had come, it was somehow different. Kean's still look staggered him; he steadied himself by the door-posts. But he summoned up his assurance and came forward gamely.

"Why, Kean, old fellow, where did you drop from? I'm blessed glad to see you."

But he did not lay his hand on Kean's arm as he intended, and he did not seem particularly glad. Kean neither moved nor answered for a minute, looking past him out-of-doors. Then he said simply:

"Go upstairs."

The fellow looked to right and left; a feeling of fear came over him, but he could not have turned his back then if he would. He hesitated a moment, then went a little unevenly up the stairs and into the room Kean pointed out. Kean followed and closed the door. The fellow lounged by the window. Kean motioned to a chair against the wall, and he went slowly and took it. Kean leaned back against the bed and took a folded paper from his pocket-book.

"You forged this draft."

Marcy gathered himself together as he could, and the programme he had rehearsed helped him, though feebly. He attempted no vain denial.

"You will hardly make it forgery, I think; the signature is genuine."

Kean lifted his eyes.

"Be careful," he said. "You stole the paper with my signature."

Marcy grew a little more like his customary bold self. He raised his head and crossed his legs.

"I am not quite sure that a man can steal from his wife."

Kean rose to his feet, and the fellow quailed.

"Take care, I tell you," Kean said. And after a pause he continued in the same low, menacing way, "Will you go voluntarily to Valley City and confess your villainy, or shall I have you taken there?"

"I don't think we shall do either," Marcy answered; and his head was thrown back and a lock of his hair straggled down his forehead as of old. "You can't strike *me* alone."

Kean's face flushed blood-red. He swayed slowly forward and back. A film came over his sight, and he stood still awhile, then turned slowly away.

Marcy's words had been well chosen. The paralyzing sense of impotence that had gagged and manacled Kean from the first took all force out of him. The game had been so well planned that even the player might not hold his hand, though he quailed never so cravenly, from the final moves. A smothering sense of the iron grasp of fate seized upon Kean. He felt the place sink and heave under him, saw a blackness in the sunshine and heard thunderous tones in the still air. The whole universe circled about him, and he the one thing in the midst that could not move.

Suddenly he caught sight, through a dusty window across the way, of Heller's dark, watchful face.

It was too much; the bonds that held him snapped. He turned round; and when Marcy saw his look, he stood up and grew white and staid so. Kean seemed to have grown heavy and sunk together, and there was murder in his face.

He grasped a wooden chair by the back with both hands, raised it, and advanced slowly; and Marcy backed, step by step, before him, till he struck the wall and could back no more. He did not dare to move hand or lip; he knew that to move or speak would be to bring the first crashing blow; and he felt with a swooning terror how, once begun, the blows would follow one another, swift, merciless, horrible, till blows mattered no more. Things swam before him; the sight went out of his staring eyes.

There was a small looking-glass in a red square frame on the wall close to Marcy's head; and as Kean advanced, he saw the window reflected, and through it, beyond the ragged chimneys of the house opposite, a white road slanting up a hill, and on it a young woman walking with a child. They were descending the hill; the little girl stumbled as he looked, and the mother stopped to lift and comfort her. He watched them till they came on again and passed out of sight.

His face fell; he lowered the chair and stood, still grasping its back. Hedged thus in his corner, Marcy's strength went out of him,

and he sank down abjectly in a heap. Though Kean's eyes were bent upon him, he did not see him, but still only the white hill road, and the woman walking on it with the child. And then Marcy began to beg in a cringing tone from where he crouched:

"You don't want to hurt me, Kean; it wouldn't do you any good. I can't pay back the money now; I did intend to, I swear I did. I was worth twenty thousand dollars three weeks ago, and now I haven't got a cent. The luck always turns against me. I'll make you the only reparation I can — I'll go away and stay. After a while you'll very likely hear of my being shot in some row. I make you this offer honestly. You can be sure I won't come back; you hold over me what will secure you of that."

Kean only heard him vaguely; all he saw was a white hill road and a young mother on it, bending over a child.

And Marcy maundered on, growing bolder from Kean's silence, till at length he dared to mention names.

Then Kean straightened up stiffly and turned a look on the fellow that froze his speech; and he lifted his foot and placed it on his breast, quelled him with a pressure of detestation, turned away and fumbled at the lock of the door, and went out and down the stairs and into the street.

It was late afternoon. He went along slowly, and turned into the road that led up the hill toward the railway. He walked weakly and crossed the path from side to side. Gaining the height, he stood and looked down at the straggling village in the valley; he could see the long low hotel with its broad verandas, and certain ragged chimneys a little to the west. He walked along the ridge road until below him he saw a steep by-road winding down toward the river. He descended it part way. Here was the place, just above this little shop which he recalled.

Here she had stopped; here was the stone on which the child had tripped, yonder the turn where they went out of sight. He felt sick and leaned against a tree, aside in the shadow. The sun was down and the dusk beginning to draw over. Presently a lamp was lighted in the little shop. A woman came slowly up the hill and went in, and a man came out and went down. Then Kean heard the man speak to some one below, out of sight; and soon he heard light feet rasping on the gravel, as they came up slowly. Before he could see any one, he heard a child's voice chattering. Then, as they came near the small shop, he saw them. The little girl turned toward the lighted window, in which were displayed cakes and fruit, and he heard her

ask mamma to buy her something, complaining that she was hungry. But the mother drew her on, saying she had no pennies now. The child fretted a little and then asked to be carried, complaining that she was tired. They were nearly opposite then, and the mother answered that she could not carry her—she was too heavy; it was only a little way now, and they would soon be home. But the child fretted on:

"I carry, mamma; I falls down."

The mother stood a moment, looking down at her, and stooped to take her up.

Then Kean left the tree where he leaned and crossed the road; and Edith straightened up at the sound. There was nothing between them and the west here, and it was still light out of the shadows. She drew a long, deep breath, and pronounced his name. He did not answer, but looked at her a moment with a searching gaze. In that moment he knew that all estrangement had been washed away from between them, that the deep-rooted regard and confidence of their early companionship had not been weakened by time or distance. And he knew, too, that she had not changed, that nothing could change her, that hers was the purity to which all things are pure and of which all is of good report. But he saw, by unmistakable signs and with a sudden resentment, that she had suffered much and was in want. He could not speak to her, but he stooped down and took the child up in his arms, and said:

"I will carry the little girl if she will let me."

But she was frightened and would have cried, and he turned back toward the shop and coaxed her with an offer of cakes and candy; and he took her in and held her up while she pointed here and there with her pretty hand and gave her orders soberly:

"One of 'ese, and two of 'ese, and one-two-six-four of 'ese."

With a cake in her hand and mouth, and her other purchases clasped tight, she looked with solemn inquiry into his face as he brought her away.

"You can give some to your brother; you've got a little brother, haven't you?" Kean said.

"Es," she answered, with a pretty nod.

"Holly's his name; he's in heaven now. He can't come back, but he isn't sick any more, and mamma's going to take me to see him some day, and I'll take him some of 'ese. You can go there too, if you're good."

Edith walked beside them as they talked; and as the child prattled of her dead brother, he saw the mother's hand grope hastily for her handkerchief and put it to her face.

"Oh, forgive me, Edith," he besought; "I did not know."

The child looked troubled at her mother a moment, but then she turned back to Kean.

"Mamma won't ky any more when we go to heaven. And I want you to come too; you are good now, I know, and you're going to be good?"

"Yes, dear, yes!" he answered; "I will try."

"And you'll want to know my name, won't you?" she continued. "It's Ellie, Ellie Lane Marcy."

"Ellie Lane," he repeated with a thrill,—
"Helen McLean, is it?"

"Es; after my Aunty Ellie. I've never seen her, but mamma has, and she's real good."

"Yes, Ellie," he answered. "She is my sister, and she is very good."

Kean found himself walking unsteadily; the slight child's weight was a burden to him. As she still prattled they gained the level, went a little way to the left, and stopped at a gateway. The gate was gone and the fence broken. He saw without looking that it was a tumble-down place and that poverty dwelt within. He set the child on the rickety gatepost and held her there with his arm about her, partly for his own support.

Edith doubled her handkerchief and pressed it hard on either cheek, then put it in her pocket out of sight; and she looked up and spoke, but with the grieving note still in her voice.

"You must not misunderstand; I have no complaint to make. I was crying about my little boy. It is so fresh and sharp!"

She turned away again a moment, but looked back directly.

"But I mustn't be selfish; I haven't asked about you. Have you been well; and—how is Helen? I saw by the papers that she had a loss too; I was very sorry."

"Helen is well," he said.

Then there was a pause. After a while he spoke again, his voice sounding to him like something apart from himself. "I did not set out with any intention of coming here. I have been through a great trial; it is not safe for me to stay here; I should go away on the first train. But I can't quite trust myself; I feel very tired, and am afraid of what may happen. I want you to help me."

She looked at him earnestly, troubled and vaguely infected with his fear.

"The northern train passes here soon," she said. "Ellie and I will come with you to the station; it is not very far."

She bade the little girl to show the good gentleman the way, and they walked along beside him. She asked him about old friends; and he answered, speaking and walking languidly.

They sat down in a corner of the waiting-room. The station-master passed by them and saluted Edith politely; Kean had noticed that others whom they met treated her with the same marked respect. She went over presently and spoke with the agent. She came back and stood beside Kean and the child and talked in her old soft, low way.

"The train is behind time, but will be here in half an hour," she said. "Mr. Gates is a neighbor of mine; they are all very kind."

Their talk drifted back to the dead child, of whom Edith spoke freely out of her full heart, as if it had been pent up and she were glad of the relief of utterance to one who would care and comprehend. And Kean listened to her sacred confidence with such emotions as may be imagined. He said what he could to console her and reassure her sorely tried faith; and they talked on of the more real concerns, the imminent matters of death and immortality. And, more out of a well-remembered conviction than any present feeling of his shattered consciousness, he strove to strengthen her with the profound assurance that had taken deeper and deeper root in him the longer he lived, that there is an underlying order in all the seeming confusion and blindness of the world, as in the stars' nightly round; that a higher right than our dull sense can apprehend rules in this strange being of ours, and that all things work together for righteousness.

He forgot the lapse of time, but the striking of a clock reminded Edith.

"It is nearly time now," she said; "have you a ticket?"

He got up wearily and went across to the office. The child had tired of playing with her purchases and was sleepy and fretful, and her mother was trying to keep her awake as Kean came back with his pocket-book in his hand. He snapped the bright clasp to amuse her, and she roused up and took it to play with. When the train whistled Edith bade her give it back, but she demurred; and Kean said:

"No; keep it, Ellie. Here are some pennies I'll put in it, for you and nobody else. Get mamma to put it away for you when you go home."

Edith thought he had of course taken out the rest of his money, but when she looked that night she found he had not. Her instant impulse was to return it, and she sat down to write to Helen about it, but finally could not make up her mind that she had a right to take it from the child nor find the heart to thrust it back upon him.

When Kean had given the child the pocket-book they three went out upon the platform.

It was bright moonlight by this time. The train came clanging in and stood, hissing. Kean stooped and kissed the little girl, then held Edith's hand a moment. She said good-bye; and he turned and climbed up the steps of the car, grasping the irons with both hands. Edith lingered till the train was gone, but did not see him again.

Kean sat with his back to the window, and the train went plunging on. To his sense it was as if chaos crashed round him. All that central order and calm of which he had spoken to her was no more. He was swallowed up in a sea of confusion. All was false, mocking, unjust; truth trampled and spit upon, lying deceit rewarded and triumphant, Satan the ruler of the world and the earth his fit abiding-place. Job's old desperation cried out again: "He will laugh at the trial of the innocent"; "The just, upright man is laughed to scorn"; "The tabernacles of robbers prosper!" Sounds and sights of terror raved round him, waking dream and dozing vision and swoon of utter exhaustion and desolation mingling and succeeding one another.

Night and day were alike to him, and he staid where he was in the ordinary car. The conductor's lantern flashing in his face half roused him now and then; and when he continued to drowse after daylight he excited contempt.

When another conductor took the train, the two came in and looked at him sunk in his corner.

"A day of fasting and humiliation will bring him round, I reckon," one said.

The next conductor was more doubtful, and another talked to him and telegraphed ahead. When they stopped for breakfast on the second morning, a doctor was waiting for them and came into the car. Kean lay still in the corner of the seat.

"He hasn't been out of the car and hardly ever moves," the conductor said.

The doctor bent over and held Kean's wrist and examined his face closely.

"He's no drinking man," he said.

He took hold of him and made him get on his feet, shook him, and called sharply into his half-open eyes:

"What's the matter with you?"

Kean heard the words from the upper air and tried to remember, but the waters were too deep above him.

They got him out of the car, and the crisp air revived him somewhat.

The doctor took him into the breakfast-room, set him down in an arm-chair, got him some food, and ordered him to eat; and he tried, but did not succeed very well. The doctor brought something in a glass and made

him drink. Then he sat close in front of him and questioned him distinctly and with repetition, making notes with his pocket-pen on a prescription paper. Then he went into the telegraph office. When he came back he said:

"I've sent word to your brother." He went back into the car with him, spoke to the conductor, and said a parting word to Kean. Kean felt in his pockets and looked blank, trying to remember something.

"I don't think I've got any money," he said.

"I haven't asked you for any," the doctor answered, and went out abruptly.

Then Kean felt the world swinging on again, and the deep sea rolled over him. At nightfall Dr. George boarded the train and took charge of his brother.

Some time later, while Kean was still weak and confined to the house, he told Helen one day a part of the story; and she showed him a letter she had received from Edith, written the night of his departure from Franklinburg, in which she told Helen of her meeting with him and her fear that he was ill, and anxiety to hear of his safe arrival.

The broken intercourse thus resumed, Helen and Edith kept up a correspondence thenceforth, in which the affectionate relations of the two friends were renewed.

A year or two later Edith was forced to leave her husband and returned with her little girl to her native village, where Helen went occasionally to visit her and helped her to find work to support herself. She was in the city now and then, and Kean met her casually and exchanged a few words with her once or twice in half a year. So three or four half years passed by.

It was summer, and the shadow of pestilence fell upon the far South.

One afternoon Kean came in hastily, and showed Helen an evening paper in which she read:

"Charles H. Marcy is down with the fever here, the only new case to-day."

Kean left Helen reading it and went upstairs to his room. She heard him tramping about overhead. She followed him and found him packing a valise. He asked her about some of his things. She went over and closed a drawer and leaned against it.

"What are you about, Clay?" she asked.

"I'm going down there," he said. "Don't try to hinder me."

When he first saw the dispatch, he fell into a reverie from which he awoke suddenly with something like affright, and a remembered phrase in his mind about one who was "consenting unto his death." He took a quick resolve, got up, and came hurriedly home.

Helen left him in his room, came down, and sent for her husband. Presently there was a ring, and she heard Edith's voice and went to meet her. Edith was excited; she saw the paper in Helen's hand.

"You have seen it then," she said; "tell me what I ought to do. I think I should go there, but I haven't the money."

Helen heard George on the stair and went out and told him. He came in and took Edith's hand, and spoke to her gravely:

"I don't think you should go there; your first duty is here with your child."

Quick steps came down the stair, and Kean tramped in with his valise grasped tight and his hat on his head. He had heard part of the words; he looked round and comprehended. He stood before Edith, and a great thankfulness came over him that he had so decided.

"I am going there," he said to her.

Then Edith sank down on a low seat and covered her face. George came and took hold of his brother, and drew him outside the door.

"Clay," he said, "what do you mean? He has no claim on you. There isn't one chance in ten of your coming back, and he may be dead before you get there."

But he answered: "George, I'm sorry about you and Helen, but don't try to hinder me. It is no use. I'm going on my own account, not his."

George studied him earnestly and shook his head; but he brought him in again, and said to him:

"Wait here. We will go with you to the depot."

He ran down to order a carriage, and Helen left the room. Kean came and stood over Edith. Both were silent awhile.

"Oh, I have made much trouble!" she sobbed.

"Hush, Edith," he answered; "don't do that. I feel it no trouble. I am eager to go, except for Helen and George."

George and Helen came back presently, and the carriage was waiting. Helen took hold of Clay's arm and he felt her trembling; but she did not dissuade him. At the door Clay faltered and looked back. Helen went over where Edith still sat and brought her with them. In the carriage Clay penciled some instructions, then talked cheerfully to one and another. The others had all three the feeling that they were going to a funeral. Then they stood together in the thronging depot. George held him and dropped his head a moment, then said:

"Promise that you will use every precaution and do all you can to keep well, or I won't let you go."

Clay promised and turned to Helen, who was leaning on her husband's arm, and she did not speak but drew down Clay's face quickly and kissed him. He hesitated, looked at them all, took Edith's hand, and was gone.

Helen made Edith come and stay with them. They heard pretty constantly from Clay, directly or through the press; and one day the report came that Marcy was convalescent, and that he would undoubtedly have died but for the devotion of Dr. Kean.

Two weeks later George came in one morning and brought them news that his face told without words—Clay was down.

Marcy, still weak and subdued from his near approach to death and not wholly recovered from the astonished thankfulness for Clay's great and ill-deserved service, did all he could for him.

How the three at home went about hushed in those anxious days, as if beside the bed where Clay lay stricken far away, the heart-sick prayers that went up in the waking nights, the mingled dread and eagerness for the daily report, the sinking confidence, the succeeding dumb expectation, need not be further told. Deep gloom settled down upon them, and then was suddenly pierced by a ray of promise.

And as they had feared together and mourned in anticipation, so now they rejoiced with one another, at first with trembling and then with grateful confidence. Clay continued to revive, and by-and-by was reported out of danger.

Edith went home again. The prayed-for frosts quenched the plague, and presently Clay came creeping home, to meet in George and Helen the strong joy over one raised from the dead.

Kean heard from Marcy once or twice, then they lost all track of him for a good while. Kean took up his old life cheerfully, and came more and more to the front in his medical journal, whose increasing success was acknowledged to be largely due to him.

One winter Helen told him she thought Marcy had hunted up Edith and was taking money from her, and later that she was sure of it. In early spring, on his way to the office, Kean met Edith for the first time in a good while; and he walked a few blocks with her, going a little out of his way. Soon after reaching the office a man inquired for him, and was shown into his room. Kean was standing, leaning back thoughtfully, and he lifted his eyes and saw Marcy. He did not move or say anything, but looked at the fellow steadily; and Marcy abruptly asked him for money to pay his fare west.

A certain assurance in the fellow's manner increased Kean's desire on general principles

to fling him downstairs. But he stood still with unchanging features and his eyes on the swaggering intruder while he argued the case with himself. Ought he not to send him out of mischief if he could? He had nothing to gain by it and no wish to spend money on him; he could get him a ticket and see that he started. Then he saw clear again. He straightened up, looked round, saw an improved scalpel lying near, took it up, and said he would give him a ticket to another place; and he drove him before him, tripping and stumbling down the stairs so that people came out to see.

Once or twice, after that, he saw him in the company of faro men and like gentry.

Finally Edith was obliged to consult Helen and George, and they advised and helped her to remove out of the way of his pursuit and robbery. Then Clay scarcely ever saw her.

Some time afterward he got a note from his friend Dr. Bain of St. Lazarus Hospital, saying they had a man there who wished to see him. He went up, and found it was Marcy. He saw it was a bad case, and the house-surgeon confirmed that opinion. He went to see him several times, and one night he found him excited and garrulous. He said he was glad to see Kean, that he felt better to-night, and wanted to talk to him.

"There's a minister that comes round here, and he's been talking up his little ground-plan of things to me. He's a clever little fellow, but he tries to square accounts by putting the cash to balance on the same side of the sheet with all the other entries; and it won't work. The whole thing's right here, Kean (you know I've always been frank). You've gone straight and I haven't, and you're there and I'm here; that's about the short meter of it. You wouldn't even shake hands, I believe; and I don't know as I blame you. But how was it? You were made cool and clean, without strong passion, and you got a straight start and went right along, square heel and toe. Oh, I know your score's true; I've watched you when you were off guard. But I wasn't made or started that way. I was put in a broker's office when I was ten, to help my mother off of three dollars a week; and I was smart at catching the tricks, and they used to laugh and coddle me when I played it sharp. But I played it a little too sharp for them afterward. I've been playing it on somebody ever since, and you can count my winnings easy; they're all right here. It hasn't made any difference to you which side of the cent came up; it was always 'Heads, I win; tails, you lose,' with you. And it doesn't stand to reason to balance the profit and loss by putting more loss on my side, does it?"

Kean did not respond to the implied invitation to shake hands, and his voice sounded stern, though he felt no enmity toward the poor wreck, but rather a deep awe toward the Author of all the strange issues of life.

"Don't build on any such shallow sophistry," he said. "You are very much mistaken if you believe that about me. You ought to know that if I have kept the straight road, as you say, it hasn't been altogether smooth or flowery. I advise you to listen to what the clergyman has to say."

Marcy dropped away then from his forced manner, whimpered a little and acknowledged that he had not deserved well of Kean, and declared that he was going to make a fresh start when he got out again.

Kean did what he could for his comfort and came away, and in the morning they sent him word that Marcy was dead.

He had not asked for Edith, and Helen now sent her the first news she had heard of it. Kean came in from making some arrangements for the burial, feeling tired and sore, and found Edith just arrived. She was flushed with a pained look. She turned on Clay:

"Oh, why did you not tell me? You ought to have told me—I should have been with him!"

Kean wheeled away from her, and when Helen looked in his face she turned sharply to Edith and spoke for him:

"Be still, Edith! You don't know what you are saying. You have no right to reproach Clay."

Kean saw that Marcy was decently buried, with as little showing of his own hand in the business as was possible. Edith knew, however, and one day later she asked his forgiveness for her ungrateful words. He easily forgave, but could not forget.

Helen persuaded Edith to move into the city, where she could better help her to support herself and little Helen; and the stream of their lives flowed on with a smooth surface once more. Young Helen and Kean were fast friends, and by degrees he fell into the way of doing many friendly offices for the girl and her mother.

One Decoration day he met them on their way to a neighboring cemetery, and went with them. As they walked among the white stones and greensward of the sunny slope, Edith stopped and stood forgetfully before a child's simple monument. He saw that it bore a boy's name and the words, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven." And his thoughts went off with hers to a far-away church-yard with a sweeter air and mellow sunshine brooding over it.

A day or two afterward he asked her

if she knew whether or not there was a stone at her boy's grave. He told her Marcy had been going to have one put up when he left him after the fever. She did not know, and Kean offered to write and find out. She said she would like to know very much. He did write; but it was some time before he reported to Edith, and then he simply sent her two photographs in an envelope, one of the churchyard with the little grave, and one of the stone, showing the inscription with the same text as that which she had seemed to like. She spoke about it the first time he saw her, saying that he was very good and the pictures were a great comfort, and remarking how much the inscription pleased her. Something more she had intended to say, but could not to him; but to Helen she expressed remorse toward Marcy, when she showed her the pictures and told her about them.

Helen spoke to Clay about it afterward, and he became abstracted and forgot to answer a question she asked him. When she repeated it more pointedly he laughed suddenly and got up and went out.

With all the help Helen could manage to give Edith without offense, it was evident enough that she had a sharp struggle to live and keep Ellie at school. After a while she came in one day upon Helen and Clay, as they sat waiting for George. She was excited and showed them a sum of money which she said she had received from the West, with the information that a like amount would be due her regularly in future. She had no particulars as to its source; but, after thinking it over, she had no doubt that it was the proceeds of some mining investments which Marcy had made some years before. He had shown her a large sum of money at one time and told her he was going to invest it in her name. And she asked Clay to let her pay Marcy's funeral expenses now, as she had promised him to do when able, and she put the money into his hands. He spread it on his knee mechanically and sat looking at it; and after a while he counted out a part of it, rolled up the rest, and returned it without speaking.

Edith took leave quickly, and Helen went down with her.

When Helen came back some time afterward, Clay was still sitting where she had left him. He presently noticed that she stood looking at him, and he got up and laughed harshly, as before. He went out without speaking, and Helen found the money Edith had given him on the floor. When she offered it to him, he said:

"Can't you spend it for them somehow? I couldn't touch it."

He seemed a little hard for a time, but soon

renewed his friendliness with Edith, consorting indeed much more with young Helen, for whom he assumed the right to buy books and the like, and with whom he renewed his youth by association in her studies and sympathy with her enjoyments and occupations, in which she let him share. In fact, a certain involuntary sternness came into his manner toward Edith sometimes.

So they drifted on with the stream of the world. And by-and-by there came a great disquiet into all their hearts. Helen was not well; then she was less well, and still less.

One evening George went out early and bade Clay take Helen for a walk. She still laughed; nothing could subdue that dauntless spirit of hers. But as they went it made Clay's heart ache to feel how heavily she hung on his arm and how her feet lagged, weary and slow.

It put him in a sorry humor, and he spoke to her more openly than he ever had of certain matters of his own. He complained that Marcy seemed to have been fated to pursue him all his life; that even since his death he continued to curse him and fool Edith.

"She has been canonizing his miserable memory, and it seems as if I could not turn my hand without helping to gild the false god she has made of him."

They were silent for a while, and then Helen said:

"Clay, there are some things I don't quite understand that I think I ought to know."

And she put question after question to which he answered yes and no.

Edith was out of town, and on her return found an urgent message from Helen and went directly. Helen was failing rapidly; they knew the end could not be far off. The house was hushed and drear.

As Edith entered Helen's room softly, she sat propped up languidly trying to eat some watery-looking food. She looked sadly wasted and faint, but the old light came into her eyes, and she moved the dish toward her friend with such an expressive smile, and gesture of invitation to partake, that Edith could not help laughing, though both knew that death looked on. Helen lay down then and rested awhile. Then she made Edith come close, so that she could hold her hands and look straight in her face. She lay still so a little while, and then she said:

"Edith, you love Clay."

Edith turned white and then scarlet, and sank beside the bed as if struck down; and she cried:

"Oh, Helen, do not put me to shame. Oh, I have suffered."

"Edith, listen," Helen pursued; "I must

speak to you. You have felt remorse toward Charles Marcy since his death, and believe him better than you learned to think him. It's time you knew the truth; he was a great deal worse than you ever dreamed. He was a forger and a thief. Even in that first knavery of which he was so frank to you, he added lying to cheating; he did keep one of the papers, a letter of credit from Clay, and he afterward altered it and used it again. Did you ever miss a page from your album on which Clay had written? Well, he took that and erased all but Clay's signature and forged a draft on it; and with the two papers he robbed Clay again. That was what brought Clay to Franklinsburg when you saw him.

"And oh, Edith, the annuity you have had these years is the income of what was left of Clay's Valley City property when he stole the rest, and which Clay would never touch till he ordered it sent to you. You paid him for the funeral expenses with some of his own money. And Marcy did not put up the stone to your boy, but spent the money which Clay left for the purpose. Clay had it put up afterward. I never knew all this till now. I made Clay tell me the other night."

"Oh, Helen!" Edith cried. She was overwhelmed. Helen's phrases beat upon her like great waves and washed away the sands on which she had built her life, and there seemed to be nowhere any ground for her feet. She sat there helpless and hardly conscious. She did not know that Helen pulled her bell-cord and gave a whispered message.

After a while Clay came in. Edith did not move. He stood looking down at Helen; she lay with her eyes closed, then looked up at him and smiled.

"Clay," she said faintly, but with her old humor showing through all weakness, "I have been telling Edith how she has been deceived in you, and exposing you to her in your true character."

He looked at her with pain and reproach. Then he turned toward Edith. She sat in a low chair, downcast, with her hands outstretched in her lap. She could not get up, but she raised her eyes with painful constraint and said coldly:

"I must have seemed very dull and ungrateful. I have been very blind, but I am not ungrateful."

Her words and manner struck him with a chill pang. He turned from her and bent his head low beside Helen's.

"Oh, Helen," he cried bitterly, "you must not leave me. My heart is broken; she might have spared me her gratitude. I shall come with you: I shall not live!"

Helen laid her hand on his cheek, the mere ghost of a hand now; but her low laugh came still, and she chided:

"Oh, you poor, foolish children! Must I do it all? Clay, there is one thing I have not asked her, and one I have not told her, one you must tell her and ask her yourself."

He searched her face eagerly, then turned toward Edith; and he told her with one passionate cry, and continued:

"I don't want your pity or gratitude, but — oh, Edith, Edith!"

He held out his hands to her, without going nearer; and after a moment she got up and came and put her hands in his; and he drew hers slowly, slowly, as if across the gulf of all the bitter years.

And so there came into that house a great grief and a deep, still joy. And both dwell there yet and temper one another after years have passed.

Edith came to live there, and lessened, as far as she might, the irreparable loss of Helen's children and their lonely, stricken father.

Edith and Clay go in and out with the sense of a great peace having fallen on the world after a long night of darkness and storm. They are not nearly so sure as they once were that they know much about the scheme of the world, but are confident that their more pressing concern is that they should be faithful in little or much. And so, perhaps, it is for all.

James T. McKay.

A BÔZŪ OF THE MONTÔ SECT.

IT was evening when we reached Kiôto, arriving by rail from Kôbé. For an hour past we had been riding through a valley not unlike the Shenandoah, save that instead of waving wheat and rustling corn we passed through fields of rice, the tanks here and there for irrigation sparkling in the rays of the setting sun like diamonds in fields of emerald.

There is only one thing to be done when you have no guide — keep your eye on the coolie who has taken the most of your baggage, and at the same time dart hither and thither through the crowd, pull the hair, kick, cane those who have taken rugs, coats, bags, even the book which you had laid down as the train came in, and which has been seized by some enterprising boy as a bait to draw you to his *jinrikisha*.

"Nakamaria's," we say, and away they go. A broad and imposing avenue is before us, but that we soon leave and turn into a narrow street, dark save for the lantern of the *jinrikisha*, which glides swift by the closed doors — for they go to bed early in Japan.

There is a sudden stop, a vigorous blowing of noses and wiping of brows; and we are at "Nakamaria's," larger than any tea-house we have yet seen. Last night we sat on the floor with our plates between our knees; to-night we have tables and chairs, a capital dinner, and comfortable beds.

"Well," I call out next morning in the cheerful tones of one who feels refreshed, "how did you sleep?"

"Don't ask me; didn't you hear that cow?"

"What cow?"

"What cow! You never hear anything. Why, that cow with the bell; she was in the

bushes all night, and never stopped till three o'clock."

"Not cow, master," said the bright-eyed boy who acted as waiter; "not cow, plenty much ringing."

"I should say there was 'plenty much ringing.' What was it?"

"One man."

"What the deuce was a man ringing a bell for all night?"

"Plenty much bad, he do bad. Bôzû he say ring bell; he ring bell all night—all night."

This we found to be true. One of the penances prescribed by the priests is the constant ringing of a bell, the penitent to move from place to place repeating his prayers.

Ten minutes after breakfast we were whirling through Kiôto toward the great temple of the Monto or Shin sect; for since the preaching of Buddha (about 550 B. C.) Buddhism has not only split into the two great divisions of Northern and Southern, but in Japan itself there are no less than thirty sects, which is not the only way in which it resembles Christianity!

I believe the great Shinto temple at Tôkiô, which was burned in 1871, was considered the most splendid temple in Japan, with the exception of the one at Nikko; but certainly no *Buddhist* temple can compare with this, or rather *these*, for there are three in the one inclosure.

We enter by one of the three magnificent gates, built of wood and splendidly carved, but alas! painted. Here and there the paint has chipped off, and it is a continual disappointment to see marks of neglect in what was so gloriously planned. Like the religion,

the gates are more imposing from a distance. The paint is said to be necessary to protect the wood; the wonder is, to any one who has seen it rain in Japan, how the wood lasts at all, yet some of these temples date from the seventeenth if not sixteenth century!

Passing the gate, you enter a court-yard paved with stone. Stone lanterns stand on either side; on the left is a fountain, and on the right a sacred tree, looking suspiciously like maple, but in truth grown from a twig of that tree under which Gaútama breathed forth his soul, and was absorbed in Nirvâna. (The sacred tree of Buddhism is like the pieces of the "true cross" in Italian cathedrals!)

The idea of the original model of all buildings, the tent, has been very completely retained in the Buddhist temples; the entrance, however, is from the side, and not from the end. The building is of a reddish-brown color, ornamented at the eaves with painted figures, yellow, red, and green dragons and the fabled *Kirin*. The temple is not graceful in form, it is even heavy.

We remove our shoes, and, having put on the straw sandals, ascend the broad steps to the piazza, which runs the whole length of the building, and stand within the temple.

Above the altar sits Buddha on the lotus flower. The altar itself, of polished lacquer ware, is resplendent with bronze candlesticks and vases filled with artificial flowers; slowly and languidly a thin spiral smoke ascends and is absorbed in the upper air. Below are the boxes in which is placed the sacred canon, remarkable in that here it is in the vernacular, while elsewhere it is in the mystical Sanskrit. The illuminated MSS. at San Marco or the Armenian convent at Venice are not to be compared with these for brilliancy of color or delicacy of touch.

The Japanese measure their temples by the number of mats it takes to cover the floor. A mat is about three feet by eight. This temple has 370 mats, *i. e.*, it contains 8880 square feet of floor. About one-sixth of this space is fenced off as a chancel; on a line with the "chancel-rail" is an "altar-screen" depending from the roof about fifteen feet. This is covered with gold, and wonderfully carved in chrysanthemums; it makes one think of the pomegranates in Solomon's temple. The chancel-wall and the pillars which support the roof are overlaid with beaten gold! Within this inclosure the priests alone may enter. The floor is covered with clean, cool mats of straw, and from the roof hang bronze lanterns of exquisite workmanship and delicately carved. The pillars are of *kiaki* wood, perfectly plain, but polished like cedar.

Opening from this is the Mikado's recep-

tion-room, where in former days the abbot received his Majesty. The walls are covered with gold lacquer, on which are pictures of peacocks and other birds of gorgeous plumage. At the end is a dais, and above that a painting representing the Emperor receiving homage from the Liu Kiu Islands. In the next room is a painting of the reception of the Mikado's son, for in the palmy days of Buddhism it was customary to place the second son of the imperial family in a monastery;—not a bad place for a "second son," one would say, to judge by the appearance of the jolly abbot, who, dressed in white cassock and yellow robe, is smiling at the "lay brother" who is putting on his sandals in the porch yonder. There were reasons why it would have been very inconvenient for the abbot to perform that office for himself.

On entering the "abbot's room," lions, tigers, and leopards seem ready to spring upon you, so faithfully are they carved upon the wall. Each piece of the carving, however, is done separately and fitted in like a child's puzzle, the whole fastened to the wall by minute brass-headed nails.

Passing from room to room we come to the garden, a beautiful and peaceful spot; it is here the monks read, and meditate, and do penance. In the center is an artificial pond, in which the gold and silver carp, some of them two feet long, were darting hither and thither till there were as many colors as in the sky at sunset.

Leaving the garden, we returned to the temple, where we found the priest waiting for us. He spoke English very correctly, but with a slight hesitation. He spoke very pleasantly of the Americans he had met, and then leading the way into the temple, and standing before the image of Buddha, he made his genuflection, and turning to us said: "I beg you will ask me any questions about the religion, and I will be glad to answer them if I can." We thanked him, and Bonner having suggested that I should question for both so as to avoid confusion, I began.

There were some thirty persons, men and women, in the temple, all of them very devout, kneeling and telling their beads. The rite is this: The worshiper on entering the temple strikes a gong which hangs at the door, to call the attention of God, and having thrown some "cash" into the treasury, to obtain a favorable hearing, devoutly kneels before the altar, and rubbing the beads which he holds between his extended hands, he puts up a prayer for grace or pardon, comfort or deliverance, as men have done in every nation since they walked with God in the garden.

Knelling beside me was an old man who had fixed his eyes with an agonizing expression on the calm and immovable face of Buddha, which looked indeed as if it held the "key to all the creeds," but gave little promise of guiding into the truth any of the sons of men. Turning to the priest and pointing to this man, I said:

"Does that man worship the *image*?"

"Most certainly not; he prays to what the image represents, which is God."

"What then is the use of the image?"

"As a help. You and I are educated men, we have studied, we have thought, we are able to think *at once* of God; but what can a poor man know? You tell him there is a God; he will say 'Yes,' but he will not know what it means, he will forget. When he sees the image, he will remember and think of God. You have pictures of God in your Bible, but they are not God, they only make you think of him."

"True, you, an educated man, can distinguish between the type and the reality, between the image and God; do you think the common people can?"

"I cannot say, we do not so teach them; but it is hard to say what is in the minds of the ignorant people!"

"You speak of *God*: do you believe there is but one God?"

"Most certainly, I believe there is but one God."

"But how is it that yesterday I saw a Buddhist temple in which there were five hundred gods? and there is a temple to the goddess of mercy, and one to the god of war, and I know not how many more?"

"Ah," said he, "I tell you what *we* believe. There are many kinds of Buddhists, and one teach one thing, and another another, but I think *this* is true Buddhism. Besides," he added, his fine eye lighting up, "it is easy to *prove* that there cannot be many gods."

I did not feel that as a Christian it would be right to make a point against Buddhism on account of its divisions; it would be taking an unfair advantage! "We are not divided, all one body we!"

"Let me ask you another question."

"Certainly."

"You say there is but one God?"

"Yes."

"Did he create the universe?"

"No; God cannot *make* matter, it already existed."

"Well, admitting that matter is eternal, how did it get into its present shape? 'By the fortuitous concurrence of atoms?'"

"I do not understand you."

"How was this world made? It did not always exist in this shape."

"No one can tell. Probably by *trying*: the matter went this way and that way through a great many ages, and at last it took this form."

"But," said I, "we have nothing like that in life. You cannot fancy this temple building itself?"

"I cannot."

"This temple shows a plan, does it not?"

"Yes," said he, looking at the work with some pride.

"And if it had a plan, it must have had a planner, an architect?"

"Yes."

I was rather pleased with the argument thus far; it struck me it had a Socratic style, and that I was Socrates, in which conceit I was encouraged by Bonner's remarking in a stage whisper, "You're getting him." Still there was a trembling look in his eye, as if a thought were being held back, which in due time would spring forth, that I didn't like.

In an evil hour, without one thought of Paley, I pulled out my watch. He laughed.

"Oh," said I, "you know Paley's argument?"

"Yes," he said, and laughed again.

So I put back my "stem-winder," feeling very much like a *sophomore*!

"Well, anyway," I remarked, "it makes no matter whether we take a watch or a temple, or *what* we take." (I had been taught at college that if "Paley's man" had found a *stone* it would have done just as well!) "They all show design, and so prove a designer."

Then the eyes were thrown open and the thought leapt forth.

"No, they do not all show design. Only *artificial* things show design, only things which can be made. And what do you mean by saying a thing shows *design*? You only mean that by trying a man could make it. A watch shows design, a temple shows design, everything *made* shows design. A temple shows a builder; does the *wood*? does the *stone*? Do you understand chemistry?"

"A little," I answered. O spirit of Socrates, come to my aid!

"Then you know that there are certain *simple* substances which cannot be made; they always were. Gold shows no design, because it can neither be made nor destroyed. A *ring* shows design, but not the gold. When men can *make* a world, then they can prove that this one shows design, for the only way they know of design is by what they *make*."

"But," you will say, "why didn't you tell him —?" Yes, my friend, if you had said half the witty things at dinner that you thought

of on the way home, you would be a successful "diner-out" instead of a bore! I am not telling you what I might have said, but just as little of what I did say as will serve to cement the words of the Bözü of the Monta sect.

"So, then, matter always existed, and came into this present shape by chance, and there is no Creator?"

"Yes."

"And the souls of men, did they too always exist?"

"Yes, and they pass from one body to another; the soul you have now existed before your body, and will live when that is dead."

"What proof have you of that?" I asked.

"Do you think that the soul will ever die?" said he.

"No, I do not."

"Well, then, it *never was not*."

"But that is only an assertion. If I had lived in a previous condition, I should remember something of it."

"Do you think so?"

"Yes."

"Were you born dead or alive?"

"What!"

"Were you alive at one day, at one month, at one year? *What do you remember of it?*"

"Well, when I die what sort of a body shall I take?"

"That depends upon your life. If you have done good here, you may go to another planet and then to another, each life being higher than the one before, till you are perfect. But if you lead an evil life, you will go down to a beast, a horse or, worse, a pig, perhaps to a tree or stone."

"But let me ask you, you say that souls always existed?"

"Yes."

"Well, after the world got into this shape, and the first pair——"

"Excuse me, that is a mistake of your Bible; we did not come from one pair."

"How then do you account for the fact that men are alike all the world over?"

"Because they were made in the same way all over the world, had the same causes. You have fir-trees and maple-trees in America?"

"Yes."

"So have we in Japan; but they did not all come from the same root!"

"Still there must have been a time when the human race *started* on this earth?"

"Yes."

"Let us then suppose that it began with one hundred pairs."

"Yes."

"And that each pair had two children."

"Good."

"And that none of the parents died before the children were born."

"Well?"

"Then there must have been four hundred souls on the earth where there had been but two hundred; now, where did the souls of the children come from?"

"You must remember that there are other planets; they came from them."

"No matter where you begin, you still have this difficulty, that if the number of births be greater than the number of deaths, there will be souls for which you cannot account."

"Sir, perhaps you can see to the end of the planets. I do not pretend to be able to comprehend the universe!"

"Then the God whom you worship is not a creator of matter, nor of spirits, they, too, being eternal. Now, is he a moral governor of the universe?"

"How do you mean?" said the Bözü.

"Does he rule men as a king, or as in material things? The present form is the result of chance: is the same true of nations and individuals?"

"Yes."

"What! do you not believe in progress? Is not the human race continually growing wiser and better?"

"Yes."

"Do you not think, then, there is a plan to be seen in history?"

"No, I think not. We improve by finding what is best. You go into a forest, you wish to find your way out; you try this way, that way, you cannot get out; then you go *this way*" (pointing straight ahead).

"But you find in all history that those progress who follow a plan. If the English and French were to make war against Japan, if the Mikado had no plan and let his army go each man as he saw fit, and the others had a plan and followed it, what would be the result?"

"No doubt the Mikado would be beaten for the time, but he would learn and be better *next time*. That is the way we learn all things! And besides, God cannot govern the world, because he is good!"

"How so?"

"Is there not pain and sickness in the world?"

"Yes."

"If God had anything to do with man, he would not have that. There is a sickness when you are hot and cold. You call it——?"

"Chills?"

"I think so. What do you call the medicine to cure that?"

"Quinine."

"Yes. Now we have not found that long; a good God would not have let so many people suffer if he could have given them that. A man found it by chance. The sickness and the suffering in this life are for wrong done in another life."

"What do you mean by wrong?" I asked.

"That which is not for the best."

"Well, when my watch goes too fast or too slow, I say it is wrong: does it commit sin?"

"I do not understand."

"When a tiger comes into a village and eats a man, it is not for the best, is it?"

"No."

"Does the tiger do right or wrong?"

"He does right for the tiger and wrong for the man. It is best for the tiger to eat the man, for the man to kill the tiger!"

"Is it wrong for one man to kill another?"

"Yes."

"And to lie and steal?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because it destroys the harmony of the social relations. You must not hurt me, for then I would want to hurt you; and if all men lived in that way, there could be no peace. You must not lie to me, for then I should not know whether to do one thing or another, for I could not trust you."

"So then I must not hurt you for fear you might hurt me?"

"Yes."

"Is there no other reason?"

"I do not know any."

"Is there no rule of right which all men must follow?"

"No; if there were, all men would think the same things bad. They do not. You think it is bad to have more than one wife; some other nations do not. They think it is bad to drink anything which you drink. There can be no rule, but each nation finds out what is best or itself."

"We too," said I, "think that things may be expedient for one nation which are not so for another, but deeds are right or wrong as they conform or do not conform to a rule, which is the will of our God; and those things

of which we have spoken — lying, stealing, murder, and such like — we agree with you in thinking wrong and hurtful to society, and we have commandments forbidding them. This we call our duty to man; but besides that is there no other duty?"

"I do not understand."

"Do you owe nothing to Amida Buddha?"

"Oh, no!"

"What then is your God? He did not create you; he does not help you; you do not owe him anything. What is this God?"

This question, to which more than any other I wished an answer, received none; for at that instant a lay brother appeared and spoke to the priest, who, turning to us, said he was needed and must go.

"Tell me," I said, "before you go, have you ever read the Bible?"

"Some of it."

"Well, is it not a nobler and fuller religion than this?"

"For you, yes. I do not think it would suit us. The Japanese are not a European nation; it is a mistake to try and make them dress and talk like Americans. Your religion is good for you, this for us. There is but one God; you call him Christ, we call him Buddha. I must go; I wish you good-bye, and I thank you for talking to me."

And so, gentle and courteous and full of thought, he left us, and we slowly left the temple, having much to think of, for in a nation "very superstitious" we had met a man who was "working righteousness."

The sky is overcast, a chill wind from the north shakes the sacred tree: does it foretell the fall of Buddhism, or is it only shaking off the dead leaves? These indeed are showered upon us, and slip themselves, as it were, willingly beneath our feet; they are crushed to pulp, not dead; no! they have only taken one more step in the infinite journey of life.

Banish from your thoughts the idea that Buddhism is a senseless idolatry.

It is a great religion; it has its saints, philosophers, and poets; its philosophy is the same as our French and English positivism.

It would be an interesting question, but one which must be left to an abler pen than mine: Has the East borrowed from the West, or Europe from Asia? Or, is neither true, but as there are "fir-trees in America, so are there in Japan," and the same law has produced the same results on both sides of this little planet?

Leighton Parks.

* "This grand moral system of Buddhism, starting with the idea of the entire renunciation of self, ends in that downright selfishness which abhors crime, not because of its sinfulness, but because it is a *personal* injury; which sees no moral pollution in sin, but merely a calamity to be deprecated, or a misfortune to be shunned."—"Buddhism," by Ernest J. Eitel, M. A., Ph. D., p. 63.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Negation not a Remedy.

THE present number of THE CENTURY contains several discussions of the labor question, three of them by employers of labor: Mr. William Morris, the well-known poet, artist, and art-manufacturer; Mr. E. L. Day, a manufacturer in a Western State; and Mr. Theodore L. De Vinne, of the De Vinne Press. Mr. Morris was one of the earliest contributors to this magazine. His genius, the warmth and breadth of his sympathies, and the purity of his intentions few will question; but we are sorry to find Mr. Morris's hopes for a solution of the labor question so vague, and presented in language so easy to be misunderstood.

An old writer, Algernon Sidney, has given us a work on government. In spite of its implicit belief in the theory of the Social Contract, in one or other of its phases, the work is to be commended to Mr. Morris's serious attention, in that it shows on every page the reverence with which a man of Sidney's ability regarded the task of government, even when the society in which he lived had far fewer individual members, and far less intense individual wants, than at present. In one striking sentence Sidney declares his contempt for the understanding of those who believe that "the care and direction of a great people were so easy a work that every man, woman, or child, how young, weak, foolish, or wicked soever, may be worthy of it, and able to manage it." Anglo-Saxon society has heretofore taken as its guide the principle here upheld by Sidney; it has believed that the individual's ability would be fully occupied if the care of himself and his interests were left as far as possible to himself, and that the individual, though he be an autocrat or a government agent, is foredoomed to failure in any effort to exercise a general paternal care and restraint over the interests of others; individual liberty has thus had its roots rather more in distrust of human ability than in assertion of human privilege. On what new revelation of governmental capacities does Mr. Morris base his proposed "revolution"? How long is it since the state acquired the ability to do with success what the individual finds difficulty in doing even very imperfectly?

Mr. Morris evidently does not propose to banish production from his revolutionized society. Where are we to look for the managers of this production? The question is the pivot of the discussion. Mr. Morris's school never have answered it, and ought to answer it before expecting a respectful hearing. At present there is need of the most intense energy on the part of that arch-fiend, Competition, in order to evolve such managers; they must be given the largest salaries; and even then the lament is that the supply is by no means equal to the demand. How is "universal coöperation, *i. e.*, socialism," to obtain its managers of production without offering them incentives which shall at once raise them above the body of their fellows and reintroduce the antagonistic principle? And, on the other hand, as we are to deal with the modern civilized

state, accustomed to have its wants supplied regularly and promptly by men who are brought to the work by the rewards which it promises, are we really to deprive it suddenly of their services without preparing or suggesting a substitute? Is not this rather a serious proposition? Is it not fair to demand that the new society should first prove its claims to recognition on a smaller scale, where the consequences of failure would be minimized? The retail trade, under the guidance of the object of Mr. Morris's uncompromising hostility, Competition, supplies the people of every city daily with just the number of loaves of bread and quarts of milk needed therein. Some individuals, it must be admitted, get less than they desire or need. Let Mr. Morris persuade the government he wishes to reform to intrust to him, as head of a bureau, the task of supplying London. If he does not leave a far greater number of individuals empty than Competition ever did, he will have a fairer claim on public attention than ever before. If he cannot yet persuade society to intrust to him this comparatively trifling task, on what grounds does he claim the infinitely larger one of regulating and supplying the individual wants of a great people?

Until the school for which Mr. Morris speaks is willing to descend to some such practical test, to offer clear propositions, and to defend them in plain terms, their disquisitions tend to no conclusion. Mr. Morris may say that he is "driven toward revolution as the only hope"; but the plain fact is that he is only driving others. The words are pleasant and satisfactory to him; they are a soothing-syrup which enables him to enjoy all the advantages of competition with the rest of us, while repudiating all responsibility for it. But there are countless others to whose temperaments they are as firebrands and sharp arrows. The dissatisfaction which is but a plaything to some is a bitter and a burning thing in the hearts of others; and the socialist leaders of our day might find better work for humanity than that of fanning it into a hopeless and destructive conflagration.

Civil Liberty and Equal Rights.

THE study of man as he is in human society shows him in an aspect very different from any in which he can be dealt with by theology, or economics, or natural history. He is no longer merely a moral agent, or an economic force, or a bimanous mammal. All the characteristics or rules which could be derived from the most careful study of man in these aspects might be summed up and yet entirely fail to give any definite idea of man as a member of society. Here he is hedged in by metes and bounds; he is conditioned on every side by limitations of which he can know nothing in his other aspects. He may not intrude upon the property of another, nor may he burn his own house; he may not lock up his enemy in his dungeon, nor may he drive his horses over a drawbridge at a rate faster than a walk; he may not send threatening

letters to another, nor may he offer money to another to induce him to vote righteously; he may not practice as a lawyer without the permission of society, nor may he buy poisons at retail except from those whom the agents of society have designated to sell them. There are restrictions on every side of him, and the bulk of his education as a citizen consists in learning the exact nature of these restrictions, and in learning to appreciate the overwhelming attendant advantages which more than make them good. When he has learned the nature and extent of the restrictions which society has imposed upon him, he knows also the residue of his freedom of action, which makes up his civil liberty.

Until the present, our branch of the human race, particularly in the United States, has been fortunate in the simplicity of the social forms to which it has been able to confine itself. There seems to have been a peculiar self-restraint in the blood of the people, which has led individuals to be chary of asserting the full measure of their civil liberty, so that society has found it necessary to proclaim and enforce only certain general restrictions. Public opinion, that most formidable factor in a fully developed democracy, has been felt by every individual as a restriction on his civil liberty, the more powerful, perhaps, in that it was enforced by no organized power, was formulated in no permanent terms, and yet reached to particulars more minute than any with which human law could ever concern itself. Simple as this social system has been, it has shown a wonderful power of absorption. English, Irish, Scottish, French, and German blood has been poured into the body politic, and has shortly ceased to be distinguishable from the original. It has seemed as if the mold which the fathers of the republic had provided would be able to fashion into Americanism the blood of all the nations that be upon the face of the earth, and that here civil restriction would always be light, and civil liberty correspondingly large and generous.

Now we find a thin stream of blood which persistently refuses to be assimilated, and is, moreover, irreconcilably hostile to the society which it has entered. We have to deal with professed anarchists, to whom a law has no value except as furnishing the opportunity to break it, to whom public opinion is only the supreme irritant, and to whom modern science has furnished destructive agents of indefinite power. Alien in blood, in sentiment, in purpose, in language, in everything that makes man man and distinguishes him from the beasts that perish, they have injected themselves into a country whose institutions abhor them and are abhorrent to them. Why are they here? Who invited them hither? What prevents their going elsewhere, to some still uninhabited quarter of the globe, and there constituting society to suit themselves? Do they stand on their "liberty" of going where it pleases them? Then let them learn and remember that they have voluntarily obtruded themselves upon a society where only civil liberty is recognized, and that bomb-throwers and dynamiters, who are in society but at war with it, shall have only the laws of war up to an unconditional surrender. If they despise the surface weakness of American society, they shall feel the weight of its arm as no enemy has ever felt it before. When they assert by overt

acts their liberty of attacking society, of killing policemen and resisting militia, the only argument in reply will be the rifle and the rope.

But there are other demagogues who may well anticipate and avoid the lesson. We have prided ourselves on the fact that our society was mainly composed of workmen; and the great mass of our workmen have an American horror of the coward who stabs in the back or throws dynamite. But there are professional agitators, who are ignorantly inciting workmen to acts which differ only in degree from those of the anarchists; and some of their disciples, having no better instruction than the agitators are in the habit of furnishing, are inclined to apologize for or defend acts committed in the name of labor which they would condemn at once if a professed anarchist were the doer. They should learn the meaning of civil liberty, that it is the measure of natural freedom which society considers to be consistent with the equal freedom of others. Let it be shown, at any time, that the measure of civil liberty is so large that some are using it to abridge the equal liberty of others, and society must and will abridge civil liberty so far as is necessary to secure equal rights.

Can society, at least in our American form of it, accomplish such a task as this if it should become necessary? The anarchist thinks not; he evidently has but a meager notion of the war-power of democracy; for forcible resistance to society must be considered as war. Only monarchies and aristocracies make war and peace with facility. A democracy seldom prepares for war, always begins it with a succession of costly blunders, and usually succumbs only through absolute exhaustion. The manner in which republican France threw back Europe from her borders in 1793 and assumed the hopeless contest with Germany in 1870-71, the desperate nature of the struggle between the United States and the seceding States and between the two republics of Peru and Chili, are but examples of the intensity with which democracy rises to the height of an increasing danger. The poet's simile of "a wild-cat mad with wounds" is none too strong for a democracy when it is pushed into a dangerous position. Is there any reason to suppose that the American democracy has changed its nature in twenty-five years?

The courts are open for all; the laws may be altered peaceably. If laws are bad, if rich oppressors exist, powerful labor organizations are just the element needed to reform the one and to prosecute the other. But let the work be done decently and in order, without infringing the recognized and equal civil liberty of others. Above all, let the organizations impress upon their members, as the very first lesson, that violent resistance to society can only be of evil omen for these organizations, for society itself, and for civil liberty.

Charity Organization.

In a systematizing age it is inevitable that so large a branch of human activity as is comprehended under the term charity should share in that tendency. Seventeen years ago this propensity took the form in London of an association of practical and devout philanthropists, who expressed their aim by calling themselves "The Society for Organizing Charitable Relief and Repressing Mendicancy." That the movement was

opportune is shown by the character of those who have come to its support, and by the rapid expansion of the organization. In whatsoever city it has planted itself it would be difficult to find a person conspicuous for actual service among the miserable, or for intelligent acquaintance with the problems of philanthropy, of any religious faith or any nationality, who has not been one of the promoters of its enterprises. Since its inception in London, in 1869, the society has grown into more than sixty provincial auxiliaries, and has enrolled among its correspondents a hundred other local associations within the United Kingdom. In America, during the past eight years, more than fifty organizations tracing their initiative impulse directly to the London society have arisen in our chief cities, from Portland to Kansas City and New Orleans.

No large or genuine reformation in society ever took root which had not a long series of antecedent experiments, out of the failure or success of which the true line of movement gradually came to view. Thus it has been with Charity Organization; otherwise it could never have commanded the general support of eminent philanthropists in the widely divergent communities where it has gone.

Aware that immeasurable harm to those whose hardships leave them defenseless against it was constantly flowing in the channels of so-called charity, the promoters of the new movement warned the rich and the religious, the educated and the generous, that they were responsible for the consequences of their crude, sentimental prodigality, and that they were doing mischief instead of good by it. They told this heedless, self-complaisant public that its cheap methods denoted alienation from and not pity for the poor, whom it could not treat so injuriously if it had the heart to acquaint itself with their true wants. It is no answer to say that poverty cannot be eradicated because Christ has forewarned us that "the poor ye have always with you," since he did not say that poverty must of necessity be a whining, dissolute mendicancy.

Among the long train of evils which lavish alms and heterogeneous administrations of them have caused, experience has shown these to be the most obstinately recurrent: The accumulation of many donations in a common treasury, whether that of a board of guardians or of a voluntary society, seduces by its magnitude the imagination of those to whom five cents is a large provision for a dinner; the applicants for a share in these funds are tempted to fit their narratives to the temper and conditions which govern their distribution; a sense of right to provisions made expressly for their ilk grows up in them, without a corresponding sense of gratitude, because those who furnish the money have no intercourse with or interest in the individuals who receive it; the success of one application is almost immediately followed by scores of others from the same locality; trades spring up based upon traffic in the things which such mechanisms gratuitously supply; idleness and intemperance are fostered among the weak, and encouraged in proportion to the extent to which society releases them from the necessity of taking care of themselves; illegitimacy, the abandonment of children and wives, and the neglect of aged parents increase as the hard-pressed find provisions made to take the place of the duties of natural affection; the lot of honest toil is handicapped by competition with

those who cast their responsibilities and cares upon the charity purse; wages are lowered as the almshouse fills up, and the infection of mendicity grows more virulent with depressed conditions; through excitement to easy lying, rascality gets the prize and uprightness is neglected; the children of those whom the strangers' money has corrupted grow up in squalor, familiar with the shifts, the tricks, and the obscene character of pauperism. What charity is there in schemes that bear such fruit?

Two processes have been successfully employed in Charity Organization for preventing these mischiefs. First comes that of registering those who apply for gratuities. The names are obtained from public officials, from corresponding societies, from churches, and from private citizens. In the New York society the registers now record about 75,000 families, or 300,000 names. The object of these lists is as much to sift out and certify to the good character of the meritorious as it is to detect rounders, impostors, and dissolute households. For the most part the lists are in fact a registry of laziness, craft, and vice, but this result is an illustration of the kind of life which is nourished by the old methods of almsgiving. Registration does not cause but only exposes it. The information thus accumulated is accessible only, as to individual cases, to those who have occasion to use it for charitable purposes. It also affords an initial point for investigation into the real circumstances of the mendicant, and the means of arriving at an understanding of the course which should be pursued to reclaim those who are not incorrigible. The value of such a system in rendering futile the frauds of the base, in accrediting the worthy poor to the charitable, in protecting the generous from misapplied services, and in furnishing almsgivers with the means of concerted or complementary relief, needs only to be suggested.

The second process of Charity Organization aims to secure the intercourse and coöperation of all the agencies and individuals engaged in ministering to public distress. This aim is naturally slow of achievement, because adhesion to the new movement implies defects in old customs, and wounds the *amour propre* of their followers. But in the wide constituency of charity there has always been enough sweet graciousness to rally hundreds of thoughtful men and women to "try all things and to hold fast that which is good." There has always been enough coöperation to show how excellent a thing it is. Among the economies gained by it are these: The associates protect each other from impositions, and thus liberate from misuse large sums for the aid of genuine misfortune; they make the varied knowledge of each the common property of all, in respect both to acquaintance with the poor and to methods of dealing with them; they save each other from duplicating and reduplicating the same investigations and experiments; they supplement each other's work, so that the aggregate of aid from several varied sources becomes adequate to the complete relief of a case of destitution; they gain in the intellectual and moral emulations of mutual intercourse and in the sense of power arising out of liberation from disheartening deceptions, and the consciousness of more precise direction of their energies.

Though Charity Organization is largely a matter of administration, yet nowhere is the impotency of

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machinery and of money more keenly felt. Its service calls not for less, but for a different and a more arduous sort of effort. In its judgment relief is not relief, but a snare, until it puts an end to the condition of dependence. Each instance of necessity must be studied by itself; the means of recuperation which may inhere in it are to be sought out even at the cost of months of patient watching and inquiry; it is firmly and wisely to be restrained from following hurtful impulses and using injurious helps. This thing cannot be done until the prudent, the wise, the brave, and the chastened become the household friends of those who

falter and stumble in the rough paths of life, for the face of man answereth to face, and not to purse. Hence Charity Organization emphasizes the worth of personal intercourse between those who would give and those who need; it summons the benevolent to conference that the blundering hand may learn skill, and the truest word may be the guide of them all; it sends out corps of household visitors, and is intent on gaining for every miserable home at least one friend, with whom dissembling is useless, and from whom it can draw the inspiration of hope, the strength of truth, and the guidance of discretion.

OPEN LETTERS.

Christian Union.

LETTERS FROM CONGREGATIONAL DIVINES.

From President Seelye of Amherst.

CHRISTIAN union in the New Testament has its originating impulse and continued inspiration in the Christian's union with God. It belongs thus to the deepest reality of the Christian life. This is expressed in the utterance of the Redeemer, when he prays "That they all may be one; as thou, Father, art in me, and I in thee, that they also may be one in us. . . . I in them, and thou in me, that they may be made perfect in one." (John xvii. 21, 22.)

This oneness with God and this oneness with one another spring from the same fountain. The blood of Christ is the living source in both. So Paul expressly states in the first and second chapters of his epistle to the Ephesians. It is the blood of Christ through which "we have redemption, the forgiveness of sins, according to the riches of his grace" (Eph. i. 7), and it is the blood of Christ "which hath broken down the middle wall of partition between" Jew and Gentile, "for to make in himself of twain one new man, so making peace." (Eph. ii. 14, 15.) "Wherefore remember, that ye being in time past Gentiles in the flesh, who are called uncircumcision by that which is called the circumcision in the flesh made by hands; that at that time ye were without Christ, being aliens from the commonwealth of Israel, and strangers from the covenants of promise, having no hope, and without God in the world. But now, in Christ Jesus, ye who sometime were far off are made nigh by the blood of Christ." (Eph. ii. 11, 12, 13.)

Christianity is thus fellowship, in its innermost meaning,—fellowship with God, and therefore fellowship with man. The love which unites Christians with one another is no more the result than it is the reality of the love which unites them to God. "We love him because he first loved us." (1 John iv. 19.) "And this commandment have we from him, that he who loveth God love his brother also." (1 John iv. 21.)

This is very different from a pantheistic union, which merges and absorbs the individual in the universal. In the truly Christian fellowship, the Christian,

so far from losing, only thus gains his true individuality. He who comes to know himself as distinctly loved of God, comes to a distinct apprehension of himself, and by the power of loving thus awakened gains his highest power of personal life. He only finds his life by losing it. (Matt. xvi. 25.)

By loving his fellow man also, he does not diminish, but rather enlarges and intensifies the reality of his individual life. This is quite unlike the relations existing in the natural world. There the individual exists only as the representative of the species. He has no worth nor end save as the species shall be mirrored and reproduced in him, and when this has been accomplished he disappears and ceases to be. But in human life inspired by love, the loving will lift the individual into his only true individuality. Self-sacrifice does not destroy, it creates the true self. Love emancipates the self from its bondage, gives it true liberty, and is its only life. What is personally its own, the truly Christian life retains for itself in all purity and excellence, because it has first given all its own to others. This seeming paradox is in reality the profoundest truth of the Christian life.

This fellowship of Christian hearts is the church. As the word used to denote it in the New Testament literally means, the church is primarily an assembly, the assembly of believers, called together not to constitute the fellowship, not to create the love which unites Christian souls, but to express, and thus to perfect and maintain, the living communion—the communion of saints—in which is the reality of the Christian life. As such the church is manifold. There are various assemblies, many churches,—according to the various localities in which they are gathered together. In the New Testament more frequent reference is made to these individual assemblies than to the general fellowship in which they are all participant. But the same word denotes both. We find in close connection, as in 1 Cor. x. 32, and xi. 16, references to "the church of God" and "the churches of God." Christ is "the Head of the church" (Eph. v. 23); it is "the church of the living God" (1 Tim. iii. 15), and there are also "churches of Christ" (Rom. xvi. 16), and "churches of the saints" (1 Cor. xiv. 33).

The unity and the plurality are both distinctly marked, and neither can be to the prejudice of the other. Indeed, as in the personal Christian life the individual does not lose but rather gains his complete individuality by the love which unites him to God and to his fellow men, so the individual church, by the consciousness of its relationship to the church universal, increases also in the consciousness of its own identity and rights and powers. The freedom belonging to the individual church of managing its own affairs—the freedom of self-determination—is not impaired by that fellowship which belongs to “all the churches of the saints.” Neither is this fellowship which constitutes “the church of God which he hath purchased with his own blood” (Acts xxii. 28), and “which is his body, the fullness of him that filleth all in all” (Eph. i. 23), any more inconsistent with the freedom of the various churches, than is that fellowship in which individual hearts are united in love to one another and to God inconsistent with their own individual freedom. Freedom belongs to fellowship and fellowship to freedom. Liberty and love grow out of the same root in the reality of their meaning, as in the origin of the words which express them. The individual church is free by virtue of the fellowship of the church universal, and the church universal is a fellowship in so far as it fulfills and upholds the freedom of all the churches which participate in it. The fellowship of all believers is one. They are all members of the one living body of Christ, which is the church,—one body with many members. That union may be the closest which permits the greatest diversities.

The freedom of the churches and the unity of the church are similar, if not identical, with the freedom and the unity belonging to the state. The state is a unit. In strictness of meaning it is the organic unity of mankind. All men are united in the state as members of an organism wherein each member is the means and the end of all the rest. Each man has his manhood only by virtue of this union. He is a man only as he is a means for the well-being of all men, and at the same time an end of their well-being. Considered apart from this union, as alone and separate from other men, he ceases to be a man, as the old proverb puts it: *Unus homo, nullus homo*. This organic unity of mankind which is the state, makes it proper to affirm that there is, in the broadest meaning of the term, but one state. And yet there are many states, with also great diversities in their constitutions and laws. We have monarchies, republics, democracies, all exercising the functions of government, and all claiming a right, which is also universally acknowledged, to the prerogatives of states. This diversity, however, does not militate against their unity. It is equally true that there is but one state, and that there are many states. The universal and the particular complement each other and are not contradictory. The organic unity which is the state requires for its actualization that there be particular states, as geographical or other conditions determine. These particular states are states in so far as they typify the one state, just as individual men are men only as the universal qualities of manhood are mirrored or expressed in them. The particular states together do not constitute the one universal state, any more than individual men in the aggregate make up the one universal manhood.

The state is one and universal, as manhood is one and universal, and at the same time there are particular states as there are individual men. The unity of the state, therefore, does not require—indeed in the actual condition of men would not permit—that all particular states should lose their individuality of government or institutions, and be merged in what might be deemed the visible embodiment of the one universal state. The universal state has no visible embodiment. It finds its expression, in certain degrees, among the different states, but is itself beyond all expression, and higher than any forms can reach. Yet it is not thereby without reality or power. In our modern world nothing has shown itself more real or potent. What we call international law, or the law of nations,—unknown except in the vaguest, faintest way in ancient times,—is recognized in our day as a sovereignty in human affairs, equally majestic and mighty. It has no visible throne; it does not utter itself through the voice of a monarch, or the votes of a legislature or the people; it has no courts to expound, nor any fleets or armies to enforce its dictates; but it guides kings, and legislatures, and peoples, and courts, and fleets, and armies in our times, with an authority whose manifestation of power is steadily increasing. There is nothing so characteristic of modern politics as the sway which international law is continually gaining among the existing nations. There is no other point in which the politics of the present day are so clearly distinct from those of the ancient world. But international law is nothing other than the voice of the one universal state. It is the state in the highest exhibition of it yet given in history. It is one and indivisible, and is uniting through itself more and more manifestly all particular states. But it leaves these states in their separate forms, each to manage its own affairs in freedom, each to maintain for itself a monarchical or republican or democratic government, as its own requirements shall determine. The organic unity is not impaired in the least—it is rather maintained—by this diversity. The organic relationship among men, the principle of human brotherhood itself, which requires in one case a monarchy, may require in another a republic, or a democracy, as it requires in every case the exercise of freedom.

The relation of church and state is not now our theme, but this obvious unity of the state amid all diversities of states fitly illustrates the true unity of the church. The church is one and indivisible. There is but one holy and catholic and apostolic church. But this church has no more definite form or visible embodiment than has the one universal state. It would be as absurd, and an absurdity of precisely the same sort, to affirm of any given form of church organization—Episcopal, Presbyterian, Congregational—that it and it only is the one church, as to declare that any given state—monarchical, republican, democratic—is the one and only state. The catholic church, like the universal state, is more or less clearly mirrored or fully expressed in particular organizations; but self-direction is as much the law of the church as it is of the state, liberty everywhere being the normal evolution of law, the freedom of the one, in its strictest meaning, being involved in the fellowship of all. Of course by freedom and liberty here I have in mind something quite other than license.

License is lawlessness, while the only perfect conception of liberty is perfect obedience to perfect law. That individual churches should cease to have their separate organizations, or be denied the liberty, under the general law of Christian fellowship, to manage their own affairs, is no more practicable or desirable than that individual states should cease to have their self-direction. Questions of difference, questions of comity or agreement, between the individual churches will be best settled by the enlarging sense of what is required by the communion of saints and the fellowship of the one body of Christ, just as such questions between different states are best adjusted by the larger knowledge of the organic relationship of all states, and the increasing disposition to conform to all the demands of the universal state. The autonomy of the individual church or state is preserved in liberty and kept from license through the autocracy of the universal.

In the common version of the New Testament, our Lord says, in John x. 16: "And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold: them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice; and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd." In the original, however, the "one fold" is "one flock," and is thus rendered in the new version: "And they shall become one flock, one shepherd." The difference is quite apparent between the oneness belonging to the flock, and the oneness secured by a fold.

Julius H. Seelye.

From Professor Fisher of Yale.

It is not the design of this paper to set forth the advantages of any particular ecclesiastical system. The question is how catholic Christianity can be made to prevail over sectarianism. Sectarianism is the taking of a part for the whole,—the spirit that breeds division, separates Christians into hostile camps, hinders fraternal unity in feeling and coöperation in Christian work. Christian union, the inward sense of oneness, may show itself in the cordial intercommunion of different churches, and in their harmonious exertions for the common cause. It may, also, conceivably give rise to an organic unity.

As regards the Church of Rome, the Vatican dogma of the Pope's infallibility has raised a new and high wall of separation. Protestants at present can only abjure the old intolerance which denied that the Roman communion is a branch of the Christian church, recognize and appreciate whatever is good in the Latin church both now and in the past, and unite, as far as practicable, with Roman Catholics in Christian efforts to do good. For anything beyond this we must wait for changes, to occur we know not when or how. In this brief paper it is expedient to confine the attention to the Protestant evangelical bodies.

The groundwork of unity among Christians is religion, the most powerful of all principles of union among men. There is a common relation to Christ, whereby each obedient child of the Father, according to the saying of Jesus himself, is to Him a "brother, and sister, and mother." The bond of unity among His followers is the Holy Spirit, dwelling in all, and to be recognized by the fruits of Christian character and work. Peter was called to account at Jerusalem

for recognizing Cornelius and other uncircumcised persons as brethren. He defended himself by appealing to the fact that "God gave them the like gift"—the gift of the Spirit—"as he did unto" the Jewish Christians. So the Jerusalem apostles and believers joined hands with Paul when they saw that he had been as successful in converting the heathen as Peter had been in converting the Jews. "The same" [Spirit], Paul explains, "is mighty in me toward the Gentiles"; they "perceived the grace that was given unto me." This is the test always. Who can look on the Wesleyan Methodist body, and the great work done by it for God and man, without being constrained to say just what the Judaic Christians were obliged to acknowledge of Paul and Barnabas? Who can look on the Moravian missions, or on the missions of the Congregationalists in all quarters of the globe, and judge otherwise than the Jerusalem conservatives judged of Paul and Barnabas? The Judaizers clamored for other criterions; not so "James, Cephas, and John." External, historical, ritualistic touchstones are fast giving way before the palpable, immediate, irresistible appeal made by the actual fact of casting out devils in the name of Christ.

What are the chief obstacles to Christian union? First, of course, there is the immense bias in favor of some one sect and against others, which we inherit from the past and from ages of conflict. But this prejudice, like the traditional antipathy of nations, slowly melts away. Next, there is the blind bondage to names. People will not only cling to what they have had, but they will have it under just the same name. Many a Congregationalist has a dread of episcopacy, of "prelatical rule"; but no small part—I do not say the whole, but no small part—of the actual, practical work of a bishop is really done among Congregationalists by an irresponsible episcopacy of theological professors, secretaries of societies, "leading pastors," etc. Moreover, it is a kind of work that *must* be done by somebody. Thirdly, there is the specific hindrance to union arising from dogmatic intolerance. The single truth on which Christ (in his words to Peter) founded the church is not deemed enough as a term of communion. Dogmatic inferences are spun out, and supposed logical implications are piled up so high as to constitute numberless walls of exclusion. If there is to be union, diversities of opinion on a great variety of topics must be genially allowed. Theological narrowness and logical fanaticism will have to be overcome; and this change is gradually taking place.

There are barriers of *rite* as well as of *dogma*. Men have been resolved to insist on uniformity of observances as well as of doctrinal tenets. Why not permit here, too, a wider range of diversity? Why not make room for an orderly variety even under the same organization? Why should not the church be as comprehensive in its ritual as in its creed? Is it absurd to imagine a time when liturgical and non-liturgical churches may be combined under one ecclesiastical régime? When, even in the same sanctuary, there may be in one part of the day a liturgical service, and in another part of the day a non-liturgical? Are not these long-continued varieties of preference as to the mode of worship likely to continue? Are they not founded in diversities of character and taste that will always exist? At least, ought there not to be, and is

it not plain that there will be, some solution of the problem which shall not involve either the extirpation of one of the parties, or chronic ecclesiastical warfare and division between them? It is true that there are disagreements which only alterations of opinion can remove. A difference regarding a single rite parts one great evangelical body from others. The Baptist deduces from his premises, that immersion alone is baptism, and that baptism is the prerequisite of communion, the inference that only the immersed have a right at the Lord's table. If the Church of Rome professes to be founded on Peter, the Baptist Church may be said, without disrespect, to be founded on a syllogism. As long as both premises are conscientiously cherished, there must be this degree of isolation. The difference about the baptism of infants is another point which stands in the way of full communion, not to speak of organic union, with religious bodies which regard this practice as indispensable.

From rite we pass to polity. Here it would be a decided gain if all sects would acknowledge—that what has become clear to scholars—that no existing form of polity corresponds closely to the polity of the apostolic age. The congregationalism which establishes many distinct organizations in the same town was not the system then in vogue; no more was diocesan episcopacy, either then or immediately after, whatever may be thought about the date and origin of episcopal government in its primitive form. The same may be said of the other ecclesiastical systems. Much more important—nay, of vital importance to Christian union—it is to discern that, while general principles at the basis of church organization are in the gospel teaching, there are no prescriptions, beyond these, applicable to all time. It is the great service of Richard Hooker to have demonstrated this truth. In other words, the *divine-right* theory of church polity, which has been a grand hindrance to Christian unity, must be excoriated. The Presbyterians in England were the first to assert the indispensableness of a particular form of organization. The Episcopalians followed: among them the moderate school of Hooker was ultimately overborne by the mystical school of Laud. Congregationalists have sometimes set up the same lofty claim for their system. Not content with contending that a particular polity is necessary to the *well-being* of a church, it has been often maintained to be indispensable to its *being*. It has been assumed that we must find out and take as a model the precise state of things on the last day of the last apostle's life. The controversies between Episcopalians and other evangelical bodies could be simplified, and perhaps brought nearer to an adjustment, if the distinction between the idea of a *governmental* and the idea of a *sacerdotal* episcopacy were kept in mind. This is not the place to approve or to condemn either of these theories. Enough to say that to a multitude of Christians a *governmental* episcopacy, with limited and defined powers, contains in it nothing formidable, while they recoil from the *sacerdotal* or *mystical* theory as involving the notion of a priesthood, a sacerdotal class, a close corporation,—a notion which, in their view, would rob the church at large—the Christian laity—of their reserved rights, and assimilate the gospel dispensation to the Old Testament economy. In justice to the Protestant Episcopal Church, it should be

added, however, that within its pale both theories exist side by side, their respective adherents being satisfied with episcopacy as a fact, in the absence of agreement as to its theoretical basis.

If organic unity is ever to occur, it is not likely to be through the surrender to any one church of all that is distinctive and is prized in other communions. Each sect is ready enough to swallow up all the rest. The Presbyterian will embrace you if you will only take his Westminster Confession and his synods; the Episcopalian, if you will take his prayer-book and his bishops; the Baptist only asks you to be immersed and to stop baptizing children; the Congregationalist simply demands that you will lodge all authority in the local congregation of believers, the professed Christians, or a fraction of them, in a town or village. There is little prospect of unity until the sundered communities mutually recognize their common Christianity and their equal standing as branches of the church of Christ. Plainly we can hope for no immediate visible union beyond a cordial coöperation and non-interference in Christian activity. It is a gain, however, to perceive that the present divisions of Christendom are a crying evil, and to put far from us the offensive idea that emulous sects help forward by their rivalries the cause of the gospel; that is, that Satan can be harnessed and made to do good work for Christianity.

If organic unity is ever to occur, what form will it take? It is unsafe to predict, but one may venture to think that as it was natural for the early church to follow the lines of political division, so if unity should be restored a like arrangement would emerge. Then as nations are united by various bonds, and we aspire after a "federation of mankind," so the churches of the nations might have their forms of union.

There is a powerful incentive in the direction of Christian union in the opening of the heathen world to missions. In the presence of the nations which are to be conquered to the religion of the cross the divisions of Christendom, and of Protestants in particular, present a disheartening spectacle, and are felt as a disgrace. Christ prayed for the unity of his disciples, that the world might know that the Father had sent him. The sight of discordant sects is not adapted to impress the heathen mind with this truth.

In different ways Christians of the various religious bodies, of their own motion, are uniting in distinctively religious and Christian work. Voluntary associations of this character attract to them numerous members from denominations distinct from one another. Books of devotion, like the "Imitation of Christ," find a welcome among the disciples of different creeds. If Christian people do not say the same prayers, they sing the same hymns. The centrifugal age of Protestantism is closed. The centripetal reaction has begun. Polemics may sound the old war-cries, but "the stars in their courses fight against Siera."

George P. Fisher.

The Character of the New English House of Commons. BY AN OLD MEMBER.

ENGLISHMEN accustomed to compare the working of their own assemblies with those of the United States often wonder whether there is the same kind of difference between one Congress and another which they observe between one Parliament and another.

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Probably there is a greater difference in the English case than in the American, because the intervals between the election of one House of Commons and its successor are usually longer than the two years which separate one congressional election from the next. Yet in England we should expect to find a difference even with a two-years' period; for each House has got its own marked characteristics; is wiser or more heedless, bolder or more timid, with more rich men in it or more poor, than that which has gone before or that which follows. Edmund Burke remarked long ago that "besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body this House of Commons has a collective character of its own." We in England are now engaged in studying the character of our new master. Though we have known him scarce three months, we perceive great merits, coupled with some grave defects; and those of your readers who have occasion to watch the ways of Congresses may be interested to hear what we discover.

The present House of Commons was elected on a greatly enlarged suffrage, and after a redistribution of seats which finally extinguished the small boroughs and gave the large cities and populous mining and manufacturing county districts a representation fairly if not quite exactly proportioned to their population. These changes destroyed the chance of many men who had previously relied on their local interest or family connection and brought a new set of persons to the front. For the first time in half a century the number of members who did not sit in the previous Parliament, a number usually about a third, has exceeded half of the whole House.

The landed aristocracy, who before 1832 commanded four-fifths of the seats, and even down to 1868 had the majority, are now reduced to a shadow of their ancient strength. They are especially weak on the Liberal side. Hitherto between a half and a third of the Liberal members have belonged to what is called the Whig section of the party, whose moderate desire for progress is natural to a class of land-owners. This section is now less than a fourth of its own side. On the Tory side many scions of the great families were defeated at the polls in December last by obscure men belonging to the popular party, and in consequence the House presents an aspect quite unlike that of former Houses. The tall, handsome, well-dressed young men of society, with that air of superiority which is polish in the more genial, and turns to insolence in the less well natured, the young men whose real interest is in sport or fashionable entertainments and who look on politics as an amusement sometimes a bore, have now become a small minority of the whole; and a new element has appeared, in the labor representatives, of whom there are now about a dozen. Three or four are working-men from London and other great towns, some more are miners from Durham and Northumberland. Two or three, the most conspicuous of whom is Joseph Arch, the famous leader of the agricultural strikers, represent the newly enfranchised rural laborers of the counties. In all previous parliaments black coats (except during the heats of summer) and tall silk hats have been *de rigueur*. Now, however, you may count nearly a score of members in low-crowned felt hats, soft or hard, and gray or brown coats such as a farmer or a foreman in a

workshop might wear. In previous Houses there were scarce any doctors or university professors or journalists. The number of all three classes, but especially of the last, has increased in this one, rendering it more like a French or German or Hungarian Chamber than have been the Houses of past days.

As regards ability, the average level of this Parliament is high. Sir Erskine May, who, after sitting as clerk at the table of the House for five and thirty years, has just announced his retirement, said in 1874 that the House of that year was the stupidest he could remember. That of 1880 he thought better; this he thinks better still. No new genius has appeared, but the number of men of marked capacity is decidedly larger than before, and the gain is most notable on the Tory side, where the need for it was previously greatest. The speeches are not only better in substance and expression; they are also shorter. A tedious orator does not obtain the toleration which the last House extended to him. Cries of "Divide" or "Agreed" warn him to abridge his observations, for the present House is an active and impatient body, bent on work, and thinking so well of itself as to put a high value on its time. It has come up from the country, interested in politics, and particularly in social and industrial questions. It consists largely of young men in whom the hopeful eagerness of youth has not yet been dulled by these disappointments which make up three-fourths of the experience of an old parliamentary hand. The present members are less absorbed in social pleasures than their predecessors, and few of them have their own axes to grind. There is, of course, in every House of Commons, as in other legislatures, a certain number of persons to be found who enter it for the sake of serving their own interests as merchants, or contractors, or financiers, or promoters of joint-stock companies, persons who intrigue among their fellow-members, who try to bring secret influence to bear on the ministry of the day, who seek to gain authority in the eyes of the general public and of foreign governments by a trumpeting of their political importance. This noxious class is comparatively small when one considers what are the facilities for jobbing which the enormous powers of the House of Commons and its committees offer; and in the present Parliament it is apparently even smaller than in the last two that preceded. So far the change in the *personnel* from land-owners and plutocrats to persons belonging to the professional and working classes seems to have done no mischief. The majority in the present House is thinking less of its own concerns than of public legislation, and is eager for such legislation even to the verge of impatience and recklessness. Ideas and projects which till lately were deemed visionary are discussed seriously, and with difficulty prevented from taking effect in statutes. The majority is, in fact, what is called radical; nor is radicalism confined to the Liberal side of the House. There is a good deal of the same disposition to trust *a priori* reasonings, to bow to any popular cry, to follow an apparently philanthropic impulse, on the Tory side. That cautious, solid, unsentimental conservatism which used to characterize English politics is at a discount nowadays, and finds its exponents quite as much in the Whig section of the Liberal party as among the Tories. Old members are astonished, sometimes even shocked, at the

light-hearted energy with which this new House goes on its way, caring neither for the time-honored maxims of the Constitution nor for the rules of party discipline. The present ministry, although radical when compared to previous ministries, is not bold enough for the bulk of its supporters, and is often in danger of being defeated when it tries to restrain them. That it does maintain some sort of control is chiefly due to the immense personal influence of the Prime Minister.

The self-confidence of the new House appears in the behavior of individuals no less than of the body. The members are not shy or timid like those of former parliaments. Twenty years ago it was deemed the duty of a new member to sit silent for a session or two, and learn the temper of the House by listening to his elders, before he ventured to address it himself. But in the first weeks of this Parliament most of the speaking was done by the new-comers. They jostled the old members aside, and expressed themselves with ease and fluency on the gravest topics.

In fact the new House is courageous in every respect but one,—it is horribly afraid of its constituents. Whether because the memory of election speeches and promises is still so fresh in its mind, or because the members, relying less upon personal or family influence than in former days, feel themselves more purely delegates, there can be no doubt but that the present representatives of the people are extremely sensitive to the slightest breath of popular sentiment. Many a man will tell you that he voted for such and such a resolution or bill, not because he held it right, but because a section of his constituency desired it, or because the language he had used on the platform constrained him. It sounds absurd to say that persons who ought to know their own business best are mistaken in paying such abject deference to the wishes of their constituents; yet some who have had the amplest means of studying the English masses believe that the masses like an independent member better than a submissive member, that they value backbone in their representative, and deem him the more honest if he does not try to humor all their fancies. This is perfectly true. But the pres-

ent race of members is in a fair way to spoil the people by too much deference; and when one considers that on many subjects the opinion of a trained and able man, who has listened to debates by other able men, must be sounder than the notions of a mass of uninstructed voters, it is a misfortune that the country should lose some of the very benefits which a representative debating council was meant to secure, and that Parliament should be in danger of sitting merely to register conclusions formed by an irresponsible multitude outside.

M. P.

In Relation to the Labor Question.

IN answer to letters received and for the information of all interested, we give below a list of articles bearing upon the Labor Question which have appeared from time to time in this magazine, down to July, 1886.

The Foreign Elements in Our Population, <i>Joseph Edgar Chamberlin</i>	September, 1884
Danger Ahead, <i>Lyman Abbott</i>	November, 1885
The Strength and Weakness of Socialism, <i>Washington Gladden</i>	March, 1886
Strikes, Lockouts and Arbitration, <i>George May</i>	April, 1886
A Letter from <i>William Morris</i>	July, 1886
The Labor Problem—By a Western Manufacturer, <i>Edward L. Day</i>	July, 1886
Coöperation—By a New York Master Printer, <i>Theodore L. De Vinne</i>	July, 1886

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

Our "Commune," <i>J. G. Holland</i>	August, 1879
The Capitalist and the Laborer, <i>J. G. H.</i>	October, 1879
Popular Despotism, <i>J. G. H.</i>	January, 1879
An Aspect of the Question, <i>J. G. H.</i>	June, 1879
The Uses and Abuses of Trades-Unions.....	February, 1884
Economic Mistakes of the Poor.....	December, 1884
"Not The American Way".....	April, 1885
Mercantilism Transfigured.....	December, 1885
A Readjustment of the Industrial Order.....	May, 1886
A Word of Sympathy and Caution.....	June, 1886
Two Kinds of Boycotting.....	June, 1886
Negation not a Remedy.....	July, 1886
Civil Liberty and Equal Rights.....	July, 1886

OPEN LETTERS.

Trades-Unions, <i>J. H. Loomis</i>	February, 1884
Danger Ahead, <i>H. C. Fulton</i>	February, 1886
The Labor Question, <i>Washington Gladden</i>	June, 1886

BRIC-À-BRAC.

Uncle Esch's Wisdom.

ALL political parties are made up of foxes and geese—about five thousand geese to one fox.

THE great beauty of charity is privacy; there is a sweet force even in an anonymous penny.

I AM an uncompromising Radical up to date, but when I reach the other world I can be a Conservative, if it is the best thing to do.

MEN of great genius should not forget that their failings, or vices, are more apt to be noticed, and even admired, than their virtues.

ALL Conservatives have once been Radicals, and their virtue consists in having found out that half a loaf is better than no bread.

MY friend, if you must keep a pet, let it be one of the serene kind (a rattlesnake or snapping turtle, for instance); this will exercise your caution and strengthen your genius.

I KNOW of nothing that will test a man's true inwardness better than to feel like the Devil, and be obliged to act like a saint.

MY dear boy, if you must part your hair in the middle, get it even, if you have to split a hair to do it.

INDEPENDENCE is a name for what no man possesses; nothing, in the animate or inanimate world, is more dependent than man.

IT isn't so much what a man has that makes him happy, as it is what he doesn't want.

THERE are many comfortable people in the world, but to call any man perfectly happy is an insult.

THERE is nothing so valuable, and yet so cheap, as civility; you can almost buy land with it.

THE great mass of mankind can only gaze and wonder; if they undertake to think, they grow listless, and soon tire out.

Uncle Esch.



SHAKSPEARE IN THE SHOE STORE.

Clerk, who has played Hamlet: "a B or not a B—that is the question."

Conceits.

WE have blinded justice, so she cannot see her scales are out of balance.

LOVE something. It is better to love a dog, or even to love a mean man, than to be without love.

WHEN an original thought occurs to me, I turn to the Greek philosophers to learn how best to express it.

WE are accused of being a rushing, hurrying people, and it may be true; but we are blessed with exceptions in the cases of salaried officers.

How small the stars appear to the earth. The earth to them does not appear at all. There are people like the stars, and many more like the earth.

A MAN who lived in the swamp daily prayed to Jupiter for health. "Pray from the hill-top, and your prayer will be granted," answered Jupiter.

I READ De Quincey, ate opium, and wrote a book which I sent to my publisher. He returned the manuscript, and advised me to write when I was sober. De Quincey must have taken something besides opium.

H. C. Fulton.

The Old Waltz.

AN organ-grinder! If I knew
Some soft Italian curse or two,
With emphasis upon it,
I'd shout to him whose tuneless din
Has so unkindly broken in
Upon me and my sonnet.

Across the street, and at the door,
I see him standing there before
The dwelling of my neighbor.
The house is closed, the curtain down;
I know my neighbor's out of town,
And vain the minstrel's labor.

But yet two small admirers stand
Gravely before him, hand in hand,
Front row — dress circle — center —
A boy, a girl without a hat,
But with a battered sun-shade that
Some older child has lent her.

The minstrel pauses — What, so soon!
He turns a stop to change the tune.
No coin responsive finding,
He eyes the windows that reveal
No sign; then with a fresh appeal
Resumes his patient grinding.

And, lo! the minstrel's lost to view;
The boy and girl have vanished too;
The street, my neighbor's dwelling —
All, all are gone; and I am there
Sitting again upon the stair
My tale to Mabel telling.

While from the crowded rooms steal out
The strains of music, where the rout
Whose chatter and whose dances
I've left, still whirling waltz, the while
I whisper low to Mabel's smile
And watch for Mabel's glances.

I bring no blushes to her cheek,
Nor as an ardent lover speak;
But rather as a brother
I take a confidential tone,
And find we're both inclined to own
We understand each other.

She is not always gay — nor I.
My fingers just clasp hers. We sigh.
Life is a serious matter.
Better this moment on the stair,
This sympathy complete and rare,
Than hours of idle chatter.

Better this touch —
The grinder's done:
He slowly lifts his box with one
Glance, sad, reproachful, hollow,
Up to my neighbor's vacant blind,
Then takes his way; and close behind
The two small children follow.

Walter Learned.

A Play in Three Acts.

ACT I.

A HOTEL at the seaside,
Some music, and a ball,
A partner for the lancers,
A smile, and "Come and call."

ACT II.

A row upon the harbor,
A stroll a-down the pier,
A "Call on me next fall in town;
Now won't you, that's a dear?"

ACT III.

A lofty brown-stone mansion,
A richly furnished room,
A servant-girl who comes anon
And tells you, "Not at home."

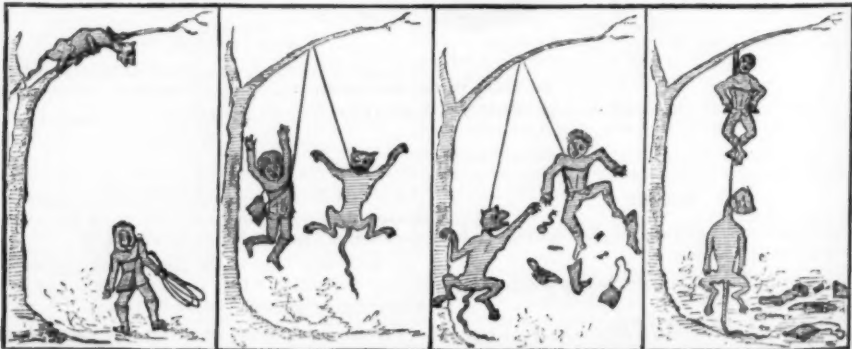
George William Ogden.

By the Author of "The Lady, or the Tiger?"

It is stated elsewhere that Frank R. Stockton was once a contributor of pictures and verses to "Vanity Fair" and "Punchinello"; and we may add that an amusing series of comic sketches from his pencil, en-

titled "Angles," comprise the last page of this magazine for November, 1872. In the number for July, 1880, his talent for comic drawing was again exhibited in the series reproduced below.—EDITOR:

ADVANTAGES OF BALLAST.



A WILD ANIMAL OFFERS A TEMPTING NECK TO THE HUNTER'S LASSO.

THE WILD ANIMAL SPRINGS, AND THE HUNTER FINDS THAT HE IS JUST ABOUT HIS OWN WEIGHT.

HE THROWS OUT BALLAST. THIS PLAN SUCCEEDS.

NOTE.—Both the process and the beast above described are the invention and property of the artist; readers may as well be informed, once for all, that the inventor is protected from them by the general copyright on this magazine.

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John Burroughs

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